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IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

BY

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Second Series.

DIALOGUES OF SOVEREIGNS AND STATESMEN.

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DIALOGUES OF SOVEREIGNS AND STATESMEN.

I. RICHARD I. AND THE ABBOT OF BOXLEY.

THE Abbot of Boxley was on his road to Haguenau in search of Richard, and the appearance of the church-tower in the horizon had begun to accelerate his pace, when he perceived a tall pilgrim at a distance, waving his staff towards some soldiers who would have advanced before him: they drew back.

"He may know something of the Lion-heart," said the abbot, spurred his horse onward, and in an instant threw himself at the pilgrim's feet, who raised and embraced him affectionately.

Abbot. O my King, my King! the champion of our faith at the mercy of a prince unworthy to hold his stirrup! The conqueror of Palestine led forth on foot, a captive! — a captive of those he commanded and protected! Could Saladin see it —

Richard. The only prince in the universe who would draw his sword for me against the ruffian of Austria. He alone is worthy to rescue me, who hath proved himself worthy to fight me. I might have foreseen this insult. What sentiment of magnanimity, of honor, of humanity, ever warmed an Austrian bosom?

Tell me, declare to me, Abbot, speak it out at once, — is this the worst of my misfortunes? Groans burst from me; they cleave my heart; my own English, I hear, have forsaken me: my brother John is preferred to me, — I am lost indeed. What nation hath ever witnessed such a succession of brave kings, two hundred years together, as have reigned uninter-

ruptedly in England? Example formed them, danger nurtured them, difficulty instructed them, peace and war in an equal degree were the supporters of their throne. If John succeed to me, which he never can by virtue, never shall by force, and I pray to God never may by fortune, what will remain to our country but the bitter recollection of her extinguished glory? I would not be regretted at so high a price: I would be better than the gone, presumptuous as is the hope; but may the coming be better than I! Abbot, I have given away thrones, but never shall they be torn from me: rather than this, a king of England shall bend before an emperor of Germany,* but only to rise up again in all his majesty and strength.

* Opinions have changed on most things, and greatly on titles and dignities. A consul is appointed to reside in a seaport: a Roman senator was often, in political weight and in landed property, beneath the level of an English gentleman; yet not only a Roman senator, but a Roman citizen, held himself superior to kings. It might well be permitted our Richard to assume a rank above any potentate of his age. If almanacs and German court-calendars are to decide on dignities, the emperors of Morocco and Austria shall precede the kings of England: learned men have thought otherwise. On this subject hear Leonardo Aretino: —

"Quid enim mea refert quemadmodum barbari loquantur, quos neque corrigere possum si velim, neque magnopere velim si possim? De rege tamen et imperatore idem sentio quod tu, et jampridem ridens barbariem istam, hoc ipsum notavi atque redargui. Tres enim gradus majorum dignitatum apud Romanos, de quorum principe loquimur, fuere; rex, dictator, imperator. Ex his suprema omnium potestas rex est; post regem verò secundum tenuit dignitatis locum dictatura; post dictaturam imperium *tertio gradu* consequitur. Hujusce rei probatio est, quod Octaviano imperatori optime se gerenti Senatus Populusque Romanus dignitatem augere, pro imperatore dictatorem facere decrevit, quod ille non recepit, sed flexo genu recusavit, quasi majoris statûs majorisque invidiæ dignitatem existimans, Imperatoris nomen modicum ac populare, si ad Dictatoris fastigium comparetur. Majorem vero esse regiam potestatem quam dictaturam ex eo potest intelligi, quia Julius Cæsar, Dictator cum esset, affectavit Regem fieri."

The dignity of a sovereign does not depend on the title he possesses, which he may with equal arrogance and indiscretion assume, but on the valor, the power, the wealth, the civilization, of those he governs. This view of the subject the Aretine has not taken.

Rank pretends to fix the value of every one, and is the most arbitrary of all things. Roman knights, corresponding for the most part in condition with our wealthier yeomanry and inferior esquires, would have disdained to be considered as no better or more respectable than the kings they hired. In our days, an adventurer to whom a petty prince or his valet has given a pennyworth of ribbon looks proudly and disdainfully on any one who has nothing else in his button-hole than the button.

Abbot. God grant it! Abandoning a king like Richard, we abandon our fathers and children, our inheritance and name: far from us be for ever such ignominy! May the day when we become the second people upon earth, Almighty God, be the day of our utter extirpation!

Richard. I yet am king, — yea, king am I more than ever, who even in this condition rule over hearts like thine.

Genii and angels move and repose on clouds; the same do monarchs, but on less compact ones, and scarcely firm enough for a dream to pillow on. Visions of reluctant homage from crowned heads, and of enthusiastic love from those who keep them so, have passed away from me, and leave no vacancy. One thought commemorative of my country, and characteristic of my countrymen, is worth them all.

Abbot. Here are barely, I reckon, more than threescore men; and, considering the character both of their prince and of their race, I cannot but believe that the scrip across my saddle-bow contains a full receipt for the discharge of my sovereign. Certain I am that little is left unto him of the prize he made in the caravan of Egypt.

Richard. The gold and silver were distributed among my soldiers; for the only prizes worthy of me were Saladin and Jerusalem. I have no hesitation in esteeming Saladin not only above all the potentates now living, which of a truth is little, but, from what hath been related to me, above all who have ever reigned, — such is his wisdom, his courage, his courtesy, his fidelity; and I acknowledge that, if I had remained to conquer him, I would have restored to him the whole of his dominions, excepting Palestine. And the crown of Palestine which of the crusaders should wear? which among them could have worn it one twelvemonth? I would do nothing in vain; no, not even for glory. The Christian princes judged of me from their own worthlessness; Saladin judged of me from himself: to them he sent pearls and precious stones, to me figs and dates; and I resolved from that moment to con-

Few authors are sounder than Plutarch; and no remark of his more judicious than the following on Juba, — at which, however, there is not a deputy-commissary or under-secretary who would not laugh: —

"His son, named also Juba, was carried in triumph while yet a child: and truly most happy was his imprisonment, by which, barbarian as he was, he came to be numbered among the most learned writers."

tend with him and to love him. Look now toward the Holy Alliance. Philip swore upon the Evangelists to abstain from aggression in my absence. Collecting an army on the borders of Normandy, he protests that his measures are pacific, invokes Heaven against usurpers, and invades the province. He would persuade me, no doubt, that a squadron of horse on the low grounds is a preventive of agues, and a body of archers on the hills a specific for a fever. Ay, Abbot, and his bishops lead him forth and light him on; his nobility follows him with alacrity and applause. In the whole extent of France there is neither sword nor crozier unsullied by perjury. Where upon earth was there ever a people so ready to swear and to forswear, to fight and to fly? Equally enthusiastic in opposite causes, and embracing them without breathing betwixt, their enthusiasm is always in proportion to their number. A Frenchman, like a herring, loses his course when he loses his company, and his very instinct (in truth he has little else) forsakes him. The bravest kings with him are those who cast down conscience the most readily, and those whose appetites are the most grovelling are the best. As in the black-puddings of our country-folk, if blood is wanting, it must be made out by fat.*

Abbot. Times ought to be very quiet, and nations very prosperous, when rulers are valued like bears and porpoises for their fur and grease. The perfidy of a rival may justly have excited the disdain, but ought never to have turned aside the arms, of Richard. The cause of truth and righteousness is thine, O King! and when hast thou deserted what thou hast once upholden?

Richard. Saladin was defeated, and Jerusalem would have fallen; but God will forgive me if, leaving his bones and sepulchre to his own care and protection, I chastise a disloyal rather than a loyal enemy.

Abbot. I wish my liege could have taken him prisoner,

* The ancient fare of our kings differed from that of the commonalty in plenteousness only. If Richard did not dress his own dinner, like Achilles, he knew at least the composition of the few plain dishes then in use. Indeed, the *black-pudding* was of such moment that it shook the whole Christian world. Michael Cellularius, patriarch of Constantinople, condemned the Bishop of Rome, Leo IX., for eating unleavened bread in the eucharist, and *black-pudding* at home.

that he might have saved such a soul by infusing into it the true faith under baptism.

Richard. Ay, that indeed were well. Tunny-fish under oil, men under baptism, — those alone of both creatures are worth a November melon. So said the Bishop of Hermopolis one day after dinner; and I wish he could have kept awake and sober, to edify us more at large thereupon.

A word in your ear, my Abbot. Saladin lives in a country where prophet comes after prophet, and each treads out the last vestige from the sand. I am afraid it would not hold.

Abbot. Better as it is then.

Richard. There are many in foreign parts who cannot be brought to comprehend how a sprinkle of water should prepare a man's eternal happiness,* or the curtailment of a cuticle his eternal misery.

Abbot. Alas, my liege, society is froth above and dregs below, and we have hard work to keep the middle of it sweet and sound, to communicate right reason and to preserve right feelings. In voyages you may see too much and learn too little. The winds and waves throw about you their mutability and their turbulence. When we lose sight of home, we lose something else than that which school-boys weep for.

* If Richard had lived a few centuries later, he would surely have been less a freethinker than we hear he was. Fra Sabastiano di Giesu related to Pietro della Valle, that a Persian *male-witch* (stregone), taken in the fact of witchcraft, was asked whether he could eat the heart of a Portuguese captain, in the same manner as he had just eaten the heart of a cucumber; that is, merely by looking at it. He replied in the negative; for that the Franks had in the breast something like a corslet, of such hardness that no witchery could penetrate it; which, beyond doubt, says Pietro, can be nothing else than the virtue of baptism, the armor of faith, and the privilege of being sons of the Church. This honest traveller falls, in almost every letter, on some unlucky comparison between the idolatry of his native country and of those he visits. "It appears," says he, "that a great part of the worship paid to their idols consists in nothing but music and singing, &c., to pass the time gaily and luxuriously." He speaks of the right reverend their fly-flappers as "making a wind and driving off the flies from the idols in the palanquin, *offering that obsequiousness which we use toward the Pope, with fans made from the tails of white peacocks.* And there were not wanting about the idols many of their *religious*, and many many torches, with the splendor whereof the night was lighted up." Who would not imagine this description to have rather been made by a Hindoo in Rome, than by a Roman in Hindostan?

Richard. By the keenness of your eye, compassionate as it is, I discover, my good abbot, that you have watched and traced me from the beginning of my wanderings. Let me now tell my story, — to confession another time. I sailed along the realms of my family; on the right was England, on the left was France: little else could I discover than sterile eminences and extensive shoals. They fled behind me: so pass away generations; so shift and sink and die away affections. In the wide ocean I was little of a monarch; old men guided me, boys instructed me; these taught me the names of my towns and harbors, those showed me the extent of my dominions: one cloud, that dissolved in one hour, covered them.

I debark in Sicily, place my hand upon the throne of Tancred, and fix it. Again we sail, and within a day or two, behold! as the sun is setting, the solitary majesty of Crete, mother of a religion, it is said, that lived two thousand years. Onward, and many bright specks bubble up along the blue Ægean; islands, every one of which, if the songs and stories of the pilots are true, is the monument of a greater man than I am. We leave them afar off — and for whom? For creatures of less import than the sea-mews on their cliffs; men praying to be heard and fearing to be understood, ambitious of another's power in the midst of penitence, avaricious of another's wealth under vows of poverty, and jealous of another's glory in the service of their God. Is this Christianity? — and is Saladin to be damned if he despises it?

Before I joined my worthy brotherhood of the faith, I was tossed about among the isles and islets, which in some places are so thickly set, you may almost call them sea-stars.

A sailor's story is worth little without a tempest: I had enough of one to save my credit at the fireside and in the bower.

The despot or emperor of Cyprus* (I forget his title) threw into prison the crew of an English vessel wrecked on his coast; and, not contented with this inhumanity, forbade the Princess of Navarre, my spouse, and the Queen of Sicily who attended her, to take refuge from the storm in any of his ports. I conquered his dominions, with the loss, on my part, of a dinner, two men, and a bridle. He was brought before

* Isaac, the usurper of Cyprus, styled himself emperor.

me. My emperor had an aversion to iron in every form; therefore I adorned his imperial feet with a silver chain, and invited him to the festivities of my nuptials with Berengere, followed by her coronation as Queen of Cyprus. We placed his daughter under the protection of Jane,* knowing her sweet temper and courtesy, and reminding her that a lady of rank rises one step higher by misfortune. She hath exchanged the cares of a crown for the gayety of a court, and I hope that what she lost as princess she will gain as woman. I intend to place her suitably in marriage, and her dowry shall be what my treasury is at the time.

Abbot. We have only to consider now what lies before us. Could not my liege have treated with the Duke of Austria?

Richard. Yes, had he been more nearly my equal. I punished his neglect of discipline: it became in his power to satiate his revenge. Henry is mercenary in the same degree, but perhaps less perfidious, certainly less irritated and hostile. No potentate can forgive the superiority of England: none can forget that I treated him as a trooper and dependant, and that the features of my contempt were too broad for any mask in all the rich wardrobe of dissimulation. Henry alone is capable of ensuring my return. I remember the fate of Robert; and if I am not presently in London, I may be in Cardiff.

Those who have abandoned me must ransom me; I myself will dictate the conditions, and they shall be such as no Emperor of Germany can refuse.†

Ride on with me.

* Queen of Sicily.

† *Emperor* is the title usually given to the heads of the Germanic league: but in fact there never was an *Emperor of Germany*. Adrien Valois, in a letter to Albert Portner, writes thus: "Legi Conringii librum *de finibus Imperii Germanici*, cujus libri titulum jure quis arguat; nullum enim imperium Germanicum fuit unquam, nullum est hodieque; nec imperator etiamsi in Germaniâ sedem habeat, Germanorum imperator est, sed, ut ipse se more majorum appellat, rex Germaniæ et Romanorum imperator." Here we see the *rex* is before the *imperator;* if in the patents of Charles V. it is otherwise, the reason is that the title of king is applied to the dominion of several States which his ancestors had acquired more recently. Valois proceeds: "Si tamen Romanorum imperator vocari debet qui urbi Romæ non imperat, et ab episcopo ecclesiæ Romanæ, Romæ, ac senatûs populique Romani sententiâ, dudum desiit consecrari." This letter is not printed among the works of Valois or

II. KING HENRY IV. AND SIR ARNOLD SAVAGE.

Savage. I obey the commands of my liege.

Henry. 'Tis well: thou appearest more civil and courteous, Sir Arnold Savage, than this morning in another place, when thou declaredst unto me, as Speaker of the Commons, that no subsidy should be granted me until every cause of public grievance were removed.*

Savage. I am now in the house of the greatest man upon earth; I was then in the house of the greatest nation.

Henry. Marry! thou speakest rightly upon both points; but the latter, I swear unto thee, pleaseth me most. And now, Savage, I do tell thee with like frankness, I had well-nigh sent a score of halberts among your worshipful knights and sleek wool-staplers, for I was sore chafed; and, if another had dealt with me in such wise, I should have straightway followed my inclination. Thou knowest I am grievously let and hindered in my projected war, by such obstinacy and undutifulness in my people. I raised up the House of Commons four years ago, and placed it in opposition to my barons, with trust and confidence that, by the blessing of Christ and his saints, I might be less hampered in my complete conquest of France. This is monstrous: Parliament speaks too plainly and steps too stoutly for a creature of four years' growth.

Savage. God forbid that any King of England should achieve the conquest of all France! Patience, my liege and

his brother, but is of unquestionable authenticity, and may be found entire in the *Amœnitates Literariæ* of Schelhorn, Tom. V. p. 542. Valois was a good scholar, but he errs in his Latinity when he objects to the expression *imperium Germanicum;* for that expression would be correct whether Germany were governed by a king, an emperor, an aristocracy, or a democracy. The Roman State was just as much *imperium Romanum* under the consuls and tribunes as under Tiberius or Caligula. The justice of the remark made by Valois is proved by the patents of Charles V., which always began "Carolus V., divinâ favente clementiâ, Romanorum Imperator Augustus, *ac rex Germaniæ*, Hispaniarum, utriusque Siciliæ, Hierusalem, Hungariæ, &c." The late Emperor of Austria formally laid down a title which never belonged to him: he and all his ministers were ignorant of this, and it may be doubted whether there was a statesman in Europe who knew it.

* The words reported by Hakewell: *De modo tenendi Parliamentum.*

lord! Our Norman ancestors, the most warlike people on whose banners the morning sun ever lighted, have wrested the sceptre from her swaddling kings, and, pushing them back on their cushions and cupboards, have been contented with the seizure of their best and largest province. The possession of more serfs would have tempted them to sit down in idleness, and no piece of unbroken turf would have been left for the playground of their children in arms. William the Conqueror, the most puissant of knights and the wisest of statesmen, thought fit to set open a new career, lest the pride of his chivalry should be troublesome to him at home. He led them forth against the brave and good Harold, whose armies had bled profusely in their war against the Scot. Pity that such blood as the Saxon should ever have been spilled! * but hence are the title-deeds to our lands and tenements, the perpetuity of our power and dominion.

Henry. To preserve them from jeopardy, I must have silver in store; I must have horses and armor, and wherewith to satisfy the cravings of the soldier, always sharp, and sharpest of all after fighting.

Savage. My liege must also have other things, which escaped his recollection.

Henry. Store of hides, and of the creatures that were within them; store of bacon; store of oats and barley, of rye and good wheaten corn; hemp, shipping, masts, anchors; pine-tree and its pitch from the Norwegian, yew-tree from Corse and Dalmat. Divers other commodities must be procured from the ruler of the Adriatic, from him who never was infant nor stripling, whom God took by the right hand and taught to walk by himself the first hour. Moreover, I must have instruments of mine own device, weighty and exceeding costly; such as machinery for beating down walls. Nothing of these have escaped my knowledge or memory; but the recital of some befits a butler or sutler or armorer better than a king.

Savage. And yet, methinks, sir, there are others which you might have mentioned and have not, the recital of which would befit a king, rather than sutler, butler, or armorer: they are,

* The Danes under Harold were not numerous, and there were few vestiges of the Britons out of Wales and Cornwall.

indeed, the best and most necessary things in the world to batter down your enemy's walls with.

Henry. What may they be? You must find them.

Savage. Sir, you have found them, and must keep them: they are the hearts of your subjects. Your horse will not gallop far without them, though you empty into his manger all the garners of Surrey. Wars are requisite to diminish the power of your barons, by keeping them long and widely separate from the main body of retainers, and under the ken of a stern and steady prince, watching their movements, curbing their discourses, and inuring them to regular and sharp discipline. In general, they are the worthless exalted by the weak, and dangerous from wealth ill-acquired and worse expended. The whole people is a good king's household: quiet and orderly when well treated, and ever in readiness to defend him against the malice of the disappointed, the perfidy of the ungrateful, and the usurpation of the familiar. Act in such guise, most glorious Henry, that the king may say *my* people, and the people may say *our* king: I then will promise you more, passing any computation, than I refused you this morning; the enjoyment of a blessing to which the conquest of France in comparison is as a broken flag-staff, — self-approbation in government and security in power. A Norman by descent, and an Englishman by birth and inheritance, the humiliation of France is requisite to my sense even of quiet enjoyment. Nevertheless, I cannot delude my understanding, on which is impressed this truth; namely, that the condition of a people which hath made many conquests doth ultimately become worse than that of the conquered. For, the conquered have no longer to endure the sufferings of weakness or the struggles of strength; and some advantages are usually holden forth to keep them peaceable and contented: but under a conquering prince the people are shadows, which lessen and lessen as he mounts in glory, until at last they become, if I may reasonably say it and unreprovedly, a thing of nothing, a shapeless form.

It is my office and my duty to provide that this evil, in the present day, do not befall us; and that our late descendants, with the same incitements to bravery, the same materials and means of greatness, may deserve as well of your family, my liege, as we have deserved of you.

Henry. Faith! I could find it in my heart, Sir Arnold, to clip thine eagle's claws, and perch thee somewhere in the peerage.

Savage. Measureless is the distance between my liege and me; but I occupy the second rank among men now living, forasmuch as, under the guidance of Almighty God, the most discreet and courageous have appointed me, unworthy as I am, to be the great comprehensive symbol of the English people.

Writers differ on the first appointment of Speaker in the House of Commons, for want rather of reflection than of inquiry. The Saxons had frequently such chiefs; not always, nor regularly. In the reign of William Rufus there was a great council of parliament at Rockingham, as may be seen in the history of Eadmerus: his words are, *totius regni adunatio.* He reports that a certain *knight* came forth and stood before the *people*, and spoke in the name and in the behalf of all. Peter de Montfort, in the reign of Henry III., spoke *vice totius communitatis, and consented* to the banishment of Ademar de Valence, Bishop of Winchester. A Sir John Bushey was the first presented by the Commons to the King in full parliament. Elsynge calls him "a special minion" to Richard II. It appears that he, like all his predecessors, was chosen for one particular speech, purpose, or sitting.

Sir Arnold Savage, according to Elsynge, "was the first who appears *upon any record*" to have been appointed to the dignity as now constituted. He was elected a second time four years afterward, a rare honor in earlier days; and during this presidency he headed the Commons, and delivered their Resolutions in the plain words recorded by Hakewell.

The business on which the dialogue is founded may be described by an extract from Rapin, who speaks of *remonstrance* only: —

"Le roi, ayant representé à ce parlement le besoin qu'il avait d'un secours extraordinaire, les Communes allèrent en corps lui présenter une Adresse, dans laquelle elles lui remontraient que, sans fouler son peuple, il pouvoit subvenir à ses besoins. Elles exposaient que le clergé possédait la troisième partie des biens du royaume, et que, ne rendant au roi aucun service personnel, il était juste qu'il contribuât de ses richesses aux besoins pressans de l'Etat. L'archevêque de Canterbury disait que leur demande n'avait pour fondement que l'irréligion et l'avarice."

The reformers, we see, were atheists in those days, as in ours: to strip off what is superfluous was to expose the body politic to decay.

In decorating the people's House of Parliament, it is resolved to admit no memorial of the man without whom neither house nor parliament would exist. Poetry and fable are thought more characteristic.

III. OLIVER CROMWELL AND WALTER NOBLE.*

Cromwell. What brings thee back from Staffordshire, friend Walter?

Noble. I hope, General Cromwell, to persuade you that the death of Charles will be considered by all Europe as a most atrocious action.

Cromwell. Thou hast already persuaded me: what then?

Noble. Surely, then you will prevent it, for your authority is great. Even those who upon their consciences found him guilty would remit the penalty of blood, some from policy, some from mercy. I have conversed with Hutchinson, with Ludlow,† your friend and mine, with Henry Nevile, and Walter Long: you will oblige these worthy friends, and unite in your favor the suffrages of the truest and trustiest men living. There are many others, with whom I am in no habits of intercourse, who are known to entertain the same sentiments; and these also are among the country gentlemen, to whom our parliament owes the better part of its reputation.

Cromwell. You country gentlemen bring with you into the People's House a freshness and sweet savor, which our citizens lack mightily. I would fain merit your esteem, heedless of those pursy fellows from hulks and warehouses, with one ear lappeted by the pen behind it, and the other an heirloom, as Charles would have had it, in Laud's star-chamber. Oh! they are proud and bloody men. My heart melts; but, alas! my authority is null: I am the servant of the Commonwealth. I will not, dare not, betray it. If Charles Stuart had threatened my death only, in the letter we ripped out of the saddle, I would have reproved him manfully and turned him adrift:

* He represented the city of Lichfield: he lived familiarly with the best patriots of the age, remonstrated with Cromwell, and retired from public life on the punishment of Charles. The memorial of my ancestor's virtues I hold in trust for the benefit of our descendants.

† Ludlow, a most humane and temperate man, signed the death-warrant of Charles, for violating the constitution he had sworn to defend, for depriving the subject of property, liberty, limbs, and life unlawfully. In equity he could do no otherwise; and to equity was the only appeal, since the laws of the land had been erased by the king himself.

but others are concerned; lives more precious than mine, worn as it is with fastings, prayers, long services, and preyed upon by a pouncing disease. The Lord hath led him into the toils laid for the innocent. Foolish man! he never could eschew evil counsel.

Noble. In comparison with you, he is but as a pinnacle to a buttress. I acknowledge his weaknesses, and cannot wink upon his crimes: but that which you visit as the heaviest of them perhaps was not so, although the most disastrous to both parties, — the bearing of arms against his people. He fought for what he considered his hereditary property; we do the same: should we be hanged for losing a lawsuit?

Cromwell. No, unless it is the second. Thou talkest finely and foolishly, Wat, for a man of thy calm discernment. If a rogue holds a pistol to my breast, do I ask him who he is? Do I care whether his doublet be of catskin or of dogskin? Fie upon such wicked sophisms! Marvellous, how the devil works upon good men's minds! Friend! friend! hast thou lost thy recollection? On the third of June, 1628, an usher stood at the door of our Commons-house, to hinder any member from leaving it, under pain of being sent to the Tower. On the fifth of the same month, the Speaker said he had received the King's order to interrupt any who should utter a word against his ministers. In the following year, we might have justly hanged him for the crime of forgery, seeing that on the twenty-first of January he commanded his printer, Norton, to falsify the text of his own *Declaration*, in which he had acknowledged our rights, and had been paid handsomely for the acknowledgment. I sorely fear the month of January is marked in the Calendar by the finger of the Almighty, for the heavy chastisement of this misdeed. We must take heed unto our ways, and never again be led into the wicked temptation of trusting the false and the reprobate. Equity might demand from the traitor more than his worthless and pernicious life. Equity might retaliate on him what Eliot and other most innocent and most virtuous men have suffered: pestilential imprisonment, lingering, painful, incurable disease, fetters and thumbscrews, racks and mutilations. Should the guiltless have suffered these things rather than the guilty? — the defender of his home and property rather than the robber who broke into them? If the extinction of a spark prevents

worse things than the conflagration of twenty cities, if it prevents the expansion of principles endemically noxious through incalculable ages, such as slavish endurance and all unmanly propensities, I would never take by the collar him who resolutely setteth his foot thereon. Whether a grain of dust be blown away in the morning, in the noon, or in the evening, what matter? But it imports very seriously whether it be blown in the eyes and darken the sight of a nation. This is the difference between him who dies in the solitude of his chamber, and him whom halberds, by God's ordinance, may surround upon the scaffold.

Noble. From so cruel an infliction let me hope our unfortunate king may be exempted. He was always more to be dreaded by his friends than by his enemies, and now by neither.

Cromwell. God forbid that Englishman should be feared by Englishman! but to be daunted by the weakest, to bend before the worst — I tell thee, Walter Noble, if Moses and the Prophets commanded me to this villany, I would draw back and mount my horse.

Noble. I wish that our history, already too dark with blood, should contain, as far as we are concerned in it, some unpolluted pages.

Cromwell. 'Twere better, much better. Never shall I be called, I promise thee, an unnecessary shedder of blood. Remember, my good prudent friend, of what materials our sectaries are composed: what hostility against all eminence, what rancor against all glory. Not only kingly power offends them, but every other; and they talk of *putting to the sword*, as if it were the quietest, gentlest, and most ordinary thing in the world. The knaves even dictate from their stools and benches to men in armor, bruised and bleeding for them; and with schooldames' scourges in their fists do they give counsel to those who protect them from the cart and halter. In the name of the Lord, I must spit outright (or worse) upon these crackling bouncing firebrands, before I can make them tractable.

Noble. I lament their blindness; but follies wear out the faster by being hard run upon. This fermenting sourness will presently turn vapid, and people will cast it out. I am not surprised that you are discontented and angry at what

thwarts your better nature. But come, Cromwell, overlook them, despise them, and erect to yourself a glorious name by sparing a mortal enemy.

Cromwell. A glorious name, by God's blessing, I will erect; and all our fellow-laborers shall rejoice at it: but I see better than they do the blow descending on them, and my arm better than theirs can ward it off. Noble, thy heart overflows with kindness for Charles Stuart: if he were at liberty to-morrow by thy intercession, he would sign thy death-warrant the day after, for serving the Commonwealth. A generation of vipers! there is nothing upright or grateful in them: never was there a drop of even Scotch blood in their veins. Indeed, we have a clew to their bedchamber still hanging on the door, and I suspect that an Italian fiddler or French valet has more than once crossed the current.

Noble. That may be: nor indeed is it credible that any royal or courtly family has gone on for three generations without a spur from interloper. Look at France! some stout Parisian saint performed the last miracle there.*

Cromwell. Now thou talkest gravely and sensibly: I could hear thee discourse thus for hours together.

Noble. Hear me, Cromwell, with equal patience on matters more important. We all have our sufferings: why increase one another's wantonly? Be the blood Scotch or English, French or Italian, a drummer's or a buffoon's, it carries a soul upon its stream; and every soul has many places to touch at, and much business to perform, before it reaches its ultimate destination. Abolish the power of Charles; extinguish not his virtues. Whatever is worthy to be loved for any thing is worthy to be preserved. A wise and dispassionate legislator, if any such should arise among men, will not condemn to death him who has done, or is likely to do, more service than injury to society. Blocks and gibbets are the nearest objects to ours, and their business is never with virtues or with hopes. Justice upon earth has forgotten half her lesson, and repeats the other half badly. God commanded her to reward and to punish. She would tell you that punishment is the reward of the wicked, and that the rewards of the good belong to

* The birth of Louis XIV. is somewhat like a miracle to true believers, while among sceptics the principal doubt is not whether the child was supposititious, but whether he was so after his birth or before.

him whose delight is their distribution in another place. She is neither blind, as some have represented her, nor clear-sighted: she is one-eyed, and looks fixedly and fondly with her one eye upon edge-tools and halters. The best actions are never recompensed, and the worst are seldom chastised. The virtuous man passes by without a *good morrow* from us, and the malefactor may walk at large where he will, provided he walk far enough from encroachment on our passions and their playthings. Let us, Cromwell, in God's name, turn the laws to their right intention: let us render it the interest of all to love them and keep them holy. They are at present, both in form and essence, the greatest curse that society labors under; the scorn of the wicked, the consternation of the good, the refuge of those who violate, and the ruin of those who appeal to them.

Cromwell. You have paid, I see, chancery fees, Walter.

Noble. I should then have paid not only what is exorbitant, but what is altogether undue. Paying a lawyer, in any court, we pay over again what we have paid before. If government has neglected to provide that our duties be taught us, and our lives, properties, and station in society be secured, what right has it to one farthing from us? For what else have our forefathers and ourselves been taxed? — for what else are magistrates of any kind appointed? There is an awfulness in symmetry which chastens even the wildest, and there is a terror in distortion at which they strike and fly. It is thus in regard to law. We should be slow in the censure of princes, and slower in the chastisement. Kingship is a profession which has produced few among the most illustrious, many among the most despicable, of the human race. As in our days they are educated and treated, he is deserving of no slight commendation who rises in moral worth to the level of his lowest subject; so manifold and so great are the impediments.

Reverting to the peculiar case of Charles, in my opinion you are ill justified by morality or policy in punishing him capitally. The representatives of the people ought to superintend the education of their princes; where they have omitted it, the mischief and the responsibility rest with them. As kings are the administrators of the Commonwealth, they must submit their whole household to the national inspection; on which principle, the preceptors of their children should be

appointed by parliament; and the pupils, until they have attained their majority, should be examined twice annually on the extent and on the direction of their studies, in the presence of seven men at least, chosen out of the Commons-house by ballot. Nothing of the kind having been done, and the principles of this unfortunate king having been distorted by a wrong education, and retained in their obliquity by evil counsellors, I would now, on the reclamation both of generosity and of justice, try clemency. If it fails, his adherents will be confounded at his perfidy, and, expecting a like return for their services, will abandon him.

Cromwell. Whatever his education was, thinkest thou he was not wise enough to know his wickedness, his usurpation and tyranny, when he resolved to rule without a parliament; to levy taxes, to force consciences, to imprison, to slay, at his own arbitrament and pleasure? Some time before the most violent of his outrages, had he not received a grant of money from us on conditions which he violated? He then seized forcibly what belonged to the public; and, because we remonstrated against this fraud and theft, did he not prosecute us as rebels? Whereas, when a king acts against the laws or without them, there can be but one rebel in the kingdom. Accomplices there may be; and such we may treat with mildness, if they do not wring and wrest it away from us and turn it against us, pushing down those who raised them. When the leading stag of such a herd is intractably wild, and obstinately vicious to his keepers, he ought to be hamstrung and thrown across the paling, wherever he is overtaken. What! pat his hide forsooth! hug his neck, garland his horns, pipe to him, try gentleness, try clemency! Walter, Walter! we laugh at speculators.

Noble. Many indeed are ready enough to laugh at speculators, because many profit, or expect to profit, by established and widening abuses. Speculations toward evil lose their name by adoption; speculations toward good are for ever speculations, and he who hath proposed them is a chimerical and silly creature. Among the matters under this denomination I never find a cruel project, I never find an oppressive or unjust one: how happens it?

Cromwell. Proportions should exist in all things. Sovereigns are paid higher than others for their office; they should

therefore be punished more severely for abusing it, even if the consequences of this abuse were in nothing more grievous or extensive. We cannot clap them in the stocks conveniently, nor whip them at the market-place. Where there is a crown there must be an axe: I would keep it there only.

Noble. Lop off the rotten, press out the poisonous, preserve the rest; let it suffice to have given this memorable example of national power and justice.

Cromwell. Justice is perfect; an attribute of God: we must not trifle with it.

Noble. Should we be less merciful to our fellow-creatures than to our domestic animals? Before we deliver them to be killed, we weigh their services against their inconveniences. On the foundation of policy, when we have no better, let us erect the trophies of humanity: let us consider that, educated in the same manner and situated in the same position, we ourselves might have acted as reprovably. Abolish that for ever which must else for ever generate abuses; and attribute the faults of the man to the office, not the faults of the office to the man.

Cromwell. I have no bowels for hypocrisy, and I abominate and detest kingship.

Noble. I abominate and detest hangmanship; but in certain stages of society both are necessary. Let them go together; we want neither now.

Cromwell. Men, like nails, lose their usefulness when they lose their direction and begin to bend: such nails are then thrown into the dust or into the furnace. I must do my duty; I must accomplish what is commanded me; I must not be turned aside. I am loth to be cast into the furnace or the dust; but God's will be done! Prythee, Wat, since thou readest, as I see, the books of philosophers, didst thou ever hear of Digby's remedies by sympathy?

Noble. Yes, formerly.

Cromwell. Well, now, I protest, I do believe there is something in them. To cure my headache, I must breathe a vein in the neck of Charles.

Noble. Oliver, Oliver! others are wittiest over wine, thou over blood: cold-hearted, cruel man.*

* Cromwell was not cruel. Had he been less sparing of the worst blood in the three kingdoms, the best would never have been spilled upon the

Cromwell. Why, dost thou verily think me so, Walter? Perhaps thou art right in the main: but He alone who fashioned me in my mother's womb, and who sees things deeper than we do, knows that.

IV. KING JAMES I. AND ISAAC CASAUBON.*

James. Good M. Casaubon, I am vexed and perturbed in spirit, to find that my moderation and my zeal, which never has departed from it, should be opposed and thwarted by the pontificals.

Casaubon. Touch gently, sire, the hinder quarters of a vicious horse, and he will lay down his ears and kick; smite him resolutely and stoutly, and, behold! he draws his legs in, and sidles toward you.

James. As I am a king and a Christian, I have a mind to act vigorously and with my whole courage. Methinks it would not be misplaced. What are these doughty bishops of Rome, forsooth, that they should lay hands thus rudely upon God's anointed? I shudder at their violence, though I see it athwart times gone by. Raymond the Sixth, Count of Toulouse — God forefend that any thing mischievous should lie upon the

scaffold; and England would have been exempt from the ignominy of Sidney's death, Milton's proscription, the sale of the nation to the second Charles, and the transfer of both to Louis.

* Casaubon wrote a treatise *De Libertate Ecclesiasticâ*, of which 264 pp. were printed, when Henry IV., on the agreement of the Venetians with the pope, forbade the continuation, and attempted to suppress the commencement. Some copies escaped; and Goldast inserted the 264 pp. in the first volume of his *Monarchia Imperii*.

Pompous as James was, he was less unbending than many constitutional kings have been. The royal practice of unnatural stiffness did not prevail in Europe until the minor potentates thought it becoming to imitate Louis XIV., and took that part of his character which was the easiest to copy. Unbendingness, in the moral as in the vegetable world, is an indication as frequently of unsoundness as of strength. Indeed, wise men, kings as well as others, have been free from it. Stiff necks are diseased ones.

number, I being, as you know, the sixth monarch of my name in Scotland — what think you, Casaubon?

Casaubon. I see no reason why your Majesty should apprehend any.

James. Raymond then, a descendant of Charlemagne, was dragged to the Church of Saint Ægidius, naked to the waist and with a halter round his neck, to be flogged by a monk while the pope's legate was at dinner. His son, although a Catholic, yet being the begotten of a reputed heretic, was stripped, not of his shirt like the father, but of all his domains and hereditaments. He fought, however, so valiantly (which I would likewise do were I not unaccountably afraid of a naked sword) that the pope could extort from him only the county of Venaissin, the richest of his lands indeed, with seventy-three castles, on the other side of the Rhone, and 13,800 marks in silver.

Casaubon. Crimes, of which the heresy of princes is the richest, fertilize Saint Peter's patrimony. The celebrated Queen Giovanna, of Naples, a descendant from the brother of Saint Louis, accused of privity to the murder of her husband —

James. I do not believe a word of it; a fabrication, a forgery! Proceed forthwith to the pope's part in the business; there lies the guilt: say on.

Casaubon. The beautiful young queen had need of his protection. Although the people of Provence had obliged her to swear upon the Gospels that she would alienate none of her dominions, his Holiness, a few months afterward, compelled her to sell him Avignon.

James. Ay, and never paid her. I know not which is the more execrable; that a vicar of Christ should be guilty of simony, and of exacting the commission of a perjury, or that a people should require an oath from a prince.

Casaubon. The people, sire, have sometimes been suspicious; and overwatchfulness hath made them feverish: but pontiffs in all ages have mounted and ridden hard both restive rulers and well-broken ones.

James. Afore God! my back shall never bend under them. If they run restive with me, they shall bleed in both flanks ere the last leg quit the stirrup.

Casaubon. Not only counts, lords paramount, as your

Majesty hath recited, but even kings have been stripped bare, and emperors unbreeched, by the popes, who followed them up into their very dreams, threatening them as disobedient children, rod in hand. The Emperor Maximilian swore to defend the freedom of religion as declared in the Confession of Augsburg. Terrified by the pope's denunciations, he rescinded the diploma; and he protested, in excuse of such conduct, that he saw Pius shaking a scourge over his shoulder in his sleep. Pius the Fifth, too, commanded Charles the Ninth, of France, to revoke the Edict of Orleans on religious toleration. The holy father was introduced into the farce by the *Most Apostolic* and *Most Christian* Majesties. They prevailed on his Holiness that he should oblige them to loosen and lay aside their sacred obligations. On timorous and treacherous men like these depended, and still depend, the prosperity and improvement of the human race. Charles and Maximilian, the reverse of Achilles, abhorred the gates of hell far more than falsehood.

James. No promises, oaths, or treaties, are sacred any longer than these holinesses and beatitudes will permit. Even Cæsars are super-Cæsared by their tenants of the Vatican. Nothing is too high or too low for the vultures of the Seven Hills. Not only churches and kingdoms are their quarry, but they swoop into colleges and kitchens, and order what our manciples shall bring into the buttery. One would think they might at least be as complacent as owls are to owlets, and cats to kittens. No such thing; nor do they keep under their own hedges, but prowl far a-field. They pull a tag from the fur of a lawyer if it looks a little too rough, or doth not sit to their liking. Thus, in 1220, unless I mistake the year, Honorius, by his *Interdict*, took away from the University of Paris the power of conferring degrees in civil law. So we see not only the consolations of religion are snatched at once from the innocent as well as from the guilty, whenever a pope cries for a penny and cannot get it; but even the rights of the injured are left without defence. The worst is, that anointed kings are treated so unceremoniously. Gregory the Seventh excommunicated the Emperor Henry the Fourth, and refused him absolution until he had sitten at his gate three days, and barefoot. Soon afterward he repents of this clemency, deposes him, and raises a duke of Suabia

to the throne. His successor would put anybody upon mine, excepting the rightful master. But I advise him never to grapple with such a wrestler as I am, until he hath well oiled himself, or I may peradventure make him blow his fingers and caper. I came forward with the olive-branch in my hand, little thinking it a plant for a toad in his rage to spit at.

Casaubon. Your Majesty could entertain but feeble hopes of accommodation where avarice and pride are the directors of every counsel. The advantage, however, which I pointed out to your majesty is obtained, inasmuch as you have hung your proofs upon the highest peg in the chambers of the Vatican: and these manifest to the world below the sincerity of your heart, and the solidity of your arguments.

James. And yet they call me *sectary!*

Casaubon. Those who dissent from the domineering party have always been thus stigmatized. When the pope called Luther, and afterward your Majesty, by such an appellation, a small particle of learning might have shown him that the title better suited himself. According to Cato, in his "Treatise on Husbandry," "*Sectarius* porcus est qui gregem præcedens ducit."

James. I am truly and completely a Catholic. How can ever the name be refused me without a manifest and gross injustice? — acknowledging as I do the Three Creeds, the Œcumenical Councils, and every doctrine taught as necessary to salvation in the four first centuries of Christianity. And being so in all sincerity, I could have wished that whatever leads to fellowship and concord were tolerated and encouraged. It is not the interest of kings to carry the forest-laws into churches. On this principle and persuasion, I admitted many papists to offices about my person, not expecting that they would prepare for me such a blazing fire so early in the season; yet, such is my spirit of peace and conciliation, though I would rather keep them out of my cellar and my kitchen, I should not however be loth to go with them, if their priests would allow me, to the communion-table.

The Gospel says, *This is my body;* it does not say *how.* I am far from angry with the mass-maker for knowing more about it than I do, or than my Master chose to tell my betters, his apostles and disciples; or for insisting on transubstantiation, the name of which was not in existence for some hundred

years after he left the earth. Let every Christian take the sacrament; let families, friends, dependants, neighbors, take it together; let each apply to it his own idea of its import and its essence. At a commemoration dinner, one would wish something which he does not see upon the table; another is desirous that the dish which stands before him were away: yet surely both may find that wherein their tastes agree; and nothing, of what is present or of what is absent, can alter their sentiments as to the harmony of the meeting or the object of the entertainment. Such feelings — let me ascend from the little to the great, from the ordinary to the solemn — will the Christian's be at the sacrament of the eucharist. The memory of that day when it first was celebrated makes me anxious to open my arms toward all, and to treat the enemies of my throne with the charity of the Gospel.

We gratify our humors in sovereignty, in Christianity our affections; in this always our best, in that often our worst. You know not, M. Casaubon, how pleasant a thing it is to converse naturally, because you have always done so; but we kings feel it sensibly, those at least among us to whom God hath vouchsafed a plain understanding. It is like unto a removal from the curtained and closed chamber of sickness, where every footfall is suspended and measured, every voice constrained and lowered, into our native air again, amid the songs and piping of our shepherds, and the wilder and more exuberant harmony of our woodlands. To you the whole intellectual world lies open: we must speak in epigrams or in oracles. The book, however, which I hold in my hand teaches me that the practice should be laid aside, and that we ought not to be ashamed of acknowledging a sort of relation, at home, with those whom in the house of God we call our brethren. If I fall rather short of this, I do not pretend to tell a man how he should sing, or how he should pronounce his language, or upon which side he should lie in bed; * much less would I admonish him in what manner he should think on subjects which concern not me. Everybody knows that I am a great deal more liberal and merciful than the lady who occupied the throne before me; yet surely my Cousin

* Yet never did king interfere so minutely in the private concerns of his subjects. Here, as men are apt to do, he claims exemption from the very failing to which he was most liable.

Elizabeth ought to have been more tolerant of those who believed too much: she who believed that gallants could be in love with her at seventy. I would exclude none from the benefit of law, none from the enjoyment of dignity: I would establish the Catholic peers in that House from which their friends Garnet and Catesby would, to serve their own purposes, have exploded them. What think you?

Casaubon. I see not how your Majesty can receive as your counsellors, or indeed as any part of those who are to govern, judge, or administrate, men who profess that another has by right a greater power in this realm, not only than your Majesty, but than all the three estates conjointly. They are bound to assist in placing the instruction of your people out of your hands; they are bound to murder you if you resist the authority of the pope, or even if they are informed by him that such an action is of advantage to the Church: indeed any one may murder you, let him only be persuaded by two or three factious but learned men that it is conducive to the interests of His *Holiness*.

James. It is impossible that the common sense of mankind shall permit such a pest as popery to exist much longer; but there will be smoke and stench for some time after the explosion. So long as this nuisance is reeking on the earth, religion will be a prostitute, civilization a starveling, and freedom a dishonest outcast and maimed beggar. This grieveth me: for it is only in kings' palaces that freedom can be properly educated and worthily entertained.

Casaubon. But, sire! what security for the palace when the parliament-house is blown up? Garnet, being asked whether he held it lawful to extinguish the innocent with the guilty, answered in the affirmative, if as much advantage were derivable from it as would compensate for the loss of the unoffending. Murder, then, may be committed, and even without advantage. The Jesuit, the Catholic in perfection, requires only a balance of good, and reckons the murder itself as an indifferent and inoffensive method of obtaining it.

James. The same doctor, in another place, delivered it as his opinion that the exploit was not only lawful, but would even be a most glorious one indeed, if it eventually turned out well for Mother-church. She hath been sharpening her teeth for us until some of the grinders begin to ache, and the rest

are loosening. This puts her into worse and worse humor, and makes her look uglier than usual.

What think you now? am I not liberal enough in all conscience, when I declare my readiness to admit her children about me, if they will only come without cutlery and crackers?

Casaubon. If their conscience is not at their own disposal, can we reasonably hope that their consent will be? The question, which your Majesty hath cited, was not an idle nor a speculative one: it brushed the way to the murder of two monarchs of France, — Henry the Third and Fourth. The name itself of the former was inserted in a thesis for *illustration;* whether it were lawful to slay, for instance, Henry the Third, after he had begun to be called a tyrant by a few seditious but learned men. Such are the expressions.

James. Lamentable! that the governments of Europe should have permitted such questions to be agitated by the clergy, to whom they least appertain. Exterminate the appointed and anointed of the Lord! It becomes us to seize, to imprison, and to punish capitally any religionist, pope or other, who disseminates or countenances such bloody rebellion at once against king and God.

Casaubon. The first attempt to murder the Prince of Orange was committed by one who carried in the same pocket with his pistol a string of prayers to the Virgin Mary and the angel Gabriel, and a catechism of the Jesuits.

James. The death of the Prince of Orange was commanded by a lawful king; and, although he might employ worthier instruments, he being anointed, and thereby judge supreme in his own cause, had an unquestionable right to inflict the penalty. He had disobedient subjects to deal with, instigated by the devil of democracy; and the Prince of Orange was a ringleader of republicans, rank and riotous in his love of power; which love I hold unlawful and ungodly in any under the throne.

Casaubon. Sire! What I ventured to commemorate was mainly in demonstration that not only Jesuits and Dominicans were assassins, but, under the influence of the same religion, even kings themselves.

James. Nay, nay, nay, M. Isaac! A king may peradventure slay unadvisedly, rashly, wrathfully; but a king can never be an assassin, even though he should smite unto the death

with his own right hand; forasmuch as the Lord hath given him the sceptre in Israel. King Philip, of whom you made reference, did encompass and bring about the decease of his son Charles, and likewise of his brother (not uterine but spurious), John of Austria, as many sound scholars and rational thinkers do surmise; yet reverential awe hath alway stood between him and that untoward appellation of assassin. Therefore, were it only for the sake of rhetoric and euphony, I do think I would cast about for some palatabler word. It beseems and behooves the learned, most of all, to hold their caps before their faces where any foulness is, and not to see it; but, if they have seen it, to put the same before their mouths, and never to let such expressions break out full-syllabled. As for the pope, indeed, I do not acknowledge in him either prince or priest; wherefore you may take him and Jacques Clément by the throat again, and deal with them condignly.

Casaubon. Clément, being interrogated on the reasons why he undertook the perpetration of his atrocious crime, said plainly that he did it because the king was preparing to aid and succor the Protestants in Germany; and that, intending thereby a thing offensive to God, he was worthy of death: he added, *The pope is God, and God is pope.*

James. Christ forgive me! but I am almost fain to cry out, Happy the people whose gods were leeks! Religion never taught them that perfidy and murder are virtues. I apprehend that my intentions must be deferred. O Lord! preserve my life for thy glory! preserve it for the union of Christians! Casaubon, it is verily, though we enter thereby into bliss, an ugly thing to die. The malignity of popery may soften: I should be sorry to inflict new pains and penalties.

Casaubon. I would not inflict any. I would authorize no inabilities or privations for a difference in mere articles of faith: for instance, it would be tyranny or madness to declare a man incapable of beating the enemy because he believes in transubstantiation: but I would exclude from all power, all trust, all office whoever should assert that any man has legitimate power of any kind within this realm, unless it repose in, or originate from, the king or parliament, or both united. According to confessors, no treason of a priest against a king is criminal. Emmanuel Sa, in his guide to them, says, "The

rebellion of a priest against a king is not treason, because 'non est principi subjectus;'" and again: "Tyrannice gubernans justum acquisitum dominium non potest spoliari sine publico judicio; latâ vero sententiâ potest quisque fieri executor."

James. Horrible! Christ says, *My kingdom is not of this world:* the pope says, *My kingdom is.* Pius V. excited to rebellion the subjects of Elizabeth; Clement VIII. (it is ludicrous to hear the titles of these ruffians) ordered all the Roman Catholics, "quantum in ipsis esset, ut post Elizabethæ obitum rex eligeretur, omni sanguinis propinquitate spretâ." For this purpose it was requisite that the consciences of men should be modified; and hence arose *mental reservation*, to which all the abominations of other religions, even of popery itself, are trifles. Christ says, "Let your discourse be yea, yea; nay, nay;" the Jesuit says, supported by the pope, "The speech by equivocation being saved from a lie, the same speech may be without perjury confirmed by oath, or by any other way, though it were by receiving the sacrament, if just necessity so require." Cannot a lie be circuitous? Whatever is said in order to make a man believe an untruth is a lie; yet a Jesuit has no hesitation to swear it upon the eucharist; and princes have no hesitation to let Jesuits be the instructors of youth! Falsely have they been called the supporters of thrones: they never support them but when they can govern from them, by means of deluded or affrighted princes. The papacy is the guardian of governments as a bawd is the guardian of girls, — for profit. Antonius Capellus, a Franciscan friar, says that kings are unworthy of presiding over the church of their dominions, in any way whatever; and that God in the books of Moses declares his dislike of them. Blasphemy! Eudæmono Johannes, a monk of Crete, a true Jesuit, extols the son of the Emperor Henry IV. for insulting the dead body of his father, who had been disobedient to the See of Rome. The opinions of these men are not private; they are sanctioned *facultate superiorum*, by the doctors of theology, and by the chancery of the papal court. The spirit of their church has always been and always will be the same, whenever it can exercise its authority, — arrogant, intolerant, persecuting, unforgiving. Its poison has been sublimated, and its froth and fumes have been condensed, by the Jesuits.

Casaubon. It is singular and anomalous in the political world, that subjects should claim a right of appeal to foreign princes; and it is absurd to argue that the appeal is made not to the prince but to the priest, when the person is invested with both characters, and acts in both. It was determined in the *Council of the Lateran*, by seventy bishops, in presence of the ambassadors of all the Christian princes, that the Holy See held a jurisdiction *in every place;* that its authority extended over all; that it was empowered to decide the causes of princes, to deprive them of their government, and to confer it on others at their own option. On this principle, in the exercise of this authority, Pope Zacharias gave the crown of France to Charles Martel, ejecting Chilperic, and commanding a whole nation to commit a perjury.

James. What should I think, if the fellows of Trinity College in Cambridge, or of Christchurch in Oxford, rose from table, and shut themselves in their common-room for the day, and sent me word the next morning that they had appointed a head of the church, enclosing his circular, wherein he ordereth my obedience? Verily, from pure good-will, I should diet and scourge the knaves into their sounder senses, clapping up their headpiece, with his tiara on, in my fool's hospital, and giving him the precedency in it he had claimed outside. And yet, M. Casaubon, the fellows of either college are better scholars and honester men, I trow, than your pediculous friars and parti-colored bald-coot priests, into whose frowsy bodies, incrusted with libidinousness and blood, enters that legion-spirit which overshadows and shakes the world. I have exorcised my three kingdoms; and, by the Lord! if such spirit encroacheth, I will set those at him who shall leave him no easier a horn than Achelöusis, and no more tail than I have.

Casaubon. It were an easy matter to prove that deacons, called subsequently cardinal-deacons, have no right to elect a pope; that they themselves were not a corporate body many centuries ago, much less an elective one, but rather so many gourds sprung up in one dark night, with nobody then to heed, and nobody now to pluck them.

James. Nay, but they have though.

Casaubon. Bishops, priests, and deacons were instituted by the apostles; and what proves that after their time we

had no earthly and visible head of the church is this: on the decease of the twelve, the provincial priests elected them, not without the suffrages of the people.

James. We may hold back this latter part, M. Casaubon! Never let people know it. All religions have their secrets and conveniences. Saint Cyprian in several places, and particularly in his epistle to Felix the presbyter, doth indeed testify to the custom you have cited. A bishop thus elected was initiated into his ministry by the other bishops in the nearer dioceses; and it was decreed in the council of Nicæa that no fewer than three of them should attend on this occasion. Bonifacius the Third left the election to the priests and people, but usurped to himself the right of confirming it. Afterward the emperor's will and pleasure were consulted; Louis, the son of Charlemagne, was the first who waived the ceremony. Cardinals were instituted by Pope Marcellus, to bury and baptize. That there was no regular nor certain method of electing popes themselves is manifest by the Council holden at Rome in 610, which established one; but the establishment hath been sapped and subverted.

Casaubon. The violation mentioned by your Majesty of this ordinance, and of that order made in the council of Nicæa, are not the only ones. It was there determined that a bishop removed from a diocese could never be placed in another; which determination was unfixed by Pope Antherus.

James. Well, well: let them overturn and overturn to their hearts' content, so that what they overturn do not fall against our shins. My bishops see no harm in removals, which they designate by the auspicious name of *trans-lation.* It were more prudent on my part, and more to the purpose, to touch upon the popes again.

Casaubon. Your Majesty needs not be reminded that, according to papal infallibility, every potentate in Europe is base-born.

James. How? Do you mean spurious, or merely that he can be traced by genealogists to a low origin?

Casaubon. I mean a bastard, or the descendant of one; which, as affecting his right to the crown, is the same thing. Innocent III. prohibited marriages within the seventh degree of affinity: by which prohibition there not only is no crowned head, but no nobleman, in Europe, who is not a bastard or

the descendant of one. What an immense field, what a forest, what a new world for absolution! What a mine of gold throughout the whole extent, all lying on the surface!

James. Yet those divines who prohibited marriages within the seventh degree put a niece into bed with her uncle, or an aunt into a nephew's, and tucked them up and wished them pleasant dreams. Show me the same fraudulence in any other religion, the same venality and impudence in the priesthood, and you shall have my crown for your pains, Master Isaac, and the head that is under it to boot.

Casaubon. Sire, it is easier to find flaws in the ring of Infallibility. At the Council of Chalcedon it was resolved that the Sees of Constantinople and Rome should possess equal authority. One century later a Council was convoked by the Emperor Justinian at Constantinople, where the patriarch presided, and no bishop of the Latin church attended; none of them understanding Greek any more than they do now. In 680, another Council was assembled there under Constantine the Bearded, who himself presided at it, placing on his right the patriarchs of Constantinople and Antioch, on his left the deputies of Jerusalem and Rome. It was there that Pope Honorius was condemned. In 879, Pope John the Eighth declared that all are Judases who assert the Holy Ghost to proceed from the Father and the Son.

James. Another short vacation for Infallibility!

Casaubon. In 1215, a General Council was holden in Saint John Lateran, by Pope Innocent the Third, forbidding the establishment of religious orders.

James. The greater part of them, methinks, have been founded since.

Casaubon. It was not until this Council that the doctrine of Transubstantiation was established.

James. The only intelligible sense of it is what Christ's vicar gave, when he took away the substance of the Count of Toulouse and transferred it to himself. Lo! here is a practical kind of transubstantiation, in which his successors have had perpetual practice and are admirably expert. These gentles care neither for bishops their equals, nor for synods their superiors. A pope, like the Glaucus of antiquity, has taken his leap, and from a fisherman is become a god. He may advise and enlighten; he may also command and fulminate:

a favorite designation of one among the supernatural powers which he arrogates to himself from the Divinity.

Casaubon. By a less exertion, he might transfuse in a perennial stream his wisdom and his holiness into a succession of bishops: hence appeals to Rome would be unnecessary. Power is always the more immoderate and the more jealous when it rises out of usurpation; but those who contend for liberty of any kind should in no instance be its abettors. If the popes had been conscientious or decently honest men, if they could have abstained from laughing in their sleeves when they called themselves the successors of Saint Peter, if they could have been contented with his quiet mediocrity of fortune, his dignified and righteous exercise of authority, their influence upon sound consciences would have been greater and more permanent: and neither would rape and incest and the abominations of Lampsacus and Crete have been committed in their closets, under the images of the saints and under the lamp of the Virgin; nor would forbearance from evil and activity in good be postponed to frogs and flounders, to horse-hair, hemp, and ashes, or prayers to the dead for the dead. Pope John XXII. established a Tariff for sins; and if Leo X. published in like manner a Brief containing one, it did not as many imagine bring about the Reformation, which, in the midst of general depravity, it was likelier to prevent.

James. But it was a stinkpot in the hands alike of the pious and of the ambitious, swung about in opposition to the thurible, and a piece of furniture from the same chamber.

Casaubon. Enormity was not taken into the account. Impurities and incests, the least likely to be committed, paid least.* That which desolated the house of Œdipus, and filled Greece with horror and dismay, was compounded for at the rate of six shillings; while that incontinence, which peradventure might be committed by two persons who happened to have the same sponsor at baptism, cost them sixteen. For this is incest too, according to the *Decretals;* according to the authority of men whose interest is threefold: first, to increase the number of sins; secondly, to split them artificially, and to

* The list entitled *Taxæ Pœnitentiariæ*, the genuineness of which publication has been denied, was edited at Paris by Toussain Denis, 1520, and at Venice in the *Oceanus Juris*.

plant them like the cuttings of vines in long and well-labored and well-manured trenches; and thirdly, to facilitate the means of atonement.

James. I would not say openly, for evil might come therefrom, that popes might as rationally deduce their origin from Julius Cæsar as from Simon Peter; yet I will declare and protest that the religion they attempt to impose on us resembles more Julius's than Peter's; and that the means they employ to get into office are the same as his: which, after he had ruined his estate by debauchery, would, if he had failed to bribe his electors, have left him without a penny in his pouch. Let me rather mind my own matters: I have nothing to do with crimes out of my kingdom. But *mine* these audacious robbers will not let me call it, if they can hinder me; these infesters of the king's high-road, through England, through Europe, and beyond.

Casaubon. Infallibility was never claimed by the Bishops of Rome, nor ever thought of, until they were sufficiently powerful for the assertion of any falsehood and any usurpation. Pope Honorius, in later times, gave his sanction to the Ecthesis of Sergius, which was accepted by a synod convoked under him: it was declared heretical by his successors. Where was then Infallibility?

A question far more important to kings and nations lies before us. The Cardinal Bellarmin, unable to confute the slightest of your remonstrances, came forward in his master's name, threw down the key of Peter and took up the sword, cutting short the question between you, and asserting that the King of England is also in temporals the pope's feudatory and subject. After this, according to the constitution, your Majesty may declare rebels all adherents of the pope in any way whatever, all who hold direct or indirect communication with him, all who receive or give intelligence for the furtherance of his machinations and designs.

James. The pope has many true and just causes for hostility against us; the truest and justest is this: the Reformation has shown that bishops are appointed by the secular power, though selected by the spiritual, at least in form. Now, he may be frightened at the apparition of some mighty prince in armor, who, although surrounded by the clouds and fogs of his native superstition, calls upon his own bishops to

nominate one, and gives his sanction to their nomination. On this principle, Rome may receive her bishop at his hands.

One thing is plain and demonstrable from the Scripture, and admits no doubt nor equivocation, nor can it be interpreted with more or less force; which is, that the guides of Christians must abstain altogether from political concerns.

Casaubon. May not that, sire, affect the bishops as lords in parliament?

James. They sit there only to give their counsel on such discipline as may be propounded for the clergy. Hence they are called lords spiritual; two very good words, although rather strange together.

If any one of mine in his pruriency should cast his wild eye askance, and ruffle his mane, and neigh and snort to overleap this boundary, I would thrust the Bible into his mouth forthwith, and thereby curb his extravagance. For, M. Isaac, we do possess this advantage: our bishops acknowledge in spirituals the sole authority of that sacred book; whereas your papist, when you push him, slinks off from it as he lists, now to one doctor, now to another, now to saint, now to father, now to confessor; and, as these retire from him and will have nothing to say to him or for him, he has recourse to tradition, which is anywhere or nowhere. If you follow him up into this whispering-gallery, and press him closer, he flies at your throat, and swears (by God's help) he will throttle you.

Casaubon. The English have reflected at all times more intensely on religion than any other people in the universe, and began the earliest to examine its innovations and abuses. The *Trialogue* of Wicklif * is the first important work published in this country, and few more important have been published since.

James. I do not like Wicklif; he would make men equal: let me hear no more of him. Bishop Reginald Peacock went exactly far enough. He resisted the authority of the pope, and refuted the doctrine of transubstantiation, with several other papalities, and particularly those paganisms which Vigilantius, in ancient times, buffeted and exploded.

Casaubon. The council of Trent hath defined and settled all the questions at issue in the Roman Catholic creed; so

* This book was first printed without date, and written about the year 1360. Peacock flourished a century later.

that popes can pretend to inculcate, nothing new for the future. Matters of discipline are likewise fixed. The appointment to ecclesiastical dignities, of every degree, may be safely intrusted to the native hierarchy in each kingdom. Your Majesty has a right to demand from your Roman Catholic subjects that no papal bull, no order, brief, decree, or mandate of any kind hereafter be received in your dominions.

Throughout the Christian world, the popes have stipulated with usurpers for almost every accession of authority and power. Bonifacius III. obtained from the emperor Phocas, who had assassinated his master and benefactor Mauritius, an imperial Rescript, ordering that he should be styled *Œcumenicus*, which the papists interpret Universal Bishop. Mauritius had resolved to confer the title on the Patriarch of Constantinople; but Gregory, at that time Bishop of Rome, opposed it, "using Christian freedom," says Eusebius, "and declaring that he could not assent to it; for that no bishop ought to arrogate to himself the style and dignity of Universal Bishop."* In the East, the Church received with scorn and anger the intelligence of this usurpation; and the spirit of discord, which never breathed so violently and uninterruptedly in any other religion, and which never has intermitted a moment in the sixteen centuries since peace and good-will were first proclaimed to mankind, induced an Arab to collect a few of his countrymen, disbanded and defrauded by Heraclius, and to preach among them plainer doctrines. Provinces, kingdoms, empires, gazed, trembled, and bowed before him; religions, old and young, seceded and slunk away; not a camel crossed the desert with a grain of incense. While Arians and Catholics were fighting for Christ against the command of Christ, the most populous and civilized part of the world revolted from both standards.

James. To establish things as now constituted, it was necessary to reverse the prophecy of Isaiah, and, instead of making the rough smooth, to make the smooth rough.

Casaubon. Hence we find perpetually the terms, pernicious errors, impious doctrines, execrable heresies; and rarely a word about the perniciousness, impiety, and execrableness of cruelty, malice, fraudulence, lust, avarice, and ambition.

* Orta est contentio, &c. Carrionis Chron: L. 4, p. 272. Venetiis, 1540.

Hence the people are not permitted to read in their houses the precepts of our Saviour, but are ordered to believe the legend of Saint Handkerchief or Saint Fleventhousand; to embrace the faith of a hot-headed enthusiast who tells us he believes a thing because it is impossible, and to place confidence in a lying old dotard who asserts that he filed his teeth in order to speak Hebrew.

James. It must be confessed his followers have sharpened theirs for worse purposes. Mahomet, of whom you were speaking, borrowed the best of his doctrines from the Christians, and the Christians the worst of theirs from him. Pope John VIII. declared that they who died fighting against the infidels should obtain the entire pardon of their sins. So, whoever wished to commit a rape or murder had only to make haste, and to run from one holy city to the other. As the predecessors of Pope John clipped something from the older religions, so Pope John crooked his finger and filched these spicy and intoxicating comforts from the goatskin of the Arab.

Casaubon. Among the various religions that have been established in the world, the papal is the only one which, as though it wished to ridicule and parody the Athanasian creed, insists that a kingdom shall have two *chief* magistrates;* that nevertheless one of these shall be *superior* to the other, and that he of right is so who has never seen the country, never will see it, never had parentage or progeny or land or tenement in it; that a kingdom neither conquered nor hereditary, neither bequeathed nor surrendered by itself, must admit an alien arbitrator whenever it pleases him to raise a question, and that this alien arbitrator shall always give an irreversible verdict in his own favor; lastly, that a kingdom, to the detri-

* Casaubon must be supposed to mean two magistrates, each of whom pretended to power independently of the other. For in Sparta were two kings; and in Japan was a kind of pope, reported to possess an equal authority with the emperor. Where any such magistrate exists, a short time is requisite for his growth into inordinate power: where there is a hierarchy there will be usurpation. The Japanese pope, or dairo, is reduced to order, and his chief privileges are the keeping of twelve wives, with as many concubines as are necessary for the prosperity of the State and the interests of religion. The number of these, no doubt, would be diminished, if no serious danger were to be apprehended from the example of innovation.

ment of its defence, of its agriculture, of its commerce, of its population, of its independence, shall raise a body of men for the service of this intruder, unlimited in number, enormous in expenditure, which he alone shall discipline, he alone shall organize, he alone shall direct and control. Mahomet left a family, and was far from deficient in impudence, but he wanted the assurance to claim for his own successors what the pretended ones of Saint Peter claim for theirs: here, however, we have somewhat worse than common absurdity, or than common arrogance, to contend with.

James. A harlot was not contented with debauching your servants, with getting drunk at your expense, and with picking your pocket of some loose money every time you approached her; she became impatient for your strong-box and title-deeds, and invoked the blessed Virgin to witness that, unless she had them, you should never, as she hoped for salvation, leave the room alive. She now is angry that you have turned her off; is ready to bring attestations by the thousands that she is fairer and cleaner and safer than any other; reminds you, as peculiar to herself, that you may enjoy her as well asleep as awake, as well by proxy as in person; complains of your levity and violence, boasts of her sweet temper, affection, and fidelity; pouts, pants, and swells, and swears that neither you nor yours shall enter her house again. I see not therefore what we can do better than to cut her laces and put her decently to bed, slipping out of the door with as little noise as possible.

Casaubon. Rather should we act so in every case, than exchange a pledge with the perfidious, or reason with the unreasonable.

James. Nicodemus asked our Saviour, *How can these things be?* and his divine instructor heard and answered him with complacency: put the same question to his vicar, issuing from some mountain monastery or some suburban lane, and the fellow will illuminate you with a cart-load of faggots.

The French displayed long before the English a resolution to defend the prerogatives of royalty against the usurpations of the popedom. Vigilantius, afore cited, a Frenchman by birth, although a bishop in Spain, condemned the celibacy of priests, the adoration of relics, and the lighting of lamps and candles by day in churches. Pierre Bruis, neither less intel-

ligent nor less holy, took up and maintained his doctrines, which had languished six centuries, and taught them for twenty years at Toulouse. He was burned alive: for the Roman shepherds have not only their shears but their tar-pot. Henri le Moine followed his doctrine, and preached the words of his master with such good effect, that half the nation came back again from Rome to Christ. At the same season flourished Valdo, as you remember, and translated the Bible into French. His followers, called by his name and by that of Albigenses, carried this precious treasure through more than the third and fourth generation, and yielded it up only with their lives to the God who gave it. Indulgences were in vain held forth to this poor and lonely remnant of the apostolic church. Nicolas Oremus, plucking up courage by example, wrote to prove that the papacy is Antichrist, and translated anew the Holy Scriptures into French, by order of King Charles V. Under the next of that name the secretary, Maitre Alain, wrote his *Somnium Vividarium;* for which I hope, rather than for any other work, my kinswoman Margaret, wife of the Dauphin, gave him a kiss upon the mouth while (it is said) he lay asleep.

The greatest blow of all was received in 1395, when the Sorbonne decreed that the two contending popes might box it out by themselves, and that the people of France should have nothing to do with either. In pursuance of which resolution the kingdom was exempt from papal jurisdiction three whole years. In soberer times, when the popes were neither in the cockpit nor upon the perch, we have proofs before us that the French knew how to clip their combs, shorten their tails, and cleanse their plumage. To pretermit the vigor and firmness of Philippe le Bel, who burned the Bull of Bonifacius VIII. in the streets of Paris by the hands of the hangman, and, having seized *His Holiness* at Anagni, would have treated him with as little ceremony had he not been rescued, Giovanni Buonacorsi of Lucca published, under the reign of Louis XII., a proposition that the pope was above the king in temporals. The Parliament of Paris condemned him to be stripped of his canonical dress, to put on one of green and yellow, to carry a candle of the same color, to confess before the image of the Virgin Mary that this proposition was contrary to the Roman Catholic religion, and to ask pardon of the king, of

justice, and of the people: of the people, because he had put their souls in danger; else the Parliament of Paris was always most discreet in its consignment of liberty, not leaving any in places where it might do harm, and placing it abundantly in the king's treasury, to be distributed at his royal will and pleasure. The doctors of that country, and none but doctors and princes are fit to handle the subject, are unanimous that law and liberty, like offices and honors, can emanate only from the throne. I throw out this in friendship and generosity, M. Casaubon, feeling that you, born and educated as you were at Geneva, might think erroneously upon a point which the nicest hand cannot separate from religion, and loving you with all my heart, and most anxious for your welfare and salvation.

Casaubon. Sire, I will think thereupon.

James. Friend Casaubon, do you speak in the royal sense of the word, or in the popular? We kings, when we say to Parliament or other folk that we will think upon any thing, mean always that we will dismiss it from our thoughts.

Casaubon. That would not be easy to do with the words of your Majesty.

James. We have already seen and examined the anarchal doctrines of the popish priesthood, and can never be surprised at any atrocity committed by a sect, the only one since the creation of the world by which fratricide has been protected. Juan Diaz, in the memory of some now living,* was murdered in Nuremburg at the instigation of his brother, Alfonso, for having adopted the doctrine of the apostles in preference to the glosses of the popes. His murderers were imprisoned in the jail of Innspruck; the Emperor Charles V. stopped the proceedings, under the pretext that he himself would take cognizance of them at the approaching diet. I know not whether the facts have been divulgated.

Casaubon. The whole history of the assassination has been published in Latin, under the name of Claudius Senarclæus. I possess one of the few copies that have escaped the searches made in order to suppress them. Medals were coined by order of Gregory XIII. to commemorate Saint Bartholomew's day: on one side is the pope, on the other is

* 1545.

the slaughter. He commanded it also to be painted in the Vatican, where the painting still exists. In popes no atrocity is marvellous or remarkable; but how painful is it to find a scholar like Muretus exulting in a massacre! Horatius Tursellinus, another eminent scholar, is another proof among thousands that literature, the tamer and subduer of barbarism, cannot penetrate a heart immersed in this searing superstition.

James. Tursellinus is not so rapturous as Muretus, but he counts the number of the victims with a sedate and calm pleasure.

Casaubon. Spondanus, in his *Auctarium ad Annales Baronii*, represents a similar scene on a smaller scale, exhibited two centuries ago in the Valtellina, under the auspices of the Duke of Feria, governor of the Milanese for the Spanish king. "Catholici, mense Julio, omnes Calvinistas, tam incolas quàm exteros, occidunt."

James. Is it not wonderful that an ignorant, vicious, and ferocious priest, covered with filth and vermin, being hailed as another god by some dozens of the same caste, instantly treats kings as his inferiors and subjects, and is obeyed in a country like this, high-minded, free, and enlightened? Is there any thing more irrational or more humiliating in the worship of the Delai-Lama? Far otherwise: he is innocent, gentle, and beneficent; no murderer, no instigator to assassinations, no approver of massacres,* no plunderer, no

* The following words are part of an oration addressed by him to Gregory, in the name of Charles IX., on the celebration of this festival: "O noctem illam memorabilem, et in fastis eximiæ alicujus notæ adjectione signandam, quæ *paucorum seditiosorum* interitu regem a præsenti cædis periculo, regnum a perpetuâ civilium bellorum formidine, liberavit! Quâ quidem nocte stellas equidem ipsas luxisse solito nitidiùs arbitror, et flumen Sequanam majores undas volvisse, quo citiùs illa impurorum hominum cadavera evolveret et exoneraret in mare! O felicissimam mulierum Catharinam regis matrem! &c."

Such are the expressions of Muretus, as the most agreeable he could deliver to the successor of him who proclaimed on earth peace, goodwill toward men. This language of Charity had been corrected by Infallibility, and altered to *pax hominibus . . . bonæ voluntatis:* terms on which a massacre is a commentary.

His words on the same occasion are these: "Gregorius XIII. deinde pontifex summus patrum studiis electus; *cujus pontificatûs initia lætiora lætus de Parisiensi Hugonotorum cæde nuncius fecit.* Per occasionem nuptiarum regis Navarri, Calviniani proceres jussu Franci regis oppressi

extortioner, no vender of pardons, no dealer in dispensations, no forestaller and regrater of manna from heaven or of palms from paradise, no ringdropper of sacraments, no scourer of incests, no forger, no betrayer.*

O Casaubon! I blush to reflect that dissimulation is necessary to the maintenance of peace. A rotten rag covers worse rottenness: remove it, and half the world is tainted with infidelity. In England, in Holland, in any country where laws are equitable and morals pure, how often would these *Eminences* and *Holinesses* have clasped the whipping-post, and with how much more fervency than they clasp the cross! Bellarmin must have been convinced; he must have struggled against his conscience: heated with that conflict, he advances the more outrageously against me.

Casaubon. Bellarmin throws all your arguments into the fire, and assumes a fiercer attitude; not from any resentment at being convinced, for convinced he was long before, but on the principle that, when we are tired of parrying, we thrust.

ad LX. millia Parisiis cæsa traduntur." Treachery in the mask of Festivity, Murder in that of Religion, are thus congratulated and applauded.

* Almost the only good, or rather almost the only cessation of evil, permitted by catholic princes is the abolition of the Jesuits, which must however be considered as merely the dismissal of old servants grown insolent. Princes still maintained and supported the Inquisition. During the period of these two institutions, more mischief has been done to mankind by their religion, than by all the other religions that have existed in the world. The Jesuits taught youth, but only to a certain and very circumscribed extent, and their principal dogma was the legitimacy of falsehood: hence knowledge and virtue have suffered worse from them than from the most profligate and ignorant of the other confraternities.

Catholicism is the cause, we are informed, why sculpture and painting were revived: it is more certainly the cause why they have made no progress, and why they have been employed on ignoble objects; on scourgers and hangmen, on beggarly enthusiasts and base impostors. Look at the two masterpieces of the pencil; the Transfiguration of Raphael and the St. Jerome of Correggio: can any thing be more incongruous, any thing more contrary to truth and history? We may be persuaded that the little town of Sicyon produced a greater number of masterpieces than all the modern world. The sculptors of Sicyon are celebrated, the painters not: but sculpture was never brought to perfection anywhere until drawing was; and we are instructed by the defect in our own school how much rarer and more difficult is this part. In landscape only, where superstition has no influence, are the moderns to be thought on a level with the ancients. Claude and Titian, Cuyp and Hobbima, were probably not excelled.

Your Majesty has now a declared competitor for the throne; but parliament will provide, if the statute of Queen Elizabeth is insufficient, the means necessary to maintain your possession. On the compliance of your Roman Catholic subjects with such conservatory statutes, nothing can be so unjust or so needless, as to exclude from the rights of citizenship or from the dignities of State a body of men who believe not differently from your Majesty, but more.

Popery is an amalgam of every religion and every institution by which mankind in all countries under heaven had been subjugated. Not only the Egyptian and Syrian, the Brahmin and Persian, the Phrygian and Greek, but even the Druidical was found useful in its structure; and thereupon were erected the fulminating batteries of Excommunication. This, which satisfied and satiated the ferocity of the most ferocious race among men, satisfied not the papal priesthood. They conducted their inquisition far beyond it, extinguishing, as they went, all other lights than such as served for illusion. In Spain they succeeded perfectly; nearly so in Italy: in France the machine stuck and miscarried. The vivacity and courage of the French, and their felicity in ridicule and mimicry, kept them up from suffocation and submersion. The strong moral principle of the English, their serious temper, their habit of long reflection, their unreserved confidence one in another, their dauntless practice of delivering their opinions, their liberality in accepting and exchanging them, and, upon these, the attempering countenance of your Majesty, will deprive the papal poison of its circulation and activity. Threats are yet murmured; but, if your Majesty will cease to notice them, they will die away. There is no echo but from repercussion; no repercussion but from some place higher than the voice. The scourge of reason and humanity, left upon the ground awhile, will break in the hand of the first who strikes hard therewith: it has already lost much of its weight and suppleness.

Casaubon here finished his discourse, and James made no farther observation. Such was his simplicity, he really had imagined that reason and truth, urged so forcibly by him, would alter the system and conciliate the good-will of the papal court, and that it would resign a wide dominion for a

weighty argument. He stroked his beard, licked softly the extremities of his whiskers, ejaculated, sighed, and sat down quietly. He was, notwithstanding, in a frame of mind capable of receiving with satisfaction whatever could derogate from the dignity of the Roman Catholic rites, when Archibald Pringle, one of his pages, entered the apartment.

"Archy," said his Majesty, who was fond of such abbreviations, "I remember to have chidden you for a wicked little story you told me last winter, touching a Japanese at Rouen. Come now, if you can divest it of irreverence, I would fain hear it repeated. I think it a subject for the disquisition of my bishops, whether the pagan sinned or not; or whether, if he sinned, his faith was of a nature to atone for it."

Such were really, if not the first thoughts, those however which now arose in the king's mind. The page thus began his narration: —

"A young Japanese was brought over to Rouen on the day of Pentecost. He had expressed in the voyage a deep regret at the death of the chaplain, who might have instructed him in the mysteries, and who, the only time he conversed with him, recommended to him zealously the worship of the living God. He was constant in his desire to be edified, and immediately on his debarkation was conducted to the cathedral. He observed the elevation of the Host with imperturbable devotion, and an utter indifference to the flattering whispers of the fairest among the faithful; such as, 'Oh the sweet jonquil-colored skin! Oh the pretty piercing black eyes! Oh the charming long-twisted tail! And how finely those flowers and birds and butterflies are painted upon his trousers! And look at that leopard in the centre! it seems alive.'

"When the service was over, and the archbishop was mounting his carriage-step, he ran after him, and, with eyes half-closed, bit him gently by the calf of the leg. Vociferations were raised by the attendants, the soldiers, and the congregation, ill accordant with sanctity, and wronging the moral character and pious disposition of the Japanese. These, however, the good prelate quieted, by waving his hand and smiling with affability. The neophyte was asked what induced him to bite the archbishop by the leg; he answered that he wished to pay the living god the same reverence and adoration as the living god had paid the dead one."

"See now," cried James, "the result of proclaiming that the pope is god upon earth. It led this poor heathen, who amid such splendor and prostrations might well mistake an archbishop for a pope, to the verge of an abyss, dark, precipitous, and profound as any that superstition hath opened in his own deplorable country."

V. PETER LEOPOLD AND PRESIDENT DU PATY.

Among the Frenchmen who within the last fifty years have reflected honor on their country, a distinguished rank is holden by the President Du Paty. His letters on Italy contain acute observations, and his interview with Leopold forms no small portion of their interest. Pleased with the justness of his remarks and the pointedness of his expressions, and perhaps hoping to derive some advantage to the new Code from his deep study and long practice of jurisprudence, Leopold, when he had conversed with him, invited him to return the next day.

At the hour appointed, the grand duke was leaning with his elbow on the chimney-piece, that he might neither rise at the entrance of the President, nor receive him in the manner of a sovereign. The commencement of conversation is trifling, even among the greatest men: this expression, whenever I use it, means men of the greatest genius and worth. The usual courtesies then having been exchanged, Leopold thus addressed his visitant: —

Leopold. I know, M. Du Paty, that your compliments cannot stifle nor supersede your sincerity; and that, if I seriously ask your opinion on the defects of my Code, you will answer me as seriously.

The President bowed, and, observing that Leopold had paused, replied.

President. Sir, I cannot bear in mind all the articles of your Code; and, unless I could, my observations, if not erroneous, must be imperfect. On these subjects we may not talk vaguely and fancifully, as on subjects of literature. Where man is to decide on man, where the happiness or wretched-

ness of one hangs on the lips of another, where a breath may extinguish a family or blight a generation, every thing should be tried particle by particle. To have abolished capital punishments is a proof, in certain circumstances, no less of wisdom than of humanity; but I would suggest to your consideration, whether you have provided sufficiently for the protection of property and of honor. Your prisons are empty; but are you sure that the number of criminals is less? Or are you of opinion that it is better to see them at large than in custody?

Leopold. Here are few assassinations, and no highway robberies.

President. I will explain the reason. In other countries the prostitutes are a distinct class; in Tuscany not:* and where there are no jealousies there will be few assassinations. Supposing a case of tyranny, the Tuscans will wriggle under it rather than writhe; and if even they should writhe, yet they will never stand erect. They commit no murders for the purpose of robbing; and robbery on the highway they rarely hazard, having such facilities for committing safer and more compendious. Every man may plunder the vineyard of another at small risk of prosecution; nor is there a single one in Tuscany that is not plundered every autumn, unless the owner pass his nights in it during the maturity of the grapes. If he prosecutes, he suffers a heavier punishment than the prosecuted. He loses several days of labor, and receives no indemnity; nor, indeed, is there any security against a similar injury the succeeding year. Many robberies require impossible proofs; and there are others the crime of which is extenuated by what ought to be an aggravation; namely, because they are also breaches of trust. Again, what progress can

* Pomponius Mela says, after Theophrastus, "apud Tyrrhenos conjugia communia." Among the curiosities of this nation, reported by Athenæus in his twelfth book, are these from Theopompus. "Παραδε Τυρρήνοις εχτροπως τρυφησασιν ἱστορει Τιμαιος. Θεοπομποσδε, και νομον ειναι φησι παρα τοις Τυρρηνοις κοινας ὑπαρχειν τας γυναικας, ταυτασδε επιμελεισθαι σφοδρα των σωματων, και γυμναζεσθαι πολλακις μετ' ανδρων, ενιοτε και προς εαυτας, ὁυ γαρ αισχρον ειναι αυταις φαινεσθαι γυμναις δειπνειντε αυτας ὁυ παρα τοις ανδρασι τοις εαυτων, αλλα παρ' οις αν τυχωσι των παροντων, και προπινουσιν ὁις αν βουληθωσιν, ειναι γαρ και πινειν δεινας. Τρεφειν μεν τους Τυρρήνους παντα τα γενομενα παίδια, ὁυκ ειδοτας ὁστου εστιν εκαστον."

philosophy, or indeed plain common-sense, be said to have made in those countries where, according to law, no criminal is punished with the higher penalty for the worst offences, unless he confess his guilt?

Leopold. I have retained this statute much against my will, in compliance with those about me.

President. Sir, good lawyers are often bad legislators; many know perfectly what has been established, and very imperfectly what ought to be. Those about an arbitrary prince, whose (what scarcely ever happens) benevolence induces him to give laws to his dominions, should be only two, — Equity and Decision. This appearance of gentleness is most illusory. It originated from the clergy, who slackened crimes and heightened punishments at their pleasure. You make the criminal his own judge, deciding for himself in what manner he shall be chastised.

Leopold. Mine is an experiment.

President. Never let experiments be made on life or law. Let Experience sit on one side of the lawgiver, Justice on the other, with Humanity for assessor.

I know that your Highness has enacted clement laws in order to humanize the people, and that violence might never be added to rapine. But laws should be formed according to the character of the nation that is to receive them. The Italians were always more addicted to robbery and revenge than any other European people; crimes equally proceeding from idleness and effeminacy.

Leopold. On the accusation of revenge I have nothing to say; but on what authority do you found your assertion, M. Du Paty, that the Italians were always so addicted to theft?

President. I will not urge as a proof of it the increasing severity of the ancient laws, which would only demonstrate their imperfection; but I will insist on the documents of the Latin writers *de re rustica*, who give particular directions on the breed of house-dogs for the safe-guard of the farms, however far removed be the subject from cattle and cultivation. Nothing similar has entered into the scheme of any modern author on agriculture. Added to which, there is hardly a Latin writer whether in prose or poetry, whatever be his subject, who does not say something about thieves; so familiar was the idea. The word itself extended, in more than one

direction, beyond the character it first designated: Plautus calls a soldier *latro;* Horace, a servant *fur.* The Romans, who far excelled us in the greater part of their institutions, were much behind in what by way of excellence we call the *police.* Hence in early times an opening to theft, among a people less influenced than any other by continence and honor. In many whole provinces of England, France, and Holland, and throughout the kingdoms of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, the countryman may sleep in perfect security with his doors wide-open; but, among the Italians, not in a single village, not in a single house, from Como to Reggio. The windows in every dwelling in Florence, even of your own palace, are barricaded by grates of iron; in other words, every dwelling, your own among the rest, holds forth in the censor's face a libel against the government. The fault is partly in the laws and partly in the magistrature; for there is no nation so easily coerced by fear as this. I recommend no cruelty: but those laws are cruel which are illusory, dilatory, or costly to such as appeal to their protection; not those which award a stated and known severity of punishment for proven offences. The latter are no more so than a precipice or a penknife. I may leap down the one; I may cut my throat with the other: I may do neither.

Sisto Quinto is the only sovereign who appears to have acted uniformly according to the national character.

Leopold. I see in him, however, that cruel laws do not necessarily make a people cruel. The Romans (I would rather call them the inhabitants of Rome) were less so under Sisto Quinto than before or since; and the English are, and always have been, the most humane of nations, under penal laws the most iniquitous and atrocious.

President. I am desirous of learning why the English appear to have been always so.

Leopold. Look at Spain, at France, at Italy, from 1500 to 1600, — a century in which the human race, both in those countries and in England, seems to have been greatly worse than it ever was before or since, — and you will rarely find an empoisonment, rarely an assassination of any kind, committed in England for policy or revenge; while every month produces them in rank abundance through Italy, Spain, and France. I attribute it chiefly to the conscious valor of the

English, so long displayed over all their enemies. The Spaniards, then esteemed the bravest and best soldiers on the continent, fled before them from one region of America to another, and over all the seas, while opulent cities were sacked by a boat's crew of buccaneers.

President. The glory of self-possession and of abstinence from bloodshed is shared by Sweden in the same age. And indeed, although it might be called, by a less intelligent and a less impartial judge, invidiousness and detraction, I cannot but remark that some of the best Englishmen of that period were no better than robbers.

Leopold. Robbers they were; but they also were better than robbers. Courage, which ought to be generous, was rapacious; and Genius, which ought to be tutelary, was destructive. Few rise to eminence in a calm; and, of those who attain it in a stormier season, the names the most part are perishable. Not so Raleigh's.

President. France has produced many quite as illustrious in the union of wisdom, eloquence, and enterprise as he was; and, finding such characters are by no means extraordinary, has forgotten them.

Leopold. I see clearly she has forgotten them, whether I read your historians or your older writers.

President. In regard to integrity and candor, no wickedness in that or any other age is comparable to Bacon's, another great Englishman, who solicited and flattered the Earl of Essex, owed his fortune and dignity to him, and dragged him to the scaffold.

I do not wonder at the villanies of men who have nothing but power and pedigree to support them, and whose names are as perishable as those of their spaniels; but I do wonder at one, who is conscious that his must be immortal, fixing a stigma with his own hand upon it, which only the flames that will consume the world can obliterate. The counsellors of Elizabeth were wary and politic; they left magnificent mansions and large estates behind them, and the letters which compose their titles are legible enough: but what were the men intrinsically? Sharpers in Paris are often necessitated to exercise as much ability in doing less mischief. But Bacon — Bacon, to whom the earth had never seen (and was only then about to see) an equal — Bacon to whom Milton and Shak-

speare might have risen and looked up reverentially — was lured away by Avarice in the specious form of Ambition; and Ingratitude, the only fiend as odious, cast him down among worse than dead men from the pinnacle of glory.

I now return from the most memorable of the chancellors to the laws themselves. The laws of England have been the subject of eulogy to many learned and sagacious men. I have read them repeatedly and pondered them attentively, and I discover them often dilatory, often uncertain, often contradictory, often cruel, often ruinous. Whenever they find a man down they keep him so, and the more pertinaciously the more earnestly he appeals to them. Like tilers, in mending one hole they make another. There is no country in which they move with such velocity where life is at stake, or, where property is to be defended, so slowly. I have hardly the courage to state these facts, and want it totally to hazard a reflection on them. Can we wonder that, on a Bench under so rotten an effigy of Justice, sat a Scrogges, a Jefferies, a Finch, a Page? The hand of Law strikes the poor; its shadow strikes the wealthy.

The Roman institutions were incomparably better, when the most respectable and the most elevated characters of the republic walked up and down the forum, ready to receive the complaints and to redress the grievances of their fellow-citizens. Such was the practice not only in the time of the republic, but before it under the kings, and after it under the emperors. Law is become in England not only the most expensive, but the most rapacious and the most dishonest of trades; and the most licentious of strolling comedians are those, who, under the title of barristers, accompany the English judges in their circuits. In cross-questioning, as they term it, or examination of deponents against their client, they bear no respect whatever to honor or genius or any kind of worth; and the accuser who has been robbed, defrauded, or otherwise injured has a graver and more intolerable wrong impending over him, not only than what he has already suffered, but even than what the criminal himself, in most instances, has to fear: so shameless is the effrontery, so unrestricted the invective, of barristers. What is peculiar in our times to the English, is, that these alone are the qualities for which the leaders of their Opposition are chosen; and

from the Opposition (when the dunghill is well heated) ministers and secretaries, heads and tails, dart across the road before you.

Leopold. I have observed that these worthies begin their course by rowing with their backs against the stream, leaving it to be inferred what feats they can perform when a fare is offered them to go with it. With them we have nothing to do: let us descend again to the lower courts, in which the slowness of reparation is the thing most complained of. Justice in England is perhaps the slower in her movements from a higher sense of the decorous.

President. One would imagine that, in this long minuet of hers, she might take better care not to sweep against and upset the refreshments. Who could suppose that laws instituted to humanize and civilize mankind, and on the operation of which the eyes of the most acute and virtuous are constantly intent, should retain a degree of ferocity greater than on any occasion they are called upon to correct? — and should retain it where the nation has less of it than any other, and where hardly any trace of it is to be discovered out of its tribunals? Yet England, and within these twenty years, saw the worst of tortures inflicted on a criminal, not for his crime, but for his constancy; not for the violation of his country's laws, but for his strict observance of Nature's; not for yielding to the solicitations of poverty, or to the seductions of vice, but for disregarding pain, torture, death itself, that he might not injure his family. Until the year 1772, a man convicted of felony, or petty treason, incurred what is barbarously and foolishly called "corruption of blood," followed by confiscation of goods, if, after or before his sentence, he acknowledged himself guilty; but if, hoping to save from ruin a family he had already brought to shame, he refused to answer the questions of the court, and neither denied nor confessed his guilt, then he was led back to his dungeon, a little bread and water was given to him, he was cast on his back, and he perished by the slow operation of an iron weight upon his breast. Blackstone, in his encomium on the English laws, which he entitles a Commentary on the Constitution, is unable to deny or to dissemble this fact. Nevertheless, the procedures and administration of justice are better in England than in France: in England, it would be an infamy for a

person to solicit or even to visit a judge on any case, criminal or civil; in France, it would be thought a folly and an affront not to do it, and the omission of it would be the loss of the suit. We Frenchmen are the most delicate people in the world on points of honor, and the least delicate on points of justice.

Leopold. In other words, the most on imaginary things; the least on real. A man's vanity tells him what is honor, a man's conscience what is justice: the one is busy and importunate in all times and places; the other but touches the sleeve when men are alone, and, if they do not mind it, leaves them. Point of honor you may well call it; for such precisely is the space it occupies.

Nothing is so surprising, and proves to me so manifestly the moral excellence of the English above all other nations, as their juries. That twelve men should be unanimous in order to punish an offender, and that neither fear nor corruption should have influenced an individual in the many hundred thousands who have been jurymen, is a miracle in morals and jurisprudence. No other nation could prudently or safely adopt this institution; no Italian legislator could modify it in any way: nor indeed does it appear to me advisable, in the most perfect state to which human nature can be brought, that more than nine in twelve should decide on guilt or innocence. For take the better-informed half of the world, put the names into an urn, draw them out at hazard and by twelves, and you will surely find at least three in that number weak, obstinate, or dishonest.

President. Some of the English laws are wonderfully strange, and equally strange are the expressions. I may be punished for "bringing a man into contempt:" as if any one could be brought into it without stirring a step on his own legs toward it. Aristides may have been laughed at, Phocion may have been reviled; but the judge who should have said that either had been brought into contempt would have been covered with it himself by every citizen of Athens. The English are somewhat less quick in the apprehension of absurdity; and this expression is not merely an absurdity, but a most pernicious one. The doctrine was inculcated by M. Murray, a Scotchman by birth, but an English judge; and the opinion of judges in that country, when once acted upon,

passes into law. The national character, if I am not greatly mistaken, will within half a century feel the sad effect of this decision. Nothing in the world is such a safeguard of liberty and virtue as the maxim, *Ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat*, or such a loss and misfortune as its abolition. I would punish every thing false against character, and permit every thing true, as being the fairest chastisement of faults and follies, the mildest and surest and most expeditious. On the contrary, an English judge would punish in a fellow-citizen what he applauds in a Roman historian.

Leopold. No tyrant in modern ages or ancient, however barbarous, hath enacted such unjust and cruel laws as the Parliament of England. Where will you point out to me one equal in atrocity to that which authorizes the renegade son of a Catholic to dispossess his father of his estate? "Honor thy father and mother" is erased from the commandments of the *Reformed* Church by act of parliament. The renegade may be elected to sit in this parliament, and his qualification is founded on the very property from which he has ejected his own father. Translate the English statutes into the language of Madagascar or Mozambic; read them to the prince of either country, — and what must be the impression?

President. He would ask with what instrument the English sharpen their teeth; whether they color them black, red, purple, or yellow; and would order his subjects to besmear their bodies with some acrid juice or gum, whenever a British vessel is observed upon the coast.

It may, indeed, be doubted whether the laws of England have not been gradually deteriorating for above seven hundred years; that is, whether they have not been accumulating more anomalies, more uncertainties, more delays, more costs, more contradictions, more cruelties.*

Leopold. In England, a peasant is slaughtered for the slaughter of another's sheep against his consent; a servant for stealing his master's spoon or wig; a little vagabond, starving at Christmas, snatches a rag from a hedge, and is recommended to the hangman for correction. Are these laws better than mine?

* Shute Barrington, in the year 1776, published *Observations on the Statutes, with a Proposition for new-modelling them.* Bacon, while chancellor, did the same, and ineffectually.

President. No, sir; they are worse in themselves; yet your Highness would do well to make the exchange, throwing back to the English, the boy, rag, spoon, and wig. They would suit your people better, and might fairly be laid aside when it had outgrown them: but I suspect they would be serviceable many years. Punish all crimes, and you will punish few; remit a single one, and you create a thousand.

Leopold. In England, great crimes escape through the intensity of law; in Italy, small ones through its relaxation. Which is the worse?

President. I dare to answer that the latter is; because great crimes do not run into smaller, but smaller into greater; and because, if there were not this reason, multitude turns the scale against magnitude.

I must here observe to you that the privilege of pardon in a prince is the most flagrant of usurpations. It belongs for the greater part to the person injured; but not entirely. The magistrate, who takes cognizance of the particulars, should also give his assent in the name of the community; not, however, in consequence of a private petition or a subsequent representation.

I perceive with pleasure in your Code that fines occur but seldom.

Leopold. Pray, M. Du Paty, give me your reasons. If they are the same as mine they strengthen them; if they are different, they are more.

President. Fines and halters, the minions of English jurists, are the most summary and the least summary of chastisements, and by far the worst. A great fine does no harm whatever to a man of great fortune: it is a bribe to the laws, and ought as much to be prohibited as a bribe to the judge. It ruins, not the poorer man, but the poorer man's children; it deprives him of what he perhaps may do without, but what they cannot without an injury to society. If his education was defective, which the offence goes a great way toward proving, theirs must be more defective still, because the means of educating them are taken away or lessened. In some countries, heavier fines are imposed for injuries or affronts committed against the superior of the offender, slighter for those against the inferior: this, if indeed they are ever equitable in such cases, ought to be reversed; for the inferior is

the weaker in calumny and injustice, as in other things. We cannot strike so hard from below as from above. The rich and powerful man does not lose even so much as a salute by it, while the artisan or tradesman loses in one instance a customer, in another ten or twenty, in another his livelihood.

Leopold. In reply to the former of your remarks, I know not what else to say than that all punishments must in some degree touch the innocent; and that the family of every criminal is a loser in estimation, and consequently in property and prosperity, by his punishment, however just.

President. According to your laws, two witnesses of bad character are worth more than one of good. But your Highness will excuse me from entering farther on the Code itself, or from touching any single provision in it, since no conversation could do it rightly and satisfactorily; and, indeed, I am persuaded that your Highness would rather hear what I think of the spirit and its effects, than of any particular point or position.

The first duty of a legislator is to apportion penalties; the second is to insulate them as much as possible, and to embank the waters of bitterness. I would, therefore, both for the sake of compensation to the unoffending and to guard against offences, place the children of criminals in schools or workhouses appointed for that purpose, and forbid them to keep the paternal name, which, for more than one reason, should be the first thing forfeited. A workhouse ought to contain a school, not of writing or reading, but of industry. If you wish to make the bulk of men wiser, do not put books into their hands, which they will either throw away from indifference or must drop from necessity, but give them employment suitable to their abilities, and let them be occupied in what will repay them the most certainly and the best. Their thoughts will thus be directed to one main point, and you will produce good artisans and good citizens. This is the wisdom for every day in the week; and what is higher than this will never be impeded by it, and will often rise out of it.

Leopold. I will consider your advice. Here I may venture to assert, that, suitable to my character, my laws are circumspect.

President. I am afraid that, in the practice of jurisprudence, circumspection more than rarely means dilatoriness.

Delay of justice is injustice. When offences are defined and punishments are apportioned, no circumspection is necessary. According to the practice in Tuscany, if I complain of a robbery, a young commissary of police examines me, and writes my deposition, without reading it over to me, whereby I may acknowledge or challenge its correctness. After several weeks, another young commissary examines me again; at the same interval a third; and if my relation varies a tittle from what is found written by either, no chance remains of recovering the loss or of punishing the offender. These young men are paid no better than postilions; and it seldom happens that one of the three is not corrupted by the offender. Travellers cannot delay their journey: their valets know it; hence hardly one stranger in twenty but finds himself robbed in this city. Witnesses are required where witnesses cannot be expected; for which reason treachery is the constant companion of violence, and manliness of character is excluded.

I brought with me a letter of introduction to a gentleman here whom I found unwell, and his medical friend by the side of him in choler. As the invalid laughed, I took the liberty of asking the cause of his good spirits. "The doctor will tell you his story," said he. "It was in the beginning of January, and my coachman had been robbed of his great-coat; he found it again, detected the thief, brought him before the magistrate, and his deposition was written down carefully. According to custom, I and the coachman shall be called a second time in about forty days, a third in about forty more; that, if there is any discrepancy in our evidence, which discrepancy often arises from collusion, and oftener from forgetfulness in some minute circumstances, the rogue may enjoy the benefit of the law, and be acquitted. In the mean time, I must purchase my coachman another great-coat, for justice here keeps nobody warm but the lawyers; and the stolen one will be eaten by the moths, as is inevitable in cloth at the close of February, if not carefully aired and beaten."

A young foreigner who had refused a favor was waylaid in the street at dusk, and a blow was aimed at his head from behind with a club, — which, if he had not at the moment heard the feet of his assassin, must have killed him, as it required from its massiveness the use of both hands, and the assassin was a remarkably strong man. The foreigner turned and

avoided it, immediately aiming a blow at his adversary. The facts were proved; and this blow, necessary for self-preservation, was alleged as the reason why the crime was punished by one day's confinement. Yet the offender, it cannot be doubted, had premeditated an assassination, and had carried it as far into effect as he could. For his attempt he was almost unpunished; and if he had succeeded in it he would never have been punished at all; for the witnesses were brought together only by the contest. Had there been no contest there would have been no witnesses: it being a point of delicacy here in Tuscany not to interfere in another man's affairs without strong solicitation; and the dead can neither ask favors, nor, what is equally necessary, requite them. Cowardice then is a merit, courage a bar to justice. What can be expected from a people, the least confident in personal strength and honor, when such dispositions are countenanced by such institutions?

Leopold. I need not remark, M. Du Paty, that institutions are with difficulty laid aside.

President. Yet your Highness has abolished a very ancient one, that of monachism, I forbear to say totally, but almost, and without detriment or danger. Now the forest is thinned, we discover its boundaries and can make our way through.

Leopold. The business is done then to your satisfaction?

President. Not altogether. In my journey from Pisa to Florence, I inquired what was allotted to each ejected monk, and was informed that it amounted to somewhat less than what each galley-slave could earn in prison: facilities and materials of which earning are supplied to him by government, but are supplied in no measure to the ejected monk.

Leopold. The fellows are idlers and rogues: none of them understand, and few of them believe, what they teach. I am not more imperious and arbitrary with the monks, than the monks have been with princes. I have removed their cells; they have removed our palaces. The Church of Saint Isidore in Seville was opposite the royal palace; Sanchia, the king's daughter, was praying at a window which faced the shrine of the saint, when he appeared to the family and commanded that the situation of the palace should be changed, as it was unsafe to have a woman so near his ashes.*

* Luca Tudensis Hist. Mirac. Sti. Isidori, c. xxxv. Bollandus.

Saint Andreas and Saint Podius, two Florentine archbishops, whose images stand opposite in the cathedral, would serve a sculptor or painter as models for the proudest and bitterest of the fallen angels. I have never seen such countenances among the living; for in the galleys we see roguery out of power, and hopeless of authority and respect: those of the Florentines in general express good-nature and self-satisfaction.

In this digression, I am seeking no escape or subterfuge from our monks. The body is injurious and pernicious from a shuffling show of enthusiasm, of all pests upon earth the most contagious. They who believe nothing make others believe most; as the best actors in our theatres are those who retain the most perfect command over their feelings, voice, and countenance. Our spiritual mamelukery is as ambitious of power and riches as if it had children to inherit them, and the money that falls into their hands lies dead, the land indifferently cultivated. I shall fumigate my old hives, one after another, not minding the buzz from within.

There is now another cry against me, — that I am about to curtail the number of holidays.

President. The worship of Saint Nicholas, I imagine, would be more easy to abolish than that of any other saint.

Leopold. Why?

President. Because he, making the sign of the cross, brought to life a brace of roasted partridges; as I saw yesterday, painted and written in the cloister of Santo Spirito. Surely, he can have few favorers in the Church, who thus abuses the holy weapon: if he had lifted it up and brought down a brace out of a covey, instead of subducting them from the platter, when it had pleased God to put them upon it, he might have expected more fervency of adoration.

Leopold. A good reason for your belief: and I hope to give as good a one for my design. It is, because every saint in the calendar has made ten thousand beggars and ten thousand thieves, not counting monks.

President. In my humble opinion, your Imperial Highness would have begun better with the abolition of fasts, as they are improperly called. If your people were mariners, if you possessed a fishery, then indeed there would be a politic and adequate reason for maintaining the institution; but as the

Italians make less use of their coast than any people in the world, as among them only the Venetians have a fishery, there is no sufficient cause or plea for it. That God is better pleased with a sharp bone than a blunt one, I never can concede. This I know; fasts enervate men, and render them unfit not only for the duties of war, but for the occupations of peace. If salt fish, the only kind within the reach of the common people, be called a fast, the most important effect it produces is that it makes them drink more wine than they would otherwise do, and deteriorates their blood.

The Athenians did not keep fasts; but their policy led them to eat salted the grillo and the locust, which diminished the number of these insects, and which at all events it was better to eat than to be eaten by.

Leopold. A flight of locusts in Attica was like a flight of quails to the Bishop of Capri.

Frequently, when I have been vehement against abuses, but silent on my intentions, the clergy have told me that abuses form no part of their religion: they now tremble at what they call innovation, not knowing or dissembling that, in pure religion, there can be no other innovations than abuses. They talk to me about the religion of our forefathers, conveyed to us in all its purity from the earliest ages. I am afraid, M. Du Paty, the pear was thumbed at the stalk when it was just ripe, and it rotted almost the next day.

President. The priesthood in all religions sings the same anthem. First, the abuses are stoutly defended; but when the ground is no longer tenable, then these abuses are to be distinguished and separated from the holy faith. Since, however, they are always found in its company, you may as well say that the cat's skin is not the cat: the creature will make horrible cries should you attempt to strip it off, and perhaps will die of the operation. If you see a man the greater part of his life in bad company, and growing worse at an age when he ought to act more wisely and more decently, you avoid him, whether his father and mother were honest people or not.

You have done much toward the destruction of a system, where fraud has been incessantly building upon fraud for fifteen hundred years. Neither wit nor wisdom can operate on the vulgar. To speak to them obscurely would be insensate, and to speak to them plainly would be unsafe. The most

dexterous attack ever made against the worship of the Virgin — the principal worship among Catholics, which opens so many side-chapels to pilfering and imposture — is that of Cervantes. When we once go beyond the unity of God, who can say where we shall stop? The human mind is then propelled into infinite space, and catches at any thing, from a want of rest.

Leopold. Cervantes wrote some sacred poetry.

President. Perhaps as a cover to his other book.

Leopold. I do not remember in what part of his writings he alludes to the worship of the Virgin irreverently or jocosely.

President. Throughout *Don Quixote.* Dulcinea was the peerless, the immaculate; and death was denounced against all who hesitated to admit the assertion of her perfections. Surely, your Highness never could have imagined that Cervantes was such a knight-errant as to attack knight-errantry, — a folly which had ceased almost a century, if indeed it was any folly at all; and the idea that he ridiculed the poems and romances founded on it is not less improbable; for they contained all the literature of the nation, excepting the garniture of chapter-houses — theology — and pervaded as with a thread of gold the beautiful histories of this illustrious people. He delighted the idlers of romance by the jokes he scattered among them on the false taste of his predecessors and of his rivals; and he delighted his own heart by his solitary archery, well knowing what amusement those who came another day would find in picking up his arrows, and discovering the bull's-eye hits. Is it possible to misapprehend such a passage as this: "When my lord duke promised you the government of the island, nobody ever thought of such things as scourgings"? Or that preceding: "Despatch, and consent to this discipline. I assure you it will redound to the advantage both of your soul and body: of your soul, from the charity it occasions; and of your body, as you are of a florid complexion, and will be all the better for a little blood-letting"? Charles V. was the knight of La Mancha, devoting his labors and vigils, his wars and treaties, to the chimerical idea of making minds, like watches, turn their indexes, by a simultaneous movement, to one point. Sancho Panza was the symbol of the people, possessing sound sense in other matters, but ready to follow the most extravagant visionary in this, and

combining implicit belief in it with the grossest sensuality. For religion, when it is hot enough to produce a rank enthusiasm, burns up and kills every wholesome seed entrusted to its bosom. A man somewhat more suspicious than I am might be afraid that Cervantes was casting a sly glance toward the Trinity, when he wrote, instead of T*ir*ante el Blanco, T*ri*ante. It could not be a mistake of his, the name of Tirante being among the most celebrated in romance; and critics and editors are so sure of correctness in the first editions, that we find T*ri*ante in that of Madrid. Allusions are made to the Catholic Church by more than one personage; but the author had the good taste, not to say the prudence, to avoid the continuity of allegory in so long a work, and to make it yield to character. In the same manner, Petronius alludes to Nero, sometimes in a philosopher, sometimes in a poet, and often in himself; so that the emperor stood in a room panelled with mirrors, and turned nowhere without seeing his own features.

Leopold. Your exposition of the subject is quite novel to me, and your observation on it just. I care nothing about the worship of maple-trees and marble, or the inscriptions under them, or the coronets above; but I am resolved to remove many gross impediments to industry, to forbid the observance of certain old saints, and to discountenance the canonization of any new ones in Tuscany. Noble families have been ruined by counting a saint among them; almost as many as have been enriched by counting a pope: for the process costs fifty thousand crowns. When it happens that a poorer man or woman is made the object of adoration, then indeed it is attended with somewhat lighter expense, because the confraternity that solicits it never does so unless it has some powerful patron at Rome, nor unless the speculation is sure enough to be lucrative.

President. It appears to me, sir, that even in a religion resting on peculation and fattening on vice, with violence on the right hand and falsehood on the left, giving every thing to the slothful and taking every thing from the industrious, no evil is worse than the necessity of periodical confession to priests, — an evil which, I am afraid, your power cannot remove, nor your wisdom remedy. It does more than impoverish noble families; it divests them of their respectability.

What young woman who has once overcome her sense of shame, so as to expose before a stranger of another sex the first secrets of the heart and the disclosing germs of the passions, can retain all her delicacy of character? Modesty, by lifting up the veil, is changed in all her features; and, when she turns her first step aside, is gone for ever. Nothing could be invented so efficacious as confession to increase and perpetuate the dominion of the priesthood, and nothing so efficacious to accumulate and secure its wealth as the doctrine of purgatory. Confession is good, if it be made to the person injured; ingenuousness, manliness, a resolution to give satisfaction for a wrong, and a pledge to abstain from it in future, are then, and then only, its seasonable fruits. Confession is not only not good, but positively and greatly bad, if it be made to a priest, as it always is in the Catholic Church; because it transfers the authority of pardoning from Him who can to him who cannot. He whose hay-stack is burned may pardon the burner of it; but he who only hears of its being burned is in no such situation. A father may forgive the corrupter of his daughter; can a priest?

Leopold. He says he can.

President. He lies, then. God has given him no such authority; nor can he show that God has enabled him to pardon any sin whatever on confession made to *him:* but he knows that neither confession to God, nor (what is better) to the injured party, will give him power and domination, by placing the hearts of men, and with their hearts their stomachs and purses (two other vital parts), within his reach and under his key.

Leopold. The priest inherits, he tells you, his prerogative from the apostles.

President. He may as well pretend to the gift of tongues. Peculiar powers and attributes were conferred on the apostles which never were intended for perpetuity; and the Catholic Church selects from these whatever can aggrandize it, by whatever means and application.

Leopold. Come, now for purgatory: after this last sentence you want it.

President. Whether there be or be not such a place or thing as purgatory, I think it useless to inquire, since no inquiry will lead me to proof and certainty. Truths, untruths,

ambiguities, serve Mother Church most filially. Purgatory has one gateway upon earth; under which gateway is a till to receive the small coin and great coin of all comers.

"Will you leave your father and mother in the flames for ages, when masses can release them? O sinner! you may expect the same hardness of heart in your own children; and your offences will be the heavier by the addition of this inhumanity practised by you toward your unhappy parents, taught by you to your unhappier progeny." The penitent in the confusion of terror begs and implores the tender priest to say them: and what priest will do it unpaid? Catholics cure sins as old women cure styes in the eye, — by rubbing them with gold.

Leopold. M. Du Paty, you do not believe then our religion to be of divine origin?

President. Every good action, every good thought, every thing good, is of divine origin; but I see nothing of the divine in manifest fraud, swarming with its insects and reeking in its exposure. I see nothing of it in the political invention of priestly institutions, nor in that base metal which solders the Church to the State. As Christians, we can take only the word of Christ for our rule. Neither the dreams of the convent nor the revels of the Vatican are adapted to the present day. We know more things and better than priests and monks have taught us; nor do we esteem those people the more in a tiara than in a cowl, in scarlet and embroidery than in black and white. When violence and ignorance had usurped the Roman empire and the Greek, reasonably did the few wise men unite against the many unwise, until an equal and a safer share of power was granted them. Religion opened her august asylum: Peace, Virtue, and Learning took refuge there, and sat quietly at the side of Bigotry and Imposture. Diversity of opinion did at last spring up; but the great body of the thinking, at least in this country, found the comfort of holding together. Thus by degrees the Church grew on a level with the State, and (what remote posterity will hardly credit) overtopped it. Times have changed wonderfully since: kings equal monks, and nations equal kings. Whether it ought to be thus, I dare not ask: certainly it appeared a monstrous thing so lately as two centuries ago. The first attempts were made by Venice and Holland: one defeated the most power-

ful king in Europe, and the other broke the league of nearly all. Let us lower our eyes from States to look at individuals; let us compare the women of Saxony and England with those of Italy and, I say it reluctantly, of France: what a difference! In Florence, indeed, you see Englishwomen arrogant, presumptuous, suspicious, credulous, and speaking one of another more maliciously than untruly; but Englishwomen in their character as in their clothes contract a great deal of dirt by travelling. Of this there are many causes: the filthiness of our continental inns, so shocking to decency, and to nothing of which kind are they accustomed in their own country; the immodest language they hear from all classes, and nearly from all individuals, a thing utterly unknown among them at home; conversations on topics to which not even the most vulgar wretch in England ever alludes in presence of a female; and intercourse with others of their countrywomen who, from a long residence abroad, have been deeply imbued in foreign manners. This impudicity, this utter insensibility to decency in conversation, seems to have always been a characteristic of the Italian race. Many things are daily said at the tables of the first society, which ought only to be heard in schools of anatomy or medicine. At a time when corruption was thought, truly or falsely, to be less profound and less general than at present, we find the novelist Bandello — a person of education, a courtier, and at last a bishop — addressing to a lady of rank, whom he esteemed for her understanding and her virtue, a story of Messalina, in which such expressions are used by him as the sailors of Caieta, her paramours, would have hesitated to employ. Boccaccio, too, who flourished much earlier, — the purest and soundest heart, the companion of the highest, the bosom-friend of the wisest and the best, — represents to us seven unmarried ladies of the first families, of the noblest principles, of the most elegant and courteous manners, listening to the recital of such stories as would drive away five out of any seven washerwomen on the Seine.

Leopold. What the English ladies may be in their interior I do not pretend to know; but when I compare their manners and address with those of my Florentines, or indeed with those of any other nation, it is far beyond my prerogative to grant them the precedency. Ours are accused of levity at church: they go thither, it is objected, to make love. Be it

so. I never saw a Florentine girl or woman who did not come out in better humor than she entered, nor an English who did not come out in worse. The heart may surely be as impure from gall as from love; and, if we must err on either side, let it rather be toward the kind affections than toward the unkind. The Florentine opens her heart, gives it, and resumes it, as easily as her fan; the Englishwoman abroad keeps hers locked up, as a storeroom for the reputations she has torn, or intends to tear, in pieces. She may be indeed a good mother; but if she takes alarm or umbrage at every foot that approaches her, I would rather have such a good mother in cub or kennel than in my closet or at my table.

President. The Englishwoman in England is domestic; she of highest rank superintends the village-school, hears the children their lesson, examines their cleanliness, observes their dress, inquires into their health, remarks their conduct, presages their propensities, is amused at their games, and is interested in their adventures. She visits the sick, she converses with the aged, she comforts the afflicted, and she carries her sons and daughters with her, to acquire the practice of their duties. Those in England are all diffidence; those in Italy all defiance. Awkward beyond all other women upon earth, they happily are the most so when they are copying what is bad.

If we desire to know with certainty what religion is best, let us examine in what country are the best fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, wives: we shall there also find the best citizens, and of course the best Christians.

Leopold. The Catholic has one advantage over others, in the fixedness of its dogmas.

President. These have been interpreted according to the convenience of the hierarchy. One pope, on more than one occasion, has flatly contradicted another; and not only has this been done where the contradicted pope has been declared an anti-pope (exquisite solution!), but where anti-papacy was never dreamed of. Benedict XIV., in the formulary called the "act of faith" prefixed to the elementary works of education, and even to the alphabet, makes the children say "they believe that the Son of God will bestow on the good the eternal glory of paradise, and on the wicked the eternal pains of hell." Children, who have not a penny in their pockets, may believe

it; but old men and women, who carry a warm purse in fob or sack, entertain another belief. They are assured that the wicked are not liable to eternal pains, if they leave enough behind them for masses. In vain will any one tell me that masses will relieve from purgatory only, and not from hell. Where is the instance of a wealthy man told on his death-bed that the Church cannot save his soul by masses, or that he has not been confirmed in his credulity that it can? Pay handsomely for masses, and hell is out of the question. When you are there, indeed, you are too late; make haste!

Leopold. Popery, with her worst abuses, hath had her converts; and even from among the reformed, and men neither vicious nor ignorant: explain me this.

President. Reasons and reason are different things. In all religions, there have been believers who reflected with equal intensity. Those you mention, serious and melancholy triflers, attach much importance to things of little. After attempting to penetrate and pass the crowd of fathers (as they are called) and saints and martyrs, and knowing that before them lies a vast extent of perplexity and confusion, they stop, exhausted and spiritless, cast back a look of anguish over the ground they have plodded through, hesitate, close their eyes, and sink upon the bosom of Infallibility. As if the Almighty had ever invested with his attributes a senseless and vicious priest, studious of nothing but the usurpation of power and the aggrandizement of family; a creature stained, as the greater part hath been, with murder and incest and other enormities, at which Nature is confounded, and Piety in consternation!

If the popes are the servants of God, it must be confessed that God has been very unlucky in the choice of his household. So many, and so atrocious, thieves, liars, and murderers are not to be found in any other trade; much less would you look for them at the head of it.

Leopold. Take care they do not catch you, and treat you as Julius II. was about to treat Ariosto.

President. I will not touch his Galatea under his eye; for little am I disposed to be the hero of an eclogue, and less than any of a piscatory one.

There are offences which popes will not pardon; those, namely, that affect their power: otherwise the best among

them permit for money what they and their statutes condemn. Prohibitions are merely a preparation for indulgences; sins are wealth, masses save souls, virtues are insufficient.

Leopold. I have under my windows here in Florence no fewer than three uncles married to their nieces, by express permission from the "Holiness of our Lord," — the title always given to him in our gazettes. A little more wealth, with hardly any more impudence, and we (unless I check it) may see brother and sister, father and child, united by the sacrament of matrimony.

President. Let me return to my monks, who, whatever may be the abuses of their institutions, have nothing to do with such abominations.

Leopold. While they are monks, no; but scatter the dragon's teeth upon a warmer mould, and up springs a body of the same troopers.

Those of Rome were desirous, not many years ago, of beatifying one of your countrymen. "Such a rarity," said Benedetto Sant-Anna, its partisan and its promoter, "was the brilliant device of Father Nepomuceno, and should have gloriously greased our platters."

Benedetto Sant-Anna Torbellini is the natural son of a prince whom I esteem. Neglecting his studies, he was placed in a monastery at Rome, where he was remarkable for his musical powers, and his influence on the minds of his fair auditors. An intrigue with the adopted niece of a cardinal was his ruin. "It is not enough, then, Benedetto," cried his Eminence, "that you treat me with this ingratitude; me, who from your earliest youth have treated you with paternal kindness! We have known each other's foibles; but such an affront in my own library, under my own eyes, is unpardonable."

In vain he protested that, guilty as he was, this aggravation of his guilt was unintentional; that for the universe he would not have wounded the feelings of his early friend and benefactor, who certainly had been toward him a great deal more than ever father was; that his Eminence at no other time could have been irritated by any levity in him; that he thought the library a sanctuary unentered by human foot; and that he and Costanza had almost blinded themselves, by dusting the cushion where —

"Begone from my sight, villain! leave Rome instantly," cried the cardinal.

He obeyed, bringing me a letter; on which, knowing his state of probation, I did not hesitate to place him at the head of my young fifers, and he will shortly be leader of my band. His account of the sanctification is this: —

A poor devil had been observed every day, for twenty years, saying his prayers and beating his breast upon the bridge of Sant-Angiolo; and it sounded like a drum from inanition, voluntary or involuntary. During the performance of these religious duties, a boy who had gone over to the buttress, on such an occasion as is usual here in such places, fell from it, and was taken up by a barge a little way off. We have receipts for doing every thing, miracles not excepted. On the death of the Frenchman, one Labre, who was attended in his last moments by Father Nepomuceno, it was resolved to make a saint of him, as having saved by his intercession the boy who tumbled from the buttress. Depositions were made upon oath that he was seen praying at the time, and that he neither called out for assistance, nor exerted any other human aid. Such unequivocal proofs of piety and faith interested all the holy city in his behalf. His clothes, after being well shaken on the bridge and sprinkled with holy water, were removed to the convent. Benedetto Sant-Anna had the charge of giving them the odor of sanctity, by sprinkling them daily with the powder of a Tonga bean, a substance then unknown at the capital of the Christian world. They were kissed inside and outside, and some of the more pious in this operation licked them furtively.

You must have observed at Rome, M. President, a vast number of lame beggars. No single war, in ancient or modern times, could have lamed so many as now become lame every year; nearly all are cheats. A consultation was holden by the elder monks; and it was resolved to collect these rogues and vagabonds, and to restore the use of their limbs in the church of the monastery. Two younger members of the confraternity were commissioned to joke with some, and to pay a paolo to others. At the morning appointed for the solemnity, the cloisters were filled with these creatures upon crutches, and the church, arrayed in silks of yellow and red, was admirably well attended. Every one was in full dress: the ladies

with naked bosoms, the gentlemen with swords, out of pure respect to Mother Church. Suddenly the cloister-door flew open, and a tremendous sound was heard from the pavement to the roof. Tatters rustled round, crutches and knees, and bosoms covered with parchment and bladders, made a noise greater than that of an attack with bayonets. Waves of mendicants, one bending over another, poured in. It was an edifying sight.

An old beggar, really lame, and not in the secret, heard by chance of the ceremony, and hopped in after the rest. Many prayers were offered up to the beggar-saint; the censer was waved frequently before his picture; motions of the hands in various figures were made over the supplicants. Some walked like boys; others walked indeed, but felt pain. Again crosses were made, again breasts were beaten, groans and thanksgivings were mingled, till at last pain and stiffness were unfelt by all; old sinews were knitted anew, lost bones recovered, and even the maimed and mangled left their late supports in the nave of the church as incumbrances, and perhaps as offerings, and walked firm and erect to finish their thanks in the refectory. One only remained. Father Nepomuceno, who led the rear, approached him marvelling, and said majestically and somewhat angrily, "Arise!" The beggar, strengthened in faith, made an effort.

"Do not you find yourself better?" said Father Nepomuceno.

"Rather better," replied the mendicant.

"Rise then, instantly!"

He raised himself vehemently, and his crutches and knees and knuckles rattled in unison upon the floor.

"Thou man of little faith! away!" exclaimed Father Nepomuceno. He led him into his cell, and cried furiously, "What means this?"

"God knows," replied the poor, good, patient creature; "it is God's will."

"Have you prayed?" asked the father, hastily.

"Thrice a-day regularly since I could speak."

"In church? and always to the Virgin?"

"Yes," replied the penitent.

"Have you confessed?"

"Yes."

"Have you scourged yourself for your manifold sins?"

"Alas! how can I scourge myself?" cried the beggar, with tears in his eyes from so painful an inability. "I can only beat myself when I lie down; and beside, I can commit no offence to any one, which God forbid I should ever wish to do."

"No offence to any one! Is that no offence? How! no offence do you think it, to talk thus presumptuously? We are all sinners: unless we did works of charity and penitence, what, in the name of heaven, would become of us? Vile wretch! I must open your eyes. You have secret crimes unexpiated; you have brought dishonor upon him who would have been your patron, and whose manifold mercies you have just witnessed toward the more deserving."

Upon this he took down a scourge, and bade the beggar kiss it: the contrite man complied. The father unconsciously drew it through his left hand, and found that it was one adapted to his own shoulders. He threw it down indignantly, and seized from across the back of an arm-chair a broad embroidered garter, stiff with brazen threads double-gilt, and embossed with the letters EUFROSINA — LAURA-BEATRICE — RADICOFANI,— with which, and without any farther ceremonials, he scourged the lame beggar heartily, exhorted him to faith, humility, and penitence, and dismissed him weeping and praising God that his eyes were opened.*

* It will hardly be credited that the following is an extract from a Gazette in our times: "Firenze, giovedi 19 Decembre, 1822. La religione de' *Servi di Maria* che ha avuto origine in questa capitale, ci ha dato in quest' anno il contento di vedere due de' suoi figli, nostri Toscani, *sollevati all' onore degli altari*, cioè il B. Ubaldo Adimari, nobile Fiorentino di cui ne furono già fatte le festi nella basilica della SS. Annunziata di questa città, ne' tre giorni della scorsa pasqua, cioè 7, 8 e 9 Aprile, e nella chiesa di monte Senario il di 16 nello scorso maggio, in cui ricorreva la solennita dell' Ascenzion del Signore, e il B. Bonaventura Bonaccorsi, nobile Pistojese, del quale oltre le solennissime feste celebrate in Orvieto, *dove passò alla gloria e si conserva il di lui sacro corpo*, ne' giorno 11, 12, e 13 dello scorso Ottobre, il di 14 del corrente, giorno della sua *preziosa morte*, ne fù con decente sacra pompa solennizata la memoria nella predetta basilica della SS. Annunziata. *Rendiamo pertanto grazieall' Altissimo, per averci concesso in questi due Beati Comprensori due potenti avvocati al suo divin trono!*"

According to this, God is ready enough to receive thanks and perfumery from whoever offers, without the introduction of squire or chamberlain, but is somewhat slow to grant pardon without such powerful advocates as Signor Bonaventura Bonaccorsi or Signor Ubaldo Adimari, in their saintly embroidered shoes and pink-satin robes of glory.

President. I am not the advocate of these Orders; but each contains, I know, many virtuous individuals; many have resigned all pretensions to patrimony in behalf of brothers and sisters, relying on a secure possession of their hoods and cells. I may not be greatly benefited by their processions or their prayers, but surely as much by them as by the cutlass and pistol of the highwayman.

Leopold. The greatest of abuses is the bequest of gold and jewels to the Virgin and Saints. Since, however, it would shock the piety of the people to forbid it, the only plan I can think of is to decree that such gifts be confided to the municipality in trust and guardianship, and kept under lock and key; and, if the Virgin or Saint do not come and take them within the year, that it be considered as a proof no such things are wanted by them, and that they freely give them to the sick and poor. No roguery of priestcraft, no stupidity of idolatry, is so gross as in this practice, which I imagine my scheme will tend speedily to correct. I do not know whether I am of a profession so good at telling stories as at raising them; however, since I hear most of the occurrences that happen in my little territory, I will relate to you another anecdote.

Marchese Riccardi had the finest reliquary in Italy. When he was on his death-bed, the Dominicans came about him, and his confessor was firmly of opinion that his road to Paradise would be smoother, if the relics were given to their church. He was persuaded of the fact: he left the Dominicans his relics. I inquired of his son the other day, whether it was not with some regret that he presented to the Dominicans so great a treasure.

"Not at all," said he.

"I understand the reliquary to have been valued at eight thousand crowns," answered I.

"The reliquary, yes," replied he; "but I never heard the value of the relics."

"What then, Marchese, did you only give *them?*"

"My father," said he, "would have felt a torment the more, if the reliquary had gone out of the family. We may hope for other relics to fill it again; and just at this time there are some real ones that will be sold reasonably."

I asked him what he meant. He told me that a worthy friar had been despatched from Rome, on a mission to

Ravenna, with a present of relics to the cathedral. He was so sober a man that, whenever he drank an extraordinary glass of wine, it confused his intellect. On his arrival at Forli, he could not contain his joy nor moderate his pride on the treasure he was conveying. The box was of cypress, curiously carved, and extremely old; a brass lock was fastened upon it with pins of the same metal. The brotherhood of the convent where he lodged looked upon it with a variety of eyes, on hearing that it contained a treasure; for he uttered not a word upon the nature of it. Some believed it was of diamonds; others of emeralds; others of rubies: all however were convinced from the lightness that the jewels were unset. There is hardly a town in Italy where the people are idler than at Forli. The lay-brothers of the convent whispered the report in every street; and among the curious who assembled at the convent-gate was an officer, a native of Ravenna, named Filiberto Quinci. He indeed was curious to see the treasure, and, not without hope that he might be ordered to convoy it, came to say that there was an old munition wagon fit for this service; little thinking that treasures could be light things, nor having heard any expression but, "Have you seen the treasure?" What was his surprise on beholding a box nine inches long and seven broad, with a crucifix on the top to guard it; and what was his delight at finding a friend of his early youth in the trusty friar!

"Paolo Naccheri! is it you?" cried he.

"Filiberto! Filiberto!" cried the monk. They embraced: necks and shoulders, beards and tears, met. They went away, and would sup together. The friar drew forth his handkerchief, and produced a thick slice of Bologna mortadella, some cheese, seven or eight livers, with lard enough to fry them in, and some bay-leaves and rosemary. There was also a piece of new goat-milk cheese, indented like Dover cliffs by his hunger on the road: this he threw back into his cowl. The lieutenant, when he saw all the provisions, blushed a little, and was resolved not to be outdone. He had observed a goose in the morning at the shop of a poulterer, the only poulterer in Forli, and who refused to sell any smaller portion than a whole leg, with which it was stipulated that half the head and half the neck and the whole foot should be weighed. A noble of the city sent his cook several times to negotiate

about it; but the poulterer was inflexible, and the noble retreated. The lieutenant did what was never done there since the days of the Lombard King Aistulphus: he stewed three-parts of a goose together, and inserted the cheese, the liver, the mortadella, the bay-leaves, the rosemary, and the lard. The monk declared that the dish was fit for the marriage of Cana in Galilee. The lieutenant said that such was his friend's courtesy; but that in his anxiety to serve him he had forgotten the figs and the aniseed, and begged him not to spare the lemon and sugar that were beside him: if it wanted oil, the oil in the lucerna was as fresh as any. The pleasure of meeting gave activity to their digestive powers, and to the antecedent ones; exhortations, jokes, recollections, wine, religion, women, passed in turn: and now struck the *ventiquattro*.* The monk hurried toward the convent, embracing his friend at the door, and promising to return. He did indeed, and shortly, — pale, speechless, agonizing.

"What is the matter, my dear Naccheri?" exclaimed the lieutenant.

"I am undone! I am lost for ever! The casket is broken open; the relics gone!"

"Have you no suspicion of the thief?"

"None whatever."

"Some person in the convent?"

"Sacrilege! Impossible!"

"Leave the matter to me: I have detected and taken up many rogues."

"Oh for Christ's sake! It would be a scandal!"

"Leave it, I say, to me: I will accuse no friar, I promise you. Bring me the box by daylight."

Disturbed and disorderly were the slumbers of the monk: he attributed his loss to the levity of his conversation, which he confessed to the Virgin, begging her however to remember that he had mixed it with religion. Among other thoughts in his imperfect sleep, he fancied that the relics were again in the casket. He started up; walked toward it; closed the lid, turning his eyes away from it, as unworthy to behold it; and, repeating in a tremulous voice, *Fiat voluntas tua!* again

* 24 o'clock, one hour after sunset, when the monks should be in the convent. Almost the only question asked openly by the Italians is, *Sono sonate le* 24? — so teeming with big events is that hour.

placed it under the guardianship of the crucifix. Before the dawn of day, he rose and dressed himself, if such an expression is applicable to friars; and having said a litany, together with a proper psalm, — *By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept*, — he wiped his eyes, covered the precious casket, and carried it to his friend, to whom he related his sufferings and his dream.

"May I look at it, unworthy as I am?" said Filiberto.

"Take it, take it! Behold it!" answered the friar, sobbing piteously.

The lock was unforced, but the brass nails were standing out from it: they had been removed and replaced.

"Are you quite sure they have taken the relics?"

"Sure, sure; even the wrapper."

"I must confer with another upon these nails," said the lieutenant; "they may lead to the discovery of truth." He had drawn one out slily.

"No, no, no!" cried the friar.

"One is wanting," said his friend: "you yourself will be suspected of curiosity and unbelief, if this should be missed. Another must be made quickly!"

Fra Paolo shuddered and assented, but remarked that it was impossible for any human hand to imitate the embossed and ancient nail.

"Leave it to me," said Filiberto: "you must not appear in the business; the nut is out, I may be trusted with the shell."

He took it into his bedroom, and having selected the larger bones of the goose from their two plates, and washed them in a lixiviate, and rubbed them with ashes, he enwrapped them in a cartouche-paper, deposited them in the casket, fastening the nails, particularly the one he had removed. He then ran to the outer room, and, "Father! father!" cried he, "I will have nothing more to do with it: I am unworthy! I can aver and swear that a nail was wanting, and I believe in my conscience that several were loose."

The father answered not; he took the casket in his hand, looked at it, raised his eyes to heaven, and swooned. The lieutenant rubbed his temples with vinegar and gunpowder, scratched his gums with a flint, and poured some brandy down his throat, muttering in a low, gruff voice, what he never would have done but for a friend, *Ave Maria! presto!* The

friar's senses returned, but it was long before he could find a channel for the effusion of his piety. At last he repeated three times, as the most proper on the occasion, the words in which the Lord was praised for having glorified his hand-maiden. "Sinner as I am," exclaimed he, "I dare neither doubt nor believe that the miracle is complete in all its parts." He closed his eyes; the flesh crept upon his bones; he lifted up the casket in his two hands above his head, and chanted in a tremulous voice, *Fiat voluntas tua!*

The lieutenant said that he doubted, from the lightness of the box, whether a single bone was restored. "Bones are not heavy, it is true," added he; "but a young girl's bones have a good deal of marrow in them."

"None whatever," answered the holy man; "they were as dry as a palm-branch* on the anniversary, and very small; for she was the youngest of the eleven thousand."

"One miracle is as good as another," said the lieutenant; "two trusses of hay from the same stack smell and weigh pretty much alike. Let us hope, however, that the pretty saint has protected her bones and vindicated her virginity."

Again Fra Paolo chanted, *Fiat voluntas tua!* Indignant at the robbery, he returned no more to the convent, and resolved to say nothing of his charge again until he reached Ravenna. There it was received with the ringing of bells, and the display of tapestry and bed-coverlets from the windows, and the array of all the pillars of all the churches in the richest silks, and of all the saints in spangled shoes and powdered perukes: their faces were reddened, their eyebrows blackened, and their nails gilt afresh. The clergy, the military, the various fraternities marched before and after it into the cathedral. Four knights supported it, eight marquises assisting them; and his excellency the governor, adorned with all his orders, holding over it the umbrella. Cannon was fired as it entered the portal, and again as it ascended the steps of the high altar. Nothing of jubilee is celebrated here, nor, I believe, in the rest of Europe, without the instruments of violence and slaughter. Many a belly felt the butt-end of a musket, for yearning too affectionately after the youngest of the eleven thousand, in the nave of the duomo. The crowd was immense.

* These palms are really olive-twigs, placed over the crucifix by the bedside, and renewed on Palm-Sunday.

Happy the youth who was next to his beloved on that day, for he was near indeed, and she wanted protection upon all sides. If she reproved him for any thing, the Ambrosian hymn, echoing through the vault, intercepted it.

The bones had been verified upon the oath of surgeons and physicians, denominated on such occasions the "expert," in presence of the archbishop, the canonics, and the prothonotary. It was ascertained that the *os pubis* had been fractured, by the same violence as was offered by the executioner to the daughter of Sejanus, — a farther proof of martyrdom; it being remembered by one of the canonics that, according to the Roman laws, virgins must undergo this indignity before the last punishment. The condition of the bones was admirable. She must have been very young, poor child! If such another *os pubis* could be found among her sisterhood, it would be decorous and reverential to compose a pair of spectacles with them for the "Holiness of our Lord." Several old priests declared that they saw much the better, on merely looking through the mysterious curvature in its present state; and a wart of long standing was removed from the nose of one by it, after forty days, as was evident to all Ravenna. The inauguration of the relics took place on the twenty-ninth of July; on the thirtieth of September the Lieutenant Filiberto Quinci was mortally wounded from behind the wall of a vineyard, by an assassin whose brother he had disarmed and was leading with his hands tied behind him toward the city-prison of Forli. He confessed to a Jesuit the fraud he had committed, who absolved him the more readily as it was committed in its first stage against a Dominican. The pain of the wound made him exert his voice; and perhaps he cared little for secrecy, in the greater hope of expiating his offence; so that many of his friends and attendants heard the recital, and divulged it. Nevertheless, it was agreed and certified that a miracle had really been performed; and that, although some of the bones had been stolen, several were yet remaining, and endued with such efficacy as to convert the baser into the more precious, — the goose's into the virgin's. It is reported that the greater part of the original are brought into Tuscany, and will be sold here: this report is the comfort of Riccardi.

You may smile at the credulity of even the higher orders:

I trust however, M. Du Paty, that the laws and establishments are better in Tuscany, and information more advanced, than in the other States of Italy. Closing the cells of idleness and imposture, I have opened schools and manufactories for the children of the poor.

President. Unless the ladies and gentlemen can be induced to visit and superintend them, I doubt their efficiency.

A House of Industry was established at Como. Virtuous mothers have been led frequently out of it, heavy with child, and have died from inanition in the streets; their allowance of food being only one scanty meal in the twenty-four hours; while prostitutes, thieves, assassins, poisoners, have enjoyed purer air and more comfortable accommodation in prison, and have been supplied twice in the day with more wholesome food, and each time more abundantly. In both instances, a discouragement is holden forth to honesty, a reward to crime.

Sovereigns know more correctly the state of other countries than of their own. We may be too near great objects to discern them justly; and the greatest of all objects to a prince is the internal state of his people.

Leopold. Your observation is just. The persons we employ have more interest in deceiving us than others have. I can trust one, — Gianni. I send none abroad; so that I am rather less liable to deception than my brethren are. As the gentlemen of Tuscany seldom travel farther than to Siena or to Pisa, the expense of a coffee-house-keeper, under the title of plenipotentiary, is saved me everywhere.

President. Your Highness is as desirous of abolishing idle offices as others are of creating them.

Leopold. I am not afraid of losing my place from a want of party friends, and have no very poor relations to support. Since I send no envoys, there are certain States which seem resolved to punish me by sending worse than none.

It often happens, that those who are very wealthy are far from forward in displaying what they possess; thus happens it that, in countries which abound in talents and genius, the governors are careless how little of them is exhibited in their appointments to foreign courts. I should be happy to see as ministers at mine, M. President, men like you, with whom I could converse familiarly and frankly on matters of high importance; and no greater compliment could be paid me by

the princes, my friends and allies. To delegate as their representatives young persons of no knowledge, no conduct, no respectability, proves to me a neglect of their duty and an indifference to their honor, and no less evidently shows the opinion they entertain of me to be unworthy and injurious. Trifling men in such situations may suit indeed small courts, but not where the sovereign has any credit for the rectitude of his views and the arduousness of his undertakings.

This reflection leads me back again to an inquiry into the last of your positions, that my Code provides but faintly and ineffectually for the protection of character. The States of Italy are the parts of shame in the body politic of Europe. I would not hold out an ægis to protect a snail: the gardener does not shelter his plants while they are underground. I declare to you, M. Du Paty, that, whenever and wherever I find a character to protect, I will protect it.

President. I am averse to the perpetual maintenance of great armies; but without somewhat of a military spirit there can be little spirit for any thing, — as we see in China and India. That the Florentines should have conquered the Pisans quite astonishes me when I look upon them: at present they could not conquer a hen-coop guarded by a cur. Boccaccio, in his eclogue entitled *Lipis*, calls the Florentine by the name of Batracus (frog), as being the most loquacious and timid of animals. Such at least is the explanation given by his countryman and commentator, Baldelli.

Leopold. The Italians, when they were bravest, were like tame rabbits; very pugnacious among themselves, but crouching, screaming, and submitting to be torn piecemeal by the smallest creatures of another race. In the consulate of Marcus Valerius (brother of Publicola) and Postumius, the Sabines were conquered; thirteen thousand prisoners were taken in two battles: in the second no Roman was slain.

I want no armies. If ever I should want them, I can procure a much better commodity at the same price; the rations of a Bohemian and of a Tuscan are the same: I would not change a good farmer for a bad soldier. I want honest men, and no other glory than that of making them.

President. If you abolish the convents of monks, you act consistently in abolishing your armies: for the natives of

Florence are the smallest and weakest men in Europe; and, whenever we meet one stronger than the generality, we may be sure he derives his origin from the convent. The monks are generally stout, and their offspring is healthy; but this continues for only one generation. The children of your soldiers are mostly weak, like those of your citizens; and from the same cause, indiscriminate venery. The monks have their choice, from the facilities afforded to them by the sacredness of their order, and by the beneficence of confession; advantages in which the soldiery does not participate. In Protestant countries, the people are always both cleanlier and healthier than in Catholic; but I have observed that the religious in the former are mostly the weakest men in the community, — in the latter, universally the strongest.

Leopold. As my soldiers are useless to me in the field, I shall call them out more frequently in the churches, when I have reduced the number of ecclesiastics. On great festivals we have decently smart files of them in the nave. I shall indulge the people with a larger number, and oftener.

President. In Tuscany there are persons of integrity; few indeed, and therefore the more estimable. Wherever there is a substitute for morality; where ceremonies stand in the place of duties; where the confession of a fault before a priest is more meritorious than never to have committed it; where virtues and duties are vicarious; where crimes can be expiated after death for money; where by breaking a wafer you open the gates of heaven, — probity and honor, if they exist at all, exist in the temperament of the individual. Hence a general indifference to virtue in others; hence the best men in Italy do not avoid the worst; hence the diverging rays of opinion can be brought to no focus; nothing can be consumed by it, nothing warmed.

The language proves the character of the people. Of all pursuits and occupations, for I am unwilling to call it knowledge, the most trifling is denominated *virtù*. An alteration in a picture is *pentimento*.

The Romans, detained from war and activity by a calm, termed it *malacia;* the Italians, whom it keeps out of danger, call it *bonaccia*. I am ashamed to confess that we Frenchmen have borrowed this expression, without a suspicion of its import. We are, it is true, the most courageous people in the

world; but we have always been the most subject to panics by land, and to despair by sea.

Leopold. On *malacia* and *bonaccia* let me remark, that, although the latter supplanted the former, as *Beneventum* did *Maleventum*, yet *malacia* descends not in a direct line from *malus* (a thing evidently unknown to those who substituted in its place *bonaccia*), but from μαλακός. *Malus* itself has the same origin. Effeminacy and wickedness were correlative terms both in Greek and Latin; as were courage and virtue. Among the English, I hear, softness and folly, virtue and purity, are synonymous. Let others determine on which side lies the indication of the more quiet, delicate, and reflecting people.

President. If a footman sends a scullion to a tailor, it is an *ambasciata.* Sbirri are eminently *la famiglia*, quite at home; but what is admirable is *pellegrino.*

So corrupt are they, that softness with them must partake of disease and impurity: it is *morbidezza.*

Three or four acres of land with a laborer's cottage are called a *podere.* Beggarly magnificence of expression! Every house with a barn-door, instead of a narrower, is *palazzo.*

I saw open in a bookseller's window a boy's dictionary, "Dictionarium Ciceronianum," in the page where *heros* was, and found its interpretation *barone, signore.*

Such is their idea of contemplation, and of the subjects on which it should be fixed, that, if a dinner is given to a person of rank, the gazettes announce that it was presented *alla Contemplazione della sua eccellenza.*

A lamb's fry is *cosa stupenda:* a paper kite is *aquilone.*

Their idea of fighting is exemplified in the word *tirare*, which properly means to *drag.*

Strength which frightens, and finery which attracts them, are *honesty:* hence *valentuomo* and *galantuomo.*

A well-dressed man is a man of honor; *uomo di garbo.*

Spogliare is *to undress;* the spoils of a modern Italian being his shirt and stockings.

Pride is offended at selling any thing; the shopkeeper tells you that he *gives* you his yard of shoe-ribbon: *dà*, not *vende.*

A *trinket* is a joy, *gioia;* and a *present* is a *regala*, though it be a bodkin.

One would imagine that *giustiziato* means requited: it

means *hanged:* as if justice did nothing else, or had nothing else to do.

Leopold. I can furnish you with another example in my own profession. *Governare* means to *govern* and to *wash the dishes.* This indeed is not so absurd at bottom; for there is generally as much dirty work in the one as in the other.

President. Meschino, formerly *poor*,* is now *mischievous*, or *bad.*

Leopold. I am no etymologist, and more than an etymologist is wanted here; but let me remark to you that the word *meschino* is still in use among us in the same double acceptation, as the word *wretch* is among the English; and you Frenchmen, too, employ the word *méchant*, which comes from it, in the same manner. The words signify to us that wretchedness and wickedness go together.

President. I see it. Things strike us in another language which we pass over in our own; and words often lose their original meaning. What is general may become particular, and what is particular may become general. *Amazzare* is *to kill.* The meaning was originally to kill with a *club.* We now say *il gatto ha amazzato un topo*, although we have the best grounds for believing that cats never killed rats with clubs, even in the heroic ages.

An Italian thinks he pays me a compliment by calling me *furbo*, holding it as the summit of felicity and glory to overreach. But on the other hand, if roguery is praiseworthy, misfortune is criminal: the captive is a wicked man, *cattivo.*

A person is not rendered vile by any misconduct; but if he has the toothache, he is *avvilito.*

With all the admiration and aptitude of the Italians for poetry, any grimace or trick of the countenance is called a *verso. Fa tanti versi.* We call *valiant* the man who defends his own or his country's honor by his courage: the Italians call valiant a famous fiddler or well-winded fifer, — *valente suonotare.* In Italy, the *fabulous* is the common speech: *favella* and *lingua* are synonymous.

Opera was among the Romans *labor*, as *operæ pretium*, &c. It now signifies the most contemptible of performances, the

* Teseo era stato anch' egli un certo protettore e difensore, e benignamente e con amorevolezza haveva ascoltato i preghi degli uomini *meschini.*" — *Vite di Plutarco da M. Ludovico Domenichi, MDLX.*

vilest office of the feet and tongue, whenever it stands alone *by excellence*. *Anima*, the *soul*, is also the *mould of a button: animella* (the endearing form), a *sweetbread*.

Ostia, a sacrifice (*hostia*), now serves equally to designate the Almighty and the wafer that seals a billet-doux. This, too, we have in common. Poisoning was formerly so ordinary an operation here, that what other nations call a violent death was called an *assisted* one. "Nacqui l'opinione, dispersa allora, ch' egli mancava di morte *aiutata* piutosto che naturale," says Bentivoglio on Don John of Austria.

Leopold. Beware, M. President, that no learned man in his idleness take you farther to task on the same subject. I would wish to retaliate on you as gently as possible, but I find in one of your expressions that characteristic sportiveness which attends your cruelties, when you commit any. *Amende honorable*, as your jurists call it, is thus defined by them: "Le condamné est à genoux en chemise, la corde au cou, une torche à la main, et conduit par le bourreau." This *honorable* way in which an offender is persuaded to correct his error is, according to time and person, accompanied by flagellations and other ceremonials of honor and devotion, in which the humble minister of justice, the hangman, has the goodness to lend him all the assistance in his power, and indeed to take upon himself this most painful part of the duty; the person who makes the expiation to honor and the laws only lending the superficies (or a little more) of his body, while the precursory section of his amendment is going through.

There are idioms for which no philologer can account; such as *personne* for *nobody*, and *à même* for *ability* to perform. You *lend* an oath, — vous prêtez serment, — do you ever *keep* one?

I have found in twenty of your authors, at the least, the expression, *faire retentir sa voix au milieu; entonner* is also in common use, a proof of a noisy people: and perhaps some might be found of a vain one. I must fight for my Tuscans; they have other phrases which prove their good nature, — not the least of merits in any man or any people, and among the first to be commended by a prince.

Their oaths and exclamations, instead of *peste* and other horrors, are, by the kindest and most lovely of the gods, —

per Bacco! per Bacco d'India! Fe di Bacco! Corpo di Bacco! per Dingi Bacco!

President. What can that mean?

Leopold. Dingi is an abbreviation of *Dionigi* (Dionysius). Then, *per Diana!* or by the most beautiful of our indigenous plants, as *Cappari! Corbezzoli!*

President. I do not understand the latter.

Leopold. Corbezzoli are the berries of the arbutus: your French *corbeil* comes from the twigs, which are used in making baskets and panniers; and another word, which you like less, *corvée*, — loads of stone, earth, manure, carried on the backs of men and women in crates of this material. Let us now leave the fields again, for cities and manners.

We may discern, I think, the characters of nations in their different modes of salutation. We Italians reply, *Sto bene;* the ancient Romans, *valeo;* the Englishman, I am *well;* the Frenchman, *I carry myself well.* Here, the Italian, the best formed of Europeans, stands with gracefulness and firmness; in short, *stands well.* The Roman, proudly confident in his strength, said, *I am stout and hearty.* The Englishman feels throughout mind and body this "standing well," this calm, confident vigor, and says, I *am* well. The Frenchman *carries himself* so.

President. It is dangerous to retort on princes.

Leopold. I invite it.

President. By this condescension I am encouraged to remark, that a stranger is much amused by the designation of your Italian tribunals, the *ruota criminale*, &c.; as if Justice had her wheel, like Fortune, or rather used the same.

Leopold. Such is the idea the thing itself presents to us; the word is deduced from the *rolling* and *unrolling* of papers, and is analogous to the *volumen* of the Romans, and the *roll* of the English, which likewise gives an appellation to a court of judicature.

President. Your Highness will permit me to add one more example. If injustice is done and redress claimed, it is requisite to perform an execrable act, if the words mean any thing, — *umiliare una supplica.* Baser language was never heard in the palace of Domitian, who commanded that he should be called lord and god. I could select many such expressions. In this perversion of moral feeling, it is not to be expected

that the laws can always stand upright. It is dangerous for a foreigner not to visit a commissary of police; but to omit in an address to him the title of *illustrissimo* is fatal. I conversed the other day with an English gentleman, who had conducted his wife and family to Pistoja, for the benefit of the air. He rented a villa at the recommendation of the proprietor, who assured him that the walls were dry, although built recently. Within a few days it rained, and the bedchambers were covered with drops. His wife and child suffered in their health: he expostulated; he offered to pay a month's rent and to quit the premises, insisting on the nullity of an agreement founded on fraud. The proposal was rejected; a court of judicature declared the contract void. The gentleman, to prove that there was nothing light or ungenerous in his motive, gave to his banker, M. Cassigoli, the amount of the six months' rent, to be distributed among respectable families in distress. The proprietor of the house, enraged at losing not only what he had demanded but also what was offered, circulated a report in the coffee-houses, and wherever he went, that the gentleman might well throw away his money, having acquired immense sums by piracy. He appealed to the local tribunals, with a result far different from the former. The commissary, to whom the business was referred by them, called the offender to him in private, without informing the plaintiff of his intention. Hence no proof was adduced, no witness was present, and the gentleman knew nothing of the result for several weeks after. It was an admonition to be more cautious in future, given to a man who had in succession been servant to two masters, both of whom were found dead without illness; a man who, without any will in his favor, any success in the lottery, any dowry with his wife, any trade or profession, any employment or occupation, possessed 12,000 crowns. Where justice is refused, neglected, or perverted, the *Presidente del buon Governo* is the magistrate who receives the appeal. The foreigner stated his case fully to the president, from whom he obtained no redress, no answer, no notice.*

* Dr. Lotti of Lizzano, on the confines of the Modenese, the reputed son of the Emperor P. Leopold, to whom (if I may judge from the coins) he bore a perfect resemblance, was the most learned and courteous man I have ever conversed with in Tuscany. He was rather fond of wine;

Leopold. As I covered my ears at the commencement, I must at the conclusion. Scandalously as my servants acted, the rank and character of the injured gentleman were imperfectly known to the commissary and the president, who also are ignorant that many of the best families in England are untitled. Here counts and marquises are more plentiful than sheep and swine; and there are orders of knighthood where there is not credit for a pound of polenta.

President. Your predecessors have softened what was already too soft; and your Highness must give some consistency to your mud, by exposing and working it, if you desire to leave upon it any durable or just impression. I am afraid it will close upon your footstep the moment you go away.

Leopold. I hope not. Tuscany is a beautiful landscape with bad figures: I must introduce better.

President. To speak without reserve or dissimulation, I have remarked this difference between the gentlemen of Florence and those of other nations. While others reject disdainfully and indignantly from among them any member who has acted publicly or privately with dishonor, these inter-

but with decorum. I spent one of the happiest days of my life in his society, and was about to repeat my visit the following summer, when I heard that my quiet, inoffensive, beneficent friend had been stoned to death by a parishioner. No inquiry was instituted by government: he had nothing but erudition and virtue to recommend him, and the tears and blessings of the poor. I asked how so unmerited a calamity could have befallen so warm-hearted a creature, and in the decline of life: the reply was, *Chi sa? forse uno sbaglio. Who knows? perhaps it was done by mistake.* What a virtuous and happy people must that be, to which such a loss is imperceptible! I saw him but three times, and lament it more than I think it right to express, at the distance of nearly two years. Rest thee with God, kind, gentle, generous Lotti!

A courier, who had been in the service of Prince Borghese, went openly by day into the Postmaster's office, stabbed him in the body, fired a pistol through his hand, was confined at Volterra, and released at the intercession of Prince Borghese in six weeks.

Whoever shall publish a periodical work, containing a correct and detailed account of irregularities and iniquities in the various courts of law throughout Europe, will accomplish the greatest of literary undertakings, and will obtain the merit of the stanchest, the truest, and the best of reformers. No subject is so humble that it may not be recommended by a fit simplicity of style; no story so flat that it may not solicit attention if edged by pointed remarks. The writer will perform one of those operations which are often admired in Nature, by eliciting a steady, broad, and beautiful light from rottenness and corruption.

est themselves warmly in his favor, although they never had visited or known him. It must be from a powerful sympathy, and in the hope, more or less remote and obscure, that they may benefit in the same manner in the same circumstances.

Leopold. I begin with what forms the moral character, however my conduct may be viewed by the Catholic princes. Few among them are better than whipped children, or wiser than unwhipped ones. They are puppets in the hands of priests: they nod their heads, open their mouths, shut their eyes, and their blood is liquefied or congealed at the touch of these impostors. I will lessen their influence by lessening their number. To the intent of keeping up a numerous establishment of satellites in the church militant, a priest is punished more severely for performing twice in the day the most holy of his ceremonies than for almost any violation of morality. But the popes, perhaps, have in secret a typical sense of the Mass, permitting the priest to celebrate it only once, in remembrance that Christ was sold once only. When we arrive at mystery, a single step farther and we tumble into the fosse of fraud. The Romish Church is the general hospital of old and incurable superstitions from the Ganges to the Po. It is useful to princes as a pigsty is to farmers; but it shall not infect my palace, and shall do as little mischief as possible to my people.

President. Your Highness, by diminishing the number of priests, will increase the rate of Masses. A few days ago I went into San Lorenzo, and saw a clergyman strip off his gown before the altar with violence and indignation. Inquiring the reason, I was informed that four *pauls* had been offered to him for a Mass, which he accepted, and that on his coming into the church the negotiator said he could afford to pay only three. There are offices in the city where Masses are bargained for publicly. Purgatory is the Peru of Catholicism; the body of Christ in some of our shops is at the price of a stockfish, in others a fat goose will hardly reach it, and in *Via de' Calzaioli* it is worth a sucking-pig.

Leopold. The Roman States are worse in proportion.

President. There are more *religious* in that territory than slave-masters in our American islands, and their gangs are under stronger and severer discipline. The refuse of man-

hood exercises the tyranny of Xerxes in the cloak and under the statutes of Pythagoras.

Leopold. It is curious and interesting to observe the fabrication of those insects, which from the bottom of the Sea of Galilee have been adding, year after year, particle on particle, and have ultimately filled up almost the whole expanse with their tortuous and branching corallines.

When violence and usurpation were distracting the Roman empire, can we wonder if the possessors of knowledge and the lovers of quiet clung together, and contrived the best and readiest means possible of preserving the little they retained? The sanctuaries of religion, abandoned by the old gods and old worshippers, served the purpose well. Persecution rendered the new guests only the more united; pity at their sufferings, admiration at their virtues, drew many toward them; miracles were invented, encouraged, propagated. There is something of truth in every thing. Like gold, it is generally found in small quantities; and, as is said of gold, it is universal: even falsehood rests upon it. Contrivances, which at first were requisite and necessary for the security of a weak and unprotected religion, now began to multiply for its extension and aggrandizement. The credulous, the rich, the slothful, stood prepared for the mark that was to be impressed on them by the coarse, indiscriminating letters of the age. The literary now chose their emperor, as the military chose theirs, only giving him another title inaugurated by religion. A quieter craft, observing the instability of power, devised and executed at leisure the institutions best adapted to its maintenance; and by degrees such barriers were erected about the church, as neither in extent nor in strength had ever surrounded the pretorium. The pious, who came from a distance to venerate the simple edifice — the house of a god born in a manger — could not pass nor even look over the ramparts, and were driven away or punished as criminals if they inquired for it. Somewhat earlier, when the name of pope had not yet been invented, instead of surprise at any worldly advantages the pastors derived from the tractability of their flocks, it might rather be excited at their moderation. This, however, soon was over; and such rapacity succeeded as no other religion, no other government, no tyranny, no conquest hath exemplified. In our days, the commander of the faith-

ful in the West is contented if we pay and clothe his military, permitting them to be taken off our lands for him, and allowing him to discipline them, even in our streets and houses. The more virtuous our subjects are, the less contented is he. Every execution-day is a rent-day to him: no fellow is hanged but the halter is his purse-string. The most notorious robber that ever infested Tuscany was no sooner upon the gibbet than forty or fifty idler-thieves, in white surplices half-way down the hams, ran about our streets, soliciting the eleemosynary *paolo* from citizen and peasant, to liberate the sinful soul earlier out of purgatory. Can we imagine that crimes will be rigorously reprehended by those who derive a revenue from the multiplicity and magnitude of them?

President. What purgatory may be to any of the dead I cannot tell; but I see it is a paradise to a great portion of the living. How many dormitories and refectories are warmed with it! How many gardens, lined with orange and citron, are brought into blossom by its well-directed fires! Not Styx, nor Acheron, nor Phlegethon, but Pactolus is now the river that runs though the infernal regions, leaving its golden sands on the papal shore, the patrimony of Saint Peter.

Leopold. What do you imagine was the reason, M. Du Paty, why celibacy was imposed on the priesthood, not when it was chaste and virtuous, but at a time when neither the heads of the Church nor her other members were any longer pure?

President. There cannot be conceived a better reason for so extraordinary and unnatural an ordinance, than that the concubines and wives of such dissolute men were, as you may suppose, eternally at variance; and ecclesiastical polity was well aware that they would arouse by degrees, and excite to inquiry, a supine and dormant world. The pope therefore put down, and suppressed under the piscatory signet, the more clamorous of the parties. Among the first Christians all things were in common but their wives; among those of the papal reformation, the wives seem the only things that were so.

Leopold. I am apprehensive, M. Du Paty, you will be thought here in Italy to entertain but little reverence even for those higher authorities (if any are higher than the pope) on which the foundations of our faith repose; it being known

that men of letters in France, including the dignitaries of the Church, are inclined to philosophy.

President. Sir, I wish they were; for then they would teach and practise Christianity, which is peace and good-will toward men. The partisans of popery have evinced by their conduct that either the book whereon they found their religion in itself is false, or that those dogmas are which they pretend to draw from it; otherwise they would not forbid nor discountenance its circulation and publicity. In copying the worst features of every religion, they should at least have omitted this. The Egyptian, the Hindoo, and other priesthoods, kept their sacred books secluded from the people, and said perhaps that they were thus commanded, whether by dog or by calf, or some such deity; but if the pope believed in the gospel, or ever read it, he must know that his predecessors (as he calls the apostles) were commanded to disseminate it among all the nations of the universe.

Leopold. Catholicism does not appear to be quite so polytheistical among you Frenchmen as among us.

President. An Italian, a Spaniard, or a Portuguese has no thought whatever of praying to God. The expression, common in our language, is unknown in theirs. Desirous as I always was of finding out the opinions of men on this subject, I accosted one who had been praying, at the entrance of a village, to an image of earthenware in a niche against a cottage.

"You pray then, my good young man! I am happy to observe that you think of your Creator in the days of your youth!"

He looked at me with wonder.

"Were not you praying to the Father of mercies?"

"Oh, now I understand. I was praying, sir, to his mother and Saint Zenobio."

"Excellently done! But do you never offer up a prayer to God himself?"

His reply I must give in his own language:—

"Mi canzona! Ad Iddio medesimo! solo, solo! ma davvero non sono si poco garbato."

Accustomed, as the people of these countries have been for centuries, to ask favors by means of valets, who speak to the ladies' maids, and they to their mistresses, whence the petition goes up to the husband or *cavaliere serviente*, they pursue

the same steps in their prayers to Heaven: first a prayer to Saint Zenobio; then, with his permission, to the Virgin; who again is requested to seize a suitable opportunity of mentioning the matter to her son; or, at her option, to do it herself, and let him know nothing about the business. Such are the thoughts of those who think the most deeply.

Leopold. What can be the reason why the pious in your country, and sincere Catholics, speak oftener of God than of his son or parent?

President. The reason, I presume, is that our ancestors the Gauls worshipped one superior Being, — though, from indifference to the truth in such matters, Cæsar asserts the contrary, — and that hence we still talk as monotheists; while other nations, who were formerly polytheists, retain the language of such; and would, perhaps, although the religion of the country had retained no shadow or resemblance of it.*

Leopold. No prince ought to be indifferent to religion; but every one ought to the forms and sects of it, so long as they abstain from pretensions of interference with the State. This is an offence which, at the least, should be punished by their suppression. I am supposed to exercise an arbitrary power in this country; yet my interference in the affairs of religion is less extensive than that of your Louis XIV. In his Declaration of 1682, he says: "Pour l'intérêt de l'Eglise de notre royaume, de laquelle nous sommes premier et universel protecteur." According to the former of these words (premier), he takes precedency of the pope in the Church; and according to the latter (universel), he quite excludes him.

President. Many of our bishops think otherwise; although the most acute and clear of reasoners, and the most eloquent of expositors, Bossuet, was in this campaign the champion of the king.

Leopold. Of your bishops there are many who think otherwise; first because many of them think little, and possess no learning; and secondly and mainly, because they have a better chance of being cardinals by adherence to the papacy, certain that they cannot lose their bishoprics by it. Surely I

* If Du Paty were now living, what would he say about the report on the project of a law in France against *sacrilege*, in which the reporters use the word *deicide* (god-killing), and are guided by the Jesuits, who would burn you alive for materialism!

have as much power in my monasteries as the popes have in my music-shops.

President. That is clear.

Leopold. Nevertheless they have forbidden, under pain of excommunication, to copy the *miserere* of Allegrini, which is only to be sung in the pope's chapel, and by eunuchs. This is an order more conformable to the taste of Nero than to the office of Christ's vicar.

President. A countryman of mine, Choron, infringed the edict, and may have his throat cut for it; the offender being excommunicated.

Leopold. Although I would admit but one system of laws and one head of them, I would willingly see several religions in my States, knowing that in England and Holland they are checks one upon another. The Quaker inverts his eye and rebukes his graceless son, by observing how industrious and tractable is the son of some fierce Presbyterian; the Catholic points to the daughter of a Socinian, and cries shame upon his own, educated as she was in the purity of the faith, in the religion of so many forefathers. Catholicism loses somewhat of its poisonous strong savor by taking root in a well-pulverized, well-harrowed soil. As competition levels the price of provisions, so maintains it the just value of sects. Whatever is vicious in one is kept under by the concourse of others, and each is emulous to prove the superiority of its doctrines by honesty and regularity of life. If ever the English could be brought to one opinion in politics or religion, they would lose the energy of their character and the remains of their freedom. In England, the Catholics are unexceptionably good members of society; although the gentlemen of that persuasion, I hear, are generally more ignorant than others, partly by the jealous spirit of their Church, and partly by an ungenerous exclusion from the universities. They keep a chaplain in their houses, but always a man of worth, and not combining as in Italy a plurality of incongruous offices. Here, a confessor, in many instances, is tutor to the children, housesteward to the father, and *cavaliere serviente* to the mother. He thinks it would be a mockery of God to call her to confess, without a decent provision of slight transgressions; and he cures her indigestions by a dram, her qualms of conscience by a sacrament.

President. Both morality and learning require the sound of feet running fast behind, to keep them from loitering and flagging. When Calvinism had made and was making a rapid progress in France, the Catholic bishops were learned men; indeed so learned, that Joseph Scaliger, himself a Calvinist, acknowledged in the latter part of his life their immense superiority over the rising sect. At present, there is only one bishop in France capable of reading a chapter in the Greek Testament, which every schoolboy in England, for whatever profession he is intended, must do at eleven years of age. I would then recommend a free commerce both of matter and of mind. I would let men enter their own churches with the same freedom as their own houses; and I would do it without a homily on graciousness or favor. For tyranny itself is to me a word less odious than toleration.

Leopold. I am placed among certain small difficulties. Tuscany is my farm: the main object of proprietors is their income. I would see my cattle fat and my laborers well clothed; but I would not permit the cattle to break down my fences, nor the laborer to dilapidate my buildings. I will preserve the Catholic religion in its dogmas, forms, discipline, and ceremonies: it is the pommel of a sovereign's sword, and the richest jewel in his regalia; no bull, however, shall squeeze out blood under me, no faggot sweat out heresy, no false key unlock my treasury. The propensity will always exist. The system has been called *imperium in imperio*, very unwisely: it was *imperium super imperio*, until it taught kings to profit by its alphabet, its ciphers, and its flagellations. You complain that I have softened my mud: this is the season for treading and kneading it; and there are no better means of doing so, none cheaper, none more effectual, than by keeping a gang of priests on the platform. America will produce disturbances in Europe by her emancipation from England. The example will operate in part, not principally. Wherever there is a national debt, disproportionately less rapid in its extinction than in its formation, there is a revolutionary tendency: this will spread where there is none; as maladies first engendered in the air are soon communicated by contact to the sound and healthy. Various causes will be attributed to the effect; even the books of philosophers. All the philosophers in the world would produce a weaker effect in this business than

one blind ballad-singer. Principles are of slower growth than passions; and the hand of Philosophy, holden out to all, there are few who press cordially. And who are those? the disappointed, the contemplative, the retired, the timid. Did Cromwell read Plato? Did the grocers of Boston read Locke? The true motives in political affairs are often improbable. Men who never heard of philosophy but to sneer at it after dinner will attribute to it those evils which their own venality and corruption have engendered; and not from a spirit of falsehood, but from incompetency of judgment and reflection. What is the stablest in itself is not always so in all places: marble is harder and more durable than timber; but the palaces of Venice and Amsterdam would have split and sunk without wooden piles for their foundation. Single government wants those manifold props which are supplied, well-seasoned, by Catholicism. A king indeed may lose his throne by indiscretion or inadvertency, but the throne itself will never lose its legs, in any Catholic State. Never will a republican or a mixed constitution exist seven years where the hierarchy of Rome hath recently exerted its potency. Venice and Genoa afford no proofs to the contrary: they arose and grew up while the popes were bishops, and ere mankind had witnessed the wonderful spectacle of an inverted apotheosis. God forbid that any corrupt nation should dream of becoming what America is! If it possesses one single man of reflection, he will demonstrate the impracticability of citizenship where the stronger body of the State, as the clergy must morally be, receives its impulse and agency from without, and where it claims to itself a jurisdiction over all, excluding all from any authority over its concerns. This demonstration leads to a sentence which policy is necessitated to pronounce, and humanity is unable to mitigate.

President. Theories and speculations always subvert religious, never political, establishments. Uneasiness makes men shift their postures. National debts produce the same effects as private ones, — immorality and a desire of change; the former universally, the latter almost. A man may well think he pays profusely, who pays a tenth as an insurance for his property against the perils of the sea. Does he reason less justly who deems the same sum sufficient for the security of the remainder, in his own lands, in his own house? No

conquered people was ever obliged to surrender such a portion of its wealth, present and reversionary, as in our times hath been expended voluntarily in the purchase of handcuffs and fetters for home consumption. Free nations, for the sake of doing mischief to others, and to punish the offence of pretending to be like them, have consented that a certain preparation of grain shall be interdicted in their families; that certain herbs shall never be cultivated in their fields and gardens; that they shall never roast certain beans nor extract certain liquors, and that certain rooms in their houses shall admit no light. Domitian never did against his enemies what these free nations have done against themselves.

The sea-tortoise can live without its brains, — an old discovery! Men can govern without theirs, — an older still!

Leopold. I indeed see no reason why different sects in religion should not converse in the streets, as they are walking to their churches and chapels, with as much good-will and good-humor as schoolboys of different ages and classes going up at the same hour and for the same purpose to their appointed forms and respective teachers. Both parties are going for learning and improvement: the younger is the wiser; how long shall it continue so?

President. I can calculate the period to a day. It will continue while the clergy is a distinct body; while a priest is a prince; while he who says at one moment, "I am a servant, the servant of servants," says at another, "I am a master, the master of masters!"

So long as society will suffer these impositions, and toil under these tax-gatherers, and starve and contend and bleed for them, animosity and hatred will deface and desecrate the house of prayer and peace. The interest of the class, and above all of the chiefs, requires it; for, from the moment when men begin to understand and support one another, they will listen to them no longer, nor endure them.

Leopold. I am influenced little by opinions: they vary the most where they are strongest and loudest; here they breathe softly, and not against me, for I excite the hopes of many by extinguishing those of a few. What I have begun I will continue; but I see clearly where I ought to stop, and know to a certainty, which few reformers do, where I can. Exempt

from intemperance of persecution as from taint of bigotry, I am disposed to see Christianity neither in diamonds nor in tatters: I would sell her red and white, to procure her a clean shift and inoffensive stockings.

I must persuade both clergy and laity that God understands Italian. Ricci, Bishop of Pistoja, is convinced of this truth; but many of his diocesans, not disputing his authority, argue that, although God indeed may understand it, yet the saints, to whom they offer up incense and in whom they have greater confidence, may not; and that being, for the most part, old men, it might incommode them in the regions of bliss to alter pristine habits.

Warmly and heartily do I thank you, M. Du Paty, for your observations: you have treated me really as your equal.

President. I should rather thank your Imperial Highness for your patience and confidence. If I have presented one rarity to the Palazzo Pitti, I have been richly remunerated with another. There are only two things which authorize a man out of office to speak his sentiments freely in the courts of princes, — very small stature and very small probity. You have abolished this most ancient institution, in favor of a middle-sized man, who can reproach himself with no perversion or neglect of justice, in a magistrature of twenty years.

VI. KOSCIUSKO AND PONIATOWSKI.

Poniatowski. A short and hasty letter, brought by my courier, will have expressed to you, general, with what pleasure I obtained leave of absence for ten days, that I might present you my affectionate homage here in Switzerland.

Kosciusko. No courier can have arrived, sir; for we hear the children at play in the street, and they would have been earnest to discover what sort of creature is a courier.

Poniatowski. I myself am no bad specimen of one: I have traversed three kingdoms in five days; such a power of attraction hath Kosciusko on Poniatowski.

Kosciusko. Poniatowski! my brave countryman, I embrace you heartily. Sit down, rest yourself, — not upon that chair; the rushes are cut through in the middle: the boys and girls come in when I am reading in the window or working in the garden, and play their old captain these tricks.

Poniatowski. I must embrace you again, my general! Always the same kind tender heart, the same simplicity and modesty! There is little of poetry or of ingenuity in the idea that your nativity was between the Lion and the Virgin.

Kosciusko. O Poniatowski! my countryman, comrade, and friend! how long it is since we met! I require a few moments to recollect your features: the voice, and the heart that gives it utterance, are the same. I am indeed a revolutionist: I invert the order of established things. Usually the countenance is remembered when benefits are forgotten: from defect of sight, which these gashes have injured, your countenance was only such to my apprehension as to make me wonder whose it could be, while your services were fresh in my memory; services than which, in ages of heroism, no man ever rendered more pure or more illustrious to his country. I do not marvel that you have lost the bloom of youth, knowing your anxieties; but how happens it, that, after such exertions, such privations, such injuries (for all honors but one conferred on you, and that, too, by the voice of your countrymen, are such), — how happens it, Poniatowski, that you appear more robust than ever, and retain to the full your activity and animation?

Poniatowski. Hope is the source of them; the aroma without which our bodies are putridity, the ether without which our souls themselves, so long as they are here on earth, are cold and heavy vapor. If we could but have saved our Poland, O my general! less men can rule her. Of all arts this is the easiest, and exercised by the most imbecile. The laws should rule; for courts we have always in readiness a cushion, a king, and a crier: can any wicked wretch want more?

Kosciusko. Ah, scoffer!

Poniatowski. I will ask the question, then, not scoffingly, but in sober sadness. I ask it in the name of our country; I ask her defender and protector; I ask you, chief of Poland! first of mankind! why are you not with us? Oh, with what

enthusiasm would our legions follow you! Return among us and command us.

Kosciusko. Where is Poland?

Poniatowski. She rises from her ashes with new splendor: in every battle she performs the most distinguished part;—do you sigh at hearing it?

Kosciusko. Poniatowski! her blood flows for strangers, and her heroism is but an interlude in the drama of Ambition. She is intoxicated from the cup of Glory, to be dismembered with the less feeling of her loss. When she recovers her senses, in vain will she look around for compassion or for gratitude. Beyond a doubt, I am a feeble and visionary politician: nevertheless, I will venture to express my opinion, that gratitude, although it never has been admitted among the political virtues, is one; that whatever is good in morals is also good in politics; and that, by introducing it opportunely and dexterously, the gravest of old politicians might occasionally be disconcerted. Do not let us be alarmed at the novelty: many have presumed to recommend the observance of justice; and gratitude is nothing more than justice in a fit of generosity, and permitting a Love or a Genius to carry off her scales.

Poniatowski. We live in an age when no experiments of this kind are tried, and when others are exhausted.

Kosciusko. True, we see nothing in battle but brute force, nothing in peace but unblushing perfidy. War, which gave its name to stratagems, would recall them, and cannot: they are shut up within the cabinet and counter, where they never should have entered, and the wisest of them are such as would disgrace the talents of a ring-dropper.

If the person to whom fortune seems to have given the disposal of mankind had known any thing of our national character, he would have augmented the dominions of Poland, instead of diminishing them; if he had known as much of policy as a peasant, he would have united with it Royal Prussia and Hungary, and its southern boundaries would have been the Danube and the Dnieper. Every German province, excepting a few I am about to mention, would have been erected into a kingdom, under the most powerful or the most popular of its princes, its nobles, its civil magistrates; representatives would have been elected, standing armies would have been abolished.

Thus the existence of the governors and the prosperity of the governed would have been his work, and that work would have been indestructible. The erection of twenty kings in twenty minutes would have abundantly gratified his vanity, — a consideration not unimportant when we discourse upon crowned heads, and particularly upon heads crowned recently, or indeed upon heads of any kind subject to the vortexes of power. The Scandinavian Peninsula should have been strengthened by the junction of Denmark, Mecklenburgh, and Pomerania, forming a barrier against the maritime force of England, and (united by confederacy with Poland) against the systematic and unsuspected march of Muscovite aggression. No German kingdom should have contained much more than a million of inhabitants; for it was his business to lessen both the kingly authority and the kingly name.

History hath given us no example of a man whose errors are so manifold and so destructive. I confess that I have been mistaken in foretelling his downfall: I calculated from observations on mankind in ages less effete. I could not calculate the forces that resisted him: for I knew only the military and financial, and this but numerically; I knew not by whom and where and to what specific object it was to be applied. Fortunate (if usurpers ever are) to spring up in a season of rankness and rottenness, when every principle of vitality had been extinguished in the State, either by the pestilence of despotism or by the tempests of democracy; when they who came against him from without were weaker in judgment than himself; and when the wildest temerity was equally sure of success as the most prudent combinations and best measured conduct! No general versed in war has been consulted by the principal of the belligerents; but persons the least practised in it have been employed as commanders-in-chief. The good people of England is persuaded that to open a campaign is as easy as to open an oyster, and to finish it is a thing to be done as quickly as to swallow one.

Poniatowski. England will alter her system from one of these two causes: Either (at the end of twenty years perhaps) the families of her aristocracy will be sufficiently enriched, which is the prime motive in her undertakings; or a serious and earnest effort will be made against increasing danger, and some general of capacity will at last be appointed

to satisfy the clamors of the people, and to keep the government, or rather the governors, unshaken. But come, let us cease to speculate on the English, and indeed on every thing else than our own beloved Poland. You have reason to shake your head, and to hold your hand over your eyes: you have reason to complain of ingratitude; but it is rather on the side of fortune than of princes, who, in good truth, owe you little.

Kosciusko. We hear many complaints of princes and of fortune; but believe me, Poniatowski, there never was a good or generous action that met with much ingratitude.

Poniatowski. Not Sobieski from Austria?

Kosciusko. Sobieski had his reward: God, who alone was great enough, bestowed it.

Poniatowski. But then his kingdom? what befell that? and from whom? Condescending, as you have often been, to the meanest peasant for the slightest service, grateful as I have seen you to an undistinguished soldier for moistening your horse's bit after a battle, do you thus speak of the ungrateful? You to whom no statues are erected, no hymns are sung in public processions; you, who have no country! And you smile upon such injuries and such losses!

Kosciusko. My friend! I have lost nothing; I have received no injury; I am in the midst of our country, day and night. Absence is not of matter: the body does not make it; absence quickens our love and elevates our affections; absence is the invisible and incorporeal mother of ideal beauty. Were I in Poland, how many things are there which would disturb and perhaps exasperate me! Here I can think of her as of some departed soul; not yet indeed clothed in light nor exempted from sorrowfulness, but divested of passion, removed from tumult, and inviting to contemplation. She is the dearer to me, because she reminds me that I have performed my duty toward her. Permit me to go on. I said that a good or generous action never met with much ingratitude. I do not deny that ingratitude may be very general; but, even if we experience it from all quarters, there is yet no evidence of its weight or its intensity. We bear upon our heads an immense column of air; but the nature of things has rendered us insensible of it altogether: have we not likewise a strength and a support against what is equally external, — the breath of worthless men? Very far is that from being much or great which

a single movement of self-esteem tosses up and scatters. Slaves make out of barbarians a king or emperor; the clumsiest hand can fashion such misshapen images: but the high and discerning spirit spreads out its wings from precipices, raises itself up slowly by great efforts, acquires ease, velocity, and might by elevation, and suns itself in the smiles of its Creator.

VII. WOLFGANG AND HENRY OF MELCTAL.*

Wolfgang. Old man, thou knowest, I doubt not, why thou art brought before me.

Henry. For having been the preserver of Arnold.

Wolfgang. For harboring and concealing an outlaw.

Henry. We all are outlaws.

Wolfgang. What! and confess it?

Henry. Where there is law for none, what else can we be?

Wolfgang. In consideration of thy age and heretofore good repute, our emperor in his clemency would remit the sentence passed on thy offence, taking only thy plough and oxen in punishment of disobedience.

Henry. Ploughs and oxen are not instruments and furtherers of disobedience. Why were they taken from me before? Had they never been seized by his apostolic majesty, and had not the great man Gessler told me that I, a hoary traitor, should be yoked in place of them, my valiant son had never cursed him and his master.

Wolfgang. I turn pale with horror. Curse the right hand of the Almighty!

Henry. We were told that man was his image, long before we ever heard that a dry marten-skin on the shoulder, and

* Landenberg, who governed the country for Albert of Austria, sent to drive away a yoke of oxen from Henry of Melctal. His son Arnold, complaining of the violence, was told that *peasants might draw the plough themselves if they wanted bread.* Arnold struck him with his staff, broke two fingers, and fled to a friend at Uri. On this, the father in his extreme old age saw his cattle driven from his farm, his goods confiscated, his house seized, — and nothing else; for his eyes were burnt out.

a score of cut pebbles on the head, made any creature his right hand. This right hand does little else than, like children, strip the image, or, just as they do, break the head of one against the head of another.

Wolfgang. What particular hardship couldst thou complain of?

Henry. Only that, whenever there was a fine day, my oxen were taken for the emperor's use, and that my boy was forced to guide them.

Wolfgang. You had many days left.

Henry. Ay, verily; all winter, from the first of November to the first of April. While the snow was from five to three feet deep, I might plough, sow, and harrow. A green turf was an imperial rescript; and I never saw one in the morning but I met a soldier at my gate ere noon, and my two poor beasts were unhoused.

Wolfgang. Factious man! the mildest governments in the world have always exacted this trifle in payment for their protection. Where there is little coin, there must be labor or its produce; and how much better is it to give the half, or rather more, to a lawful master, than the whole to robbers? But indeed this half is not given: all in right is Cæsar's. Thy Bible says, "Give unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, and unto God that which is God's." It does not say, "Keep any thing," which it would do if any thing remained. Dost whistle, rogue?

Henry. I cry you mercy, Sir Wolfgang. About the Scripture I dare argue nothing; but about the thieves, — what thieves have we here? Who is disposed to take away kid or pullet from us? Cannot we, who are in our own houses, defend them as well as those who are some hundred miles off? And, when we cannot, is not our neighbor as ready to help us as they are? Yet our neighbor would blush to ask a spoonful of salt for doing it.

Wolfgang. Malcontent! what wouldst thou say if thy master should forbid thee to turn thy barley into malt, or to plant thy garden, or any plot of it, with hops?

Henry. I dare not imagine this wrong. To order me how to crop my garden or how to mix my tankard! To forbid the earth to give its increase in due season is the heaviest and the rarest curse of God. Never, I trust, will our nation

be so heartless as to endure a like interdict from the wrath of man.

Wolfgang. There is no danger: nevertheless, why not profit by example, and avoid the chances of mischief? The tortoise, well protected as it is, draws in its head at the touch of a child.

Henry. I will do the same when I am a tortoise. But we Switzers have our rights and privileges: we may kill even a hare if we find him in our corn, provided the land be our freehold. What nation in Christendom can say the same, beyond these mountains? We alone are raised to an equality with the beasts and birds; we alone can leave our country; we alone pine and perish if we are long absent from it.

Wolfgang. Is that a privilege?

Henry. No, my lord judge: it may be a want, a weakness; but those who are subject to it are exempt from many others. Of what are they not capable in defence of their country, to whom she is so dear! We see our parents and children carried to the grave; we lose sight of them, and bear it manfully: on losing sight of our country our hearts melt away.

Wolfgang. Brave men bear it. I left my country to perform my duties in this; and what country is pleasanter than Austria, or more productive of cattle and game, of river-fish and capons?

Henry. All men have a birth-place, Sir Wolfgang; but all men have not a country. Nay, there are some who have it not, and who possess almost half a province, with tolls and mills and chases and courts and prisons, and whatever else can make the great contented.

Wolfgang. I should be censurable if I listened longer to such idle and wild discourse. The people of Burgundy are subject to more hardships than thou art; so are those of Swabia and of France. Be obedient and grateful, seeing that others fare worse.

Henry. If my ear is frost-bitten, your worship's toe may be frost-bitten off and never cure me.

Wolfgang. Be comforted and satisfied. The outlawry of thy son Arnold is reversed, on payment of a slender fine for the proclamation of it, and of another for its annulment, not much heavier. We have fresh accusations against him, which our clemency will not bring forward unless he trespass in future.

Henry. Of what offence is the boy accused?

Wolfgang. Of the seditious song he was heard to sing last winter, which he is known to have composed. We have three witnesses, who will declare upon their consciences that they believe by *eagle* he means the emperor, our lord; by *hook-nosed wolf*, the arch-chancellor; by *dozing bear*, the metropolitan. I say nothing of the *squirrel*, and the uncurling of her tail: no action might lie; but court ladies, when they relax a little of their coldness and severity, are still to be treated with deference and respect.

Henry. Upon my faith, Sir Wolfgang, I know nothing of the matter: if ever I heard the verses I have clean forgotten them.

Wolfgang. Anastatius Griffenhoof! read aloud those seditious rhymes marked Z.

Storm Morgarten's larch-plumed crest,
Search the sun-eyed eagle's nest,
Tear from hook-nosed wolf his prey,
Drag the dozing bear to day,
O'er the forest shout the deer, —
Dogs and men have voices here.
Freedom here shall make his stand,
Happy, happy, Switzerland!

You whose pliant legs with ease
Clasp and win the tallest trees,
Swarm the flat-head tawny pine,
Bring a gift to Adeline;
Squirrel rolled into a ball,
Squirrel, young, nest, nuts, and all.
While her balmy breath she blows
In the grandam's icy nose,
See the tail, it quits the chin;
Feel the heart, it thaws within.
Show her what her touch can do, —
Ask but half as much for you.

Fishers! leave the spangled trout,
And the pike with pitcher snout,
Whisker'd carp and green-coat tench, —
Who for these his shoes would drench?
For the otter they were meant,
Or the saints of lanky Lent.
Stars are swinging in the lake,
Come, our heartier fare partake.

Home again! the chimney's blaze
Melts our toils and crowns our days.
Hal of Melctal has in store
Seventy full kegs and more.
He who grudges one of these
Is less liberal than his bees,
Or his flowers and flowering trees.
Hal could live without old wine,
But without old friends would pine.
Where old wine is, there the cellar
Of that safe and sound indweller
May be very good, which he
Who confines it cannot be.
Give me rather men of proof
(What say you?) than wall and roof;
Rather than a talc-paved floor,
Pine-dust bin and iron door.
I have always seen that liquor
Runs, like us, in youth the quicker;
And that rarely older juice
Sparkles forth from hand profuse.
Here for absent friends is plenty: —
Toast them all; and then some twenty
Pretty girls, — your Hal, 'tis said:
Father, do not shake thy head.
Though of thirty I had heard,
I would never say a word.

Pour the mead for those who stay,
Wormwood for who slink away.
What! my friends! ye drink no more?
Then the day indeed is o'er!
Whiter than a marriage shift
See the window! still they drift
By the thousand flake on flake, —
Each his road might well mistake,
And the soberest foot must trip,
For the tricks of snow are deep.
Brunn shall pitch upon his skull,
Glendorp scoop his girdle-full,
Pliffer, Borgardt, Sprengel, Grim,
Lose a cap or break a limb,
And the northern maidens smother
In their feathers one or other.
Things ye never meet by day,
Things at night ye wish away,
Some in linen, some in fur,
Some that moan and some that purr,
Wander almost everywhere,
But have never enter'd here.

They are out upon the snow,
Scattering it with naked toe;
Ye shall hear them through the wild
Cry like hungry kid or child.
These are they, the wiser think,
Who spite most the sons of drink,
And who leave them on the waste
With their faces pale as paste.

Thessinger, sit still — be bolder —
Squint not over that left shoulder:
I could tell of many fiercer,
But, I warrant, none are here, sir.
Some that neigh, and bray, and rattle
Like the horns of fighting cattle,
Or like (over stones) the log
Of the truant shepherd-dog.
Some, but most in summer these,
Shaking under shaking trees
(*My* heart too is now afraid),
One-half priest, and one-half maid!

Sleep before the hearth to-night,
Still the stouter sticks are bright,
And the stump will burn till light.

Back, my hounds — give us our turn —
Shake, lads, shake the matted fern.
If the curs have left unsweet
(As mayhap) your russet sheet,
Strew a little tansy on it,
Or but tuck it in the bonnet,
Hanging just below your nose —
So, gay dreams and sound repose!

Wolfgang. Call Abraham Konig and Rehoboam Storck.

Usher. Behold them, sir!

Wolfgang. Abraham Konig, you shall well and truly — you know the rest. What is your belief on the words, "Hanging just below the nose," applied to *rue?*

Konig. It appears to me —

Wolfgang. In other words you are firmly persuaded.

Konig. Yes, as your Honor commanded me, I am firmly persuaded that *rue* means bitterness and reviling and threat; for we say, as your Honor said, you shall rue such and such a thing: and then, as your Honor remarked, *just below the nose* is the mouth, so that this reviling and bitterness and threat must hang about their mouths.

Wolfgang. Rehoboam Storck, are you likewise firmly persuaded of the same?

Storck. I am.

Wolfgang. And what do you believe is meant by the dogs being kicked up from the hearth, as having an ill scent?

Storck. I do firmly believe that the meaning is what your Honor ordered me to consider and deliver; namely, saving your Honor's presence, that the higher magistrates were meant thereby, who have indeed an ill savor in the country, and who were to be traitorously and violently dispossessed of their warm places, and that they were to rue their misdeeds.

Wolfgang. What misdeeds, carrion? Proceed; what dost understand by the bitter herb being tucked just under the nose?

Storck. Hemp, mayhap.

Wolfgang. How, idiot!

Storck. Your Honor has confounded me.

Wolfgang. The devil confound thee!

Storck. Verily, I think he hath done so.

Wolfgang. What is under the nose?

Storck. The neck.

Wolfgang. Thou dolt!

Storck. The teeth, in young folks.

Wolfgang. I could flay thee alive. But one witness who sweareth stoutly to the citation of *well and truly* is enough: I called another for form's sake.

Usher. Sir — in your Honor's ear, if so it please you. If you read the verse again, you will find the word not to be *rue*, but *tansy*.

Wolfgang. Hush, idler! Judges are no botanists — look again.

Usher. Of a truth the written word is *tansy*.

Wolfgang. The erased word, I uphold it, was *rue*. Rehoboam Storck, did not this same libellous and most seditious man, Arnold, son of Henry of Melctal, call thee a felon, not having proven thee such?

Storck. He did.

Wolfgang. On what plea or count? Why dost thou not speak?

Storck. I went out at dusk, may it please your Honor, to cut the roots of sundry young trees, belonging to the said Arnold — as he said.

Wolfgang. Was it so dark that nobody could see thee?

Storck. I wish it had been.

Wolfgang. Simpleton! it would then have been felony. Hearing these loose lines, can any one doubt their aim and intent? But let them pass. I am authorized, as I told you before, to reverse thy son's outlawry and to commute thy own sentence; at the same time I am also commanded to denounce unto thee, that, if ever thou seest thy son again, thou be deprived of eye-sight.

Henry. I am deprived of eye-sight if I do not see him. Of sun and snows we have seen enough at seventy. Ho! Arnold! Arnold! help!

Arnold. Father! who hurts thee? Who threatens thee? Off, gentlemen! Off, strangers! Off, soldiers! Slaves, miscreants, Austrians, stand off!

Wolfgang. Murder in my presence!

Henry. They bleed all five under thy yew-stick — one is dying — I was faint: I am not so now; fly, in the name of God! Again, I pray thee, Arnold, if thou lovest thy father, go, begone! I command thee.

Arnold. O God! I heard thy name and was disobedient: my father has commanded and I obey — forgive me, O my God!

Wolfgang. Seize him, the traitor. Dastards — but perhaps it may be better to catch him anywhere else. Who would have thought it! fair as morning, ardent as noon, and terrible as midnight on the shoals. Thou at least canst not run so fast.

Henry. I hope I cannot.

Wolfgang. Anastasius, call the priest, Reginald Grot, to strengthen him with admonition, and Sigismund Lockhart, the greffier, to translate the sentence into the vulgar tongue; and to read it before the people, in the name of his Apostolic Majesty the Emperor and King, Albert, by the grace of God, *et cetera;* and in the public square to provide that the sentence be well and duly executed, forthwith.

Henry. Send also for the great man, Gessler; tell him to come and see a sight: he has not many more such to see. Welcome, good Reginald! welcome too, my worthy master Lockhart! Come, thy band sits well enough, let it rest; begin.

Lockhart. The instrument must be translated, — a good hour's labor yet, to the ablest clerk.

Henry. Reginald, thou pressest my hand, and sayest nothing. Dost thou turn thy back upon me? Is this thy comfort?

Reginald. There is a Comforter who has given thee strength, and taken mine from me; keep it, good old man: do my tears hurt thee?

Henry. They do, indeed; go home, blessed soul! I never knew thy temper until now. Many have turned away from me before, but none to hide their compassion at my sufferings. What a draught of sight have I taken with my lord-judge, Wolfgang! It lasts me yet, and will last me for life. O my young eagle, my own Arnold! I shall never see thee more upon the rocks of Uri; never shall I tremble at thy hardihood, nor press thee to my bosom for reproaching thee too much about it. But I shall hear thy carols in the woods of Underwald. Let them be blithe as usual; let them be blither still, for I shall more want pastime, and shall listen for sweet sounds all day long. Do not ask me again, as in the *Lay of the Leap*, whether thou hast given me the heart-ache. I was always in thy songs before they ended, even where spring and summer, even where youth and fair maidens, were discoursed of. Prythee, do not go on so. Above all, I charge thee, Arnold, never say, "O my poor father! art thou blind for me!" I was fancying my Arnold at my side. Foolish old man, with my eyes yet open, and their two balls unbroken. Is this the place? Blow away, boys! the weather is misty; it will not light: this arrow-head is too blunt; have you nothing better? My old eyes are sunken and tough. Ay, that seems sharper: put it just under the piece of mountain-ash; it will soon redden there. Well done, boy, that is right.

VIII. WASHINGTON AND FRANKLIN.

Washington. Well met again, my friend Benjamin! Never did I see you, I think, in better health: Paris does not appear to have added a single day to your age. I hope the

two years you have spent there for us were spent as pleasantly to yourself as they have been advantageously to your country.

Franklin. Pleasantly they were spent indeed, but, you may well suppose, not entirely without anxiety. I thank God, however, that all this is over.

Washington. Yes, Benjamin, let us render thanks to the Disposer of events, under whom, by the fortitude, the wisdom, and the endurance of our Congress, the affairs of America are brought at last to a triumphant issue.

Franklin. Do not refuse the share of merit due to yourself, which is perhaps the largest.

Washington. I am not of that opinion; if I were, I might acknowledge it to you, although not to others. Suppose me to have made a judicious choice in my measures, the Congress then made a judicious choice in me; so that whatever praise may be allowed me is at best but secondary.

Franklin. I do not believe that the remainder of the world contains so many men who reason rightly as New England. Serious, religious, peaceable, inflexibly just and courageous, their stores of intellect are not squandered in the regions of fancy, nor in the desperate ventures of new-found and foggy metaphysics, but ware-housed and kept sound at home, and ready to be brought forth in good and wholesome condition at the first demand. Their ancestors had abandoned their estates, their families, and their country, for the attainment of peace and freedom; and they themselves were ready to traverse the vast wildernesses of an unexplored continent, rather than submit to that moral degradation which alone can satisfy the capriciousness of despotism. Their gravity is converted into enthusiasm; even those among them, who never in childhood itself expressed by speech or countenance a sign of admiration, express it strongly in their old age at your exploits.

Washington. Benjamin, one would imagine that we both had been educated in courts, and that I were a man who could give, and you a man who could ask. Prythee, my friend, be a philosopher in somewhat more than books and bottles; and, as you have learned to manage the clouds and lightnings, try an experiment on the management of your fancies. I declare, on my conscience, I do not know what I have done extraordinary, unless we are forced to acknowledge,

from the examples to which we have been accustomed, that it is extraordinary to possess power and remain honest. I believe it may be; but this was a matter of reflection with me: by serving my country I gratified my heart and all its wants. Perhaps I am not so happy a creature as he who smokes his pipe on the bench at the tavern-door; yet I am as happy as my slow blood allows; and I keep my store of happiness in the same temperature the whole year round, by the double casement of activity and integrity.

Franklin. I do not assert that there never was a general who disposed his army in the day of battle with skill equal to yours, — which, in many instances, must depend almost as much on his adversary as on himself; but I assert that no man ever displayed such intimate knowledge of his whole business, guarded so frequently and so effectually against the impending ruin of his forces, and showed himself at once so circumspect and so daring. To have inoculated one-half of your troops under the eye of the enemy —

Washington. Those actions are great, which require great calculation, and succeed in consequence of its correctness; those alone, or nearly alone, are called so, which succeed without any. I knew the supineness of the British general, his utter ignorance of his profession, his propensity to gaming, to drinking, in short to all the camp vices. I took especial care that he should be informed of my intention to attack him, on the very day when my army was, from the nature of its distemper, the most disabled. Instead of anticipating me — which this intelligence, credited as it was, would have induced a more skilful man to do — he kept his troops unremittingly on the alert, and he himself is reported to have been sober three days together. The money which he ought to have employed in obtaining just and necessary information, he lost at cards; and when he heard that I had ventured to inoculate my army, and that the soldiers had recovered, he little imagined that half the number was at that moment under the full influence of the disease.

Attribute no small portion of our success to the only invariable policy of England, which is to sweep forward to the head of her armaments the grubs of rotten boroughs and the droppings of the gaming-table; and, Benjamin, be assured that, although men of eminent genius have been guilty of all

other vices, none worthy of more than a secondary name has ever been a gamester. Either an excess of avarice, or a deficiency of what in physics is called excitability, is the cause of it; neither of which can exist in the same bosom with genius, with patriotism, or with virtue. Clive, the best English general since Marlborough and Peterborough, was apparently an exception; but he fell not into this degrading vice until he was removed from the sphere of exertion, until his abilities had begun to decay, and his intellect in some measure to be deranged.

Franklin. I quite agree with you in your main proposition, and see no exception to it in Clive, who was more capable of ruining a country than of raising one. Those who record that chess was invented in the Trojan war would have informed us if Ulysses, Agamemnon, or Diomedes ever played at it; which, however, is usually done without a stake, nor can it be called in any way a game of chance. Gustavus Adolphus, and Eugene of Savoy, and Marlborough, and Frederick of Prussia, and Charles XII. of Sweden, and William III. of England had springs and movements within themselves, which did not require to be wound up every night. They deemed it indecorous to be selvages to an ell of green cloth, and scandalous to cast upon a card what would cover a whole country with plenteousness.

Gaming is the vice of those nations which are too effeminate to be barbarous, and too depraved to be civilized, and which unite the worst qualities of both conditions; as for example, the rags and lace of Naples, its lazzaroni and other titulars. The Malays, I acknowledge, are less effeminate and in all respects less degraded, and still are gamesters; but gaming with the Malays is a substitute for betel: the Neapolitan games on a full snuff-box. Monarchs should encourage the practice, as the Capets have done constantly; for it brings the idle and rich into their capitals, holds them from other intrigues and from more active parties, makes many powerful families dependent, and satisfies young officers who would otherwise want employment. Republics, on the contrary, should punish the first offence with fine and imprisonment, the second with a public whipping and a year's hard labor, the third with deportation.

Washington. As you please in monarchies and republics,

but, prythee, say nothing of them in mixed governments: do not affront the earliest coadjutors and surest reliances of our Commonwealth. The leaders of party in England are inclined to play; and what was a cartouche but yesterday will make a rouleau to-morrow.

Franklin. Fill it then with base money, or you will be overreached, little as is the danger to be apprehended from them in any higher species of calculation. They are persons of some repute for eloquence; but if I conducted a newspaper in that country, I should think it a wild speculation to pay the wiser of them half-a-crown a-day for his most elaborate composition. When either shall venture to publish a history, or even a speech of his own, his talents will then be appreciated justly. God grant (for our differences have not yet annihilated the remembrance of our relationship) that England may never have any more painful proofs, any more lasting documents, of their incapacity. Since we Americans can suffer no farther from them, I speak of them with the same indifference and equanimity as if they were among the dead.

Washington. But come, come! the war is ended, God be praised! Objections have been made against our form of government, and assertions have been added that the republican is ill-adapted to a flourishing or an extensive country. We know from the experience of Holland that it not only can preserve but can make a country flourishing, when Nature herself has multiplied the impediments, and when the earth and all the elements have conspired against it. Demonstration is indeed yet wanting that a very extensive territory is best governed by its people: reason and sound common-sense are the only vouchers. Many may fancy they have an interest in seizing what is another's; but surely no man can suppose that he has any in ruining or alienating his own.

Franklin. Confederate States, under one President, will never be all at once, or indeed in great part, deprived of their freedom.

Washington. Adventurers may aspire to the supreme power illegally; but none can expect that the majority will sacrifice their present interests to his ambition, in confidence or hope of greater. He never will raise a standing army who cannot point out the probable means of paying it, which no

one can do here ; nor will a usurper rise up anywhere, unless there are mines to tempt the adventurous and avaricious, or estates to parcel out with laborers to cultivate them, or slaves to seduce and embody, or treasures to confiscate.

Franklin. The objections bear much more weightily against monarchal and mixed governments ; because these, in wide dominions, are always composed of parts at variance in privileges and interests, in manners and opinions, and the inhabitants of which are not unreluctant to be employed one against the other. Hence, while we Americans leave our few soldiers to the States where they were levied, the kings of Europe will cautiously change the quarters of theirs, and send them into provinces as remote as possible. When they have ceased to have a home, they have ceased to have a country ; for all affinities are destroyed by breaking the nearest. Thrones are constructed on the petrifaction of the human heart.

Washington. Lawless ambition has no chance whatever of success where there are neither great standing armies nor great national debts. Where either of those exist, freedom must waste away and perish. We are as far from the one as from the other.

Franklin. Dangers grow familiar and unsuspected ; slight causes may produce them, even names. Suppose a man calling another his subject, and having first received from him marks of deference, and relying on his good-temper and passiveness, and exerting by degrees more and more authority over him, and leaving him at last to the care and protection of his son or grandson: we are well acquainted with the designation ; but we are ignorant how deeply it cuts into the metal. After a time a shrewd jurist will instruct the subject in his duties, and give him arguments and proofs out of the name itself. What so irrefragable!

The Latin language, — which answers so nearly all our demands upon it from its own resources, or, not having quite wherewithal, borrows for us a trifle from the Greek, — neither can give us nor help us to find, directly or circuitously, a word for *subject*. *Subditus*, the term in use, is not Latin in that sense, whether of the golden, the silver, or the brazen age: it means *substitute* primarily, and then *subdued* or *subjected*. Yet people own themselves to be subjects, who would be out-

rageous if you called them vassals, — an appellation quite as noble.

Poetry, closing her eyes, has sung until people slept over it, that liberty is never more perfect or more safe than under a mild monarch: history teaches us the contrary. Where princes are absolute, more tyranny is committed under the mild than under the austere; for the latter are jealous of power, and entrust it to few. The mild delegate it inconsiderately to many; and the same easiness of temper which allows them to do so, permits their ministers and those under them to abuse the trust with impunity. It has been said that in a democracy there are many despots, and that in a kingdom there can be one only. This is false: in a republic the tyrannical temper creates a check to itself in the very person next it; but, in a monarchy, all entrusted with power become tyrannical by a nod from above, whether the nod be of approbation or of drowsiness. Royalty not only is a monster of more heads, but also of more claws, and sharper.

It is amusing to find us treated as visionaries. All the gravest nations have been republics, both in ancient times and in modern. I shall believe that a king is better than a republic, when I find that a single tooth in a head is better than a set, and that in its solitariness there is a warrant for its strength and soundness.

Washington. Many have begun to predict our *future* greatness;* in fact, no nation is ever greater than at the time when it recovers its freedom from under one apparently more powerful. America will never have to make again such a struggle as she made in 1775, and never can make one so glorious. A wide territory does not constitute a great people, nor does enormous wealth, nor does excessive population. The Americans are at present as great a people as we can expect them to be in future. Can we hope that they will be more virtuous, more unanimous, more courageous, more patri-

* Of the Americans, in late years, Madame de Staël says, *There is a people which will one day be very great*, placing her fine impressive pen on the broad rude mark of the vulgar, who measure greatness by the standard of aggression. America was never so great as on the day when she declared her Independence, and never will be greater; although she will constitute *two* great empires, more powerful and more unassailable than any now existing.

otic? They may become more learned and more elegant in their manners; but these advantages are only to be purchased by paying down others equivalent.

Franklin. All acquisitions, to be advantageous, must have some mart and vent. Elegance grows familiar with venality. Learning may perhaps be succeeded by a Church Establishment, — an institution perversive of those on which the government of America is constructed. Erudition (as we use the word) begins with societies, and ends with professions and orders. Priests and lawyers, the flies and wasps of ripe and ripening communities, may darken and disturb America. A few of these (we will allow) are necessary; many are, of all the curses that the world is subject to, the most pernicious. These guardians have been proved in every country the poisoners of their wards — Law and Religion. They never let us exist long together in an equable and genial temperature: it is either at fever heat or at zero.

Washington. The solid sense of our people, their speculative habits, their room for enterprise around home, and their distance from Europe ensure to them, if not a long continuance of peace, exemption from such wars as can affect in a material degree their character or their prosperity. We might have continued the hostilities, until a part or even the whole of Canada had been ceded to us. The Congress has done what, if my opinion had been asked, I should have urgently recommended. Let Canada be ours when she is cultivated and enriched; let not the fruit be gathered prematurely: indeed, let it never be plucked; let it fall when our bosom can hold it. This must happen within the century to come; for no nation is, or ever has been, so intolerably vexatious to its colonies, its dependencies, and its conquests as the British. I have known personally several Governors, many of them honest and sensible men, many of them of mild and easy character; but I never knew one, nor ever heard of any from older officers, who attempted to conciliate the affections, or systematically to promote the interests, of the governed. Liberality has been occasionally extended to them, — the liberality of a master toward a slave, and only after grievous sufferings. Services have then been exacted, not hard perhaps in themselves, but in a manner to cancel all recollection and deaden all sense of kindness. The

French and Spaniards act differently: they extract advantage from their undisturbed possessions, appealing to the generosity of their children, and softening their commands by kind offices and constant attentions. Wherever a French regiment is quartered, there are balls and comedies; wherever an English, there are disturbances in the street, and duels. Give the Spaniard a bull-fight, and you may burn his father at the stake, commending him to the God of Mercy in a cassock painted with the flames of hell. The English (and we their descendants are most deserving of the name) require but justice; whatever comes as a favor comes as an affront. To what a pitch then must our indignation be excited, when we are not permitted even to pay that which is required of us, unless we present it with the left hand, or upon the nose, or from our knees amid the mire! The orators of the British parliament, while they are coloring this insolence and injustice, keep the understanding of the people at tongue's length.

Franklin. In good truth, then, the separation is no narrow one. I have been present while some of them have thrown up the most chaffy stuff two hours together, and have never called for a glass of water. This is thought the summit of ability, and he who is capable of performing it is deemed capable of ruling the East and West.* The rich families that govern this assembly have made us independent; they have given us thirteen provinces, and they will people them all for us in less than fifty years. Religious and grave men, for none are graver or more religious than the beaten, are praising the loving mercies of God in loosening from their necks the millstone of America. What a blessing to throw aside such an extent of coast, which of itself would have required an immense navy for its defence! No one dreams that England, in confederacy with America, would have been so strong in sailors, in ports, in naval stores, as to have become (I do not say with good management, I say in spite of bad) not invincible only, but invulnerable.

Washington. If she turns her attention to the defects of her administration in all its branches, she may recover not much less than she has lost. Look at the nations of Europe, and point out one, despotic or free, of which so large a portion

* Pitt may be complimented on his oratory in the words wherewith Anacreon congratulates the tettinx, — ἀπαθὴς, ἄναιμ', ἄσαρκε.

is so barbarous and wretched as the Irish. The country is more fertile than Britain; the inhabitants are healthy, strong, courageous, faithful, patriotic, and quick of apprehension. No quality is wanting which constitutes the respectability of a State; yet, from centuries of misrule, they are in a condition more hopeless than any other nation or tribe upon the globe, civilized or savage.

Franklin. There is only one direct way to bring them into order, and that appears so rough it never will be trodden. The chief misery arises from the rapacity of the gentry, as they are styled, and the nobility, who, to avoid the trouble of collecting their rents from many poor tenants, and the greater of hearing their complaints, have leased their properties to what are called *middle-men.* These harass their inferiors in the exact ratio of their industry, and drive them into desperation. Hence slovenliness and drunkenness; for the appearance of ease and comfort is an allurement to avarice. To pacify and reclaim the people, leases to middle-men must be annulled; every cultivator must have a lease for life, and (at the option of his successor) valid for as many years afterward as will amount in the whole to twenty-one. The extent of ground should be proportionate to his family and his means. To underlet land should be punished by law as *regrating.*

Washington. Authority would here be strongly exercised, not tyrannically, — which never can be asserted of plans sanctioned by the representatives of a people, for the great and perpetual benefit of the many, to the small and transient inconvenience of the few.

Franklin. Auxiliary to this reform should be one in church-livings. They should all embrace as nearly as possible the same number of communicants. Suppose three thousand souls under each cure: a fourth part would consist of the infirm, and of children not yet prepared for the reception of doctrine. The service, as formerly, should be shorter, and performed thrice each Sunday; so that all might in turn be present, and that great concourse would be avoided, which frequently is the prelude to licentiousness and brutality. Abolishing tithes, selling the property of the crown, of the church, and of corporations, I would establish a fund sufficient to allow each clergyman, in addition to his house, one hundred and forty pounds annually. Each would be remu-

nerated, not for his profession, but for services done toward the State by his attention to the morals of his communicants. If the people pay forty pounds for taking up a felon, would they not willingly pay four times as much for reclaiming a dozen?

Washington. I do not know; for we must never argue that men or their rulers are the likelier to do a thing because it is rational or useful. If ever the poorer clergy are rendered more comfortable, it will be only when the richer are afraid of losing a part of their usurped dominions. English and Irish bishops, who possess ten and twelve thousand a year, will be the last to relieve the necessities of their brethren; and their selfishness will not alienate from them those who are habituated to long abuses. The fine linen of popery sticks close to the skin; and there is much of it in the wardrobe of the English Church.

On all subjects I can talk dispassionately, and perhaps the most so on that topic which renders the great body of mankind the most furious and insane. Never would I animadvert on the tenets of the Catholic or any other church, apart from civil polity. But I am suspicious, if not inquisitive, when I see questionable articles day after day smuggled in, and when I am pushed aside if I venture to read the direction or lift up the wrapping. Articles of faith are innocent in themselves; but upon articles of faith what incontrollable domination, what insupportable prerogatives, what insolent frauds, what incessant tyranny have been asserted and enforced!

Franklin. I am ready to be of that church, if you will tell me which it is, in which there are the fewest of them. Show me that a single pope in one country tells fewer lies and sits quieter than twenty in another, and he is the pope for my money, when I lay it out on such a commodity. The abuses of the clergy were first exposed by the clergy, the lower assailing the higher. If something more like equality, something more near moderation, had pervaded all, fewer sects would have arisen, and those fewer less acrimonious. Dogmas turn sour upon too full stomachs, and empty ones rattle against them. Envy, which the wolves and bears are without, and the generous dog alone seems by his proximity to have caught from us, — Envy, accompanying Religion, swells amid

her genuflexions to the Episcopal canopy, at seeing so much wealth so ill distributed. The low cannot be leaders without a change nor without a party. Some unintelligible syllable is seized; and the vulgar are taught to believe that salvation rests upon it. Even this were little: they are instructed that salvation may be yet perhaps insecure, unless they drag others to it by the throat, and quicken their paces at the dagger's point. Popery first laid down this doctrine; the most abominable and monstrous of her tenets, and the only one that all establishments, splitting off from her, are unanimous in retaining.

Washington. The reductions you propose would bring about another; they would remove the necessity of a standing army in that unfortunate country, and would enable the government to establish three companies for fisheries, — the herring, the cod, and the whale, — and to enrich her remote dominions with the superabundance of a discontented peasantry. The western part of Ireland in another century may derive as great advantages from her relative position with America, as the eastern from hers with the mercantile and manufacturing towns of Lancashire. The population is already too numerous, and is increasing, which of itself is the worst of curses, unless when high civilization regulates it; and the superflux must be diverted by colonization, or occupied on the seas by commerce. Manufacturers tend to deteriorate the species, but begin by humanizing it. Happy those countries which have occasion for little more of them than may supply the home consumption! National debts are evils, not so much because they take away from useful and honest gains, as because they create superfluous and dishonest ones; and because, when carried as far as England would carry hers, they occasion half the children of the land to be cooped up in buildings which open into the brothel and the hospital.

In assenting to you, I interrupted your propositions; pray go on.

Franklin. I would permit no Englishman to hold in Ireland a place of trust or profit, whether in Church or State. I would confer titles and offices on those Irish gentlemen who reside in the country; and surely they would in time become habituated to a regular and decorous mode of life. The

landlord and clergyman might in the beginning lose something of current coin; but if you consider that their lives, houses, and effects would be safe, that provisions would be plentiful in proportion to the concessions they make, and that in no year would their rents and incomes fail, as they now do at least thirty in each century, you will find that their situation, like the situation of their inferiors, must be improved.

Washington. Many will exclaim against the injustice of taking from one class alone a portion of its property as insurance-money.

Franklin. Not from one alone; property should be protected at its own cost: this is the right and the object of governments. The insurance is two-fold; that of the private man and that of the community: the latter is the main consideration. I perceive nothing arbitrary, nothing novel, in its principle.* The King of England and Ireland, as head of the Church, succeeds by consent of Parliament to the disposal of benefices. He surely can do in his own kingdom what the pope can do in another's, where ecclesiastical property (if any can be called so) is concerned. The religion of a State is established for the correction of its morals, and its morals are requisite to the maintenance of the laws. Religion, then, in the view of a statesman, is only a thing that aids and assists the laws, removing from before them much of their painful duties, and lessening (if good and effectual) the number of their officers and executioners. So that in political economy there is between them a close and intimate connection, and both alike are subject to regulations in them from the same authority. Where there is a State religion, the salary of a clergyman should be as much subject to the State as the stipend of a custom-house officer and exciseman. If a government exerts the power of taxing one trade or profession, it does the same thing or more. Suppose it should levy a tax of

* There is an argument which could not be attributed to Franklin, because it is derived from an authority to which he never appealed, and the words containing it are unlikely to have lain within the range of his reading: —

"Le Pape peut révoquer la loi établie par lui ou par prédécesseur, et oster *mesme sans occasion* les effects procédens d'icelle, et le bénéfice valide à un chacun: car il a entière disposition sur les bénéfices." — *Em. Sa.* p. 528.

a hundred pounds on every man who begins the business of an apothecary or lawyer, is not the grievance even heavier, as pressing on those whose gains are yet uncertain and to be derived from others, than it would be if bearing upon those whose emoluments are fixed, and proceed from the government which regulates and circumscribes them? But they have been accustomed, you will say, to the enjoyment of more. So much clear gain for them; and I hope they may have made a liberal and prudent use of the superfluity. Those who have done so will possess minds ready to calculate justly their own lasting interests, and the interests of the community for whose benefit they have been appointed. If there is any thing the existence of which produces great and general evil, and the abolition of which will produce great and general good in perpetuity, the government is not only authorized by right but bound by duty to remove it. Compensation should be made to the middle-men for all losses; it should be made even to the worst: these losses may as easily be ascertained, as those occasioned to proprietors and tenants through whose lands we open a road or a canal.

Washington. Methods, far short of what you indicate, will be adopted, and will fail. Constitutional lawyers will assent that Ireland be subject to martial law for thirty years in the century, and to little or none for the remainder, but will not assent that every thing unlawful be unnecessary and unprovoked. In consequence of which, within the lifetime of some in existence we shall have two millions of Irishmen in America, reclaimed from their ferocity by assuaging their physical and moral wants, and addicted to industry by the undisturbed enjoyment of its reward. Experience seems to have given no sort of instruction to their rulers: they profit by nothing old, they venture on nothing new.

Franklin. We are informed, by the scientific in chemistry, that a diamond and a stick of charcoal on the hearth are essentially of the same materials. In like manner, those among men who to the vulgar eye are the most dissimilar in externals are nearly the same in mind and intellect; and their difference is the effect of accident and fortune, of position and combination. Those who, governing the political, influence in a high degree the moral world, can perform at once what Nature is myriads of years in accomplishing: they

can convert the stick of charcoal into a diamond, by the aliment and situation they allow to it. Our government will find its interest in doing so: others will pursue their old occupation in reducing the diamond to its dark original, and exercise their divine right of keeping it unextracted.

If I were a member of the British Ministry, I should think I acted wisely, not in attempting to prove that the Constitution is the best in the world, but in demonstrating, if I could, the reverse. For in proportion as they labor to extol it, in the same proportion do they oblige us to suppose them its most impudent and outrageous violators, or, at the least, ignorant of its spirit and incapable of its application. Otherwise, how could this excellent form be the parent of deformity? How could the population, where the country is so fertile and the race so industrious, contain a larger number of indigent families, and those among the most laborious and the most virtuous, than any other upon earth?

Washington. If the Constitution were what it is represented, its agents could not abuse it; and, if its agents could not abuse it, America would not have been at this time separated from England; nor would Ireland have been condemned to a massacre once at farthest in two generations; nor would the British people be more heavily taxed in its comforts and its necessaries than the Algerines and Turks, when its industry is so much greater, and when its territory has not been occupied nor invaded nor endangered by an enemy.

Franklin. The Persian despots never debased the souls of the nations they had conquered, and do not appear to have coveted their purses. Herodotus calls the taxation of the Ionian States a tranquillizing and pacificatory measure. No portion of the globe was more advantageously situated for commerce than the Greek republics in Asia; no soil richer, no climate healthier, no people more industrious. Æolians, Ionians, and Dorians, together with Pamphylia, Lycia, the islands of Rhodes, Cos, Samos, Chios, and Sestos, — on the whole exceeding four hundred miles by forty, — were taxed unalterably at four hundred talents (about £105,000) by Darius, according to a scale *submitted to their deputies* by his father, Artaxerxes. Italy in the time of Nero contained at the lowest computation twenty-six millions of inhabitants, and paid less in taxes than the City of London with its appurtenances.

Appian states that Pompey imposed on the Tyrians and Cilicians a hundredth of their income. Hadrian was accused of great severity toward the Jews in having somewhat augmented the rate which Vespasian had decreed, and which, according to Zonaras and Xiphilinus, was about sixteen pence on each. Strabo remarks that Egypt brought a revenue of about £180,000 to the father of Cleopatra, which was doubled by Augustus. When he was declared Imperator against M. Antonius, the Senate decreed a temporary property-tax of a twentieth. Plutarch, in his *Life of Pompey*, informs us that he levied on Asia £192,000. M. Antonius had exacted in advance at one time the tribute of ten years.

Washington. The possibility of levying in a single year the ordinary taxes of ten is a proof how extremely light were the impositions on the richest subjects of the Roman empire. Laboring under the enormous debt of £200,000,000, the English could not in any emergency pay the rate of three years anticipated.

Franklin. The nations of Asia had recently paid more heavily: for it was objected to them as a reproach, and as a cause for this exaction, that they had raised for Cassius and Brutus in the one preceding year what was now demanded for ten.

Washington. So long as the English tolerate the absorption of their wealth under the patronage of their peerage, wars and taxation will severely scourge them. Wars, the origin of taxation, are systematical in their periods, however little so in their conduct, and must recur about every twenty years as a new generation springs up from the aristocracy, for which all the great civil employments however multiplied are insufficient, and which disdains all other professions than the military and the naval. But when this devourer hath exhausted and concentrated in itself nearly all the land and riches of the nation, then it will begin to discuss the question whether it can gain most by suppressing the Church establishment, or by maintaining it in its rankness.

Franklin. May it not happen that the question be tried before a session of other jurors; and that the benches of the Lords Spiritual have nothing else upon them than the benches of the Lords Temporal with the legs uppermost? If State religions were abolished, the world would be quieter and better;

in England the national debt would be liquidated in a century, and in Ireland the public tranquillity would be established in a year. Among our own injuries on the part of England, this never bore upon us; namely, to pay for hearing what we knew or for what we disbelieved. If there existed no establishment in England, fear would be entertained of Puritanism.

Washington. Against what could Puritanism act? It overthrew the Established Church in her state of inebriety; it kicked into the streets her crosiers and mitres, and other such ensigns of barbarism and paganism and despotism. When it finds nothing to quarrel with out of doors, it will quarrel at home.

Franklin. It grows strong by being kept in the cool, and bunged up by the ecclesiastical excise.

Washington. Benjamin, I do not like to meddle with religions, nor indeed to speak about them. All of them appear to me inoffensive, excepting the Popish, which not only would have a hand in every man's pocket, but an ear on every man's pillow.

Franklin. I know not whether the Irish are very fervent in their devotion to the Bishops of Rome. Probably they are unaware of some among the benefits they have heretofore received from them. Few, I dare say, have ever heard that their Holy Father, Hadrian the Fourth, solemnly gave his sanction to Henry the Second to invade and subjugate their country. This, I dare likewise say, would be loudly contradicted by the few who know it. Indeed, I must correct my words before I go farther. Hadrian did not give his sanction; he sold it. A tax was to be paid the Holy See on every Irish family. So that the Holy See was as much interested as Henry himself that the conquest should be effectual and complete. The Holy Father chose rather a tax on families than a capitation; for, although many thousands of men would be exterminated, few whole families would.

Washington. We may talk together in private of these historical facts; but if we mention them to people whose eyes might be opened by them, we shall render them in the same degree our enemies as we are their true friends.

Franklin. I knew a certain man who would take the most nauseous medicine in health, because he had paid money for it at the apothecary's when he was ill; at the same time he would not eat a fresh salad at the next door. Things are

valued by the places they come from. If a reasoner were to say what a Saint hath said about the Blessed Trinity, in most countries he would be called an infidel, and even in some of the most tolerant he would be subject to fine and imprisonment.

Washington. How was that?

Franklin. St. Augustine says, "We talk of Three Persons merely for the sake of talking."

Washington. Oh the knave!

Franklin. And scholars do say that the Latin expression is an ugly one: "Dictum est Tres *Personæ*, non ut aliquid diceretur, sed ne taceretur."

Washington. Instead of sending to a rotten old city, the most profligate and the most venal on earth, for spiritual advice and counsel, — which always comes to you in the form of a command, and enclosing an order to pay a pretty round sum to the bearer, — could not every city and every hamlet find some worthy inhabitant capable of giving his opinion upon those matters, if indeed there be any such, which the Disciples of Christ were unable or inattentive or indifferent to elucidate and explain? I see nothing worth a quarrel in them; and certainly there is nothing which the blessed Author of our religion would recommend us to fight about. If there were no hierarchy in England and Ireland, the people of both countries would be brotherly and contented. They would mind their own business, and not the business of those who fare sumptuously on their credulity, and ride in rich housings on their fiery animosities. The revenues of ecclesiastics would overpay the just demands of a protecting and frugal government. Let the Protestant Church be no longer a hireling; and the Popish will drop away rag after rag, image after image, to the great emolument of the barber's shop. The poor people of that persuasion would not long be so foolish and besotted as to pay tithes where the heretic pays none. Inequality would shake their creed, extortion would open their eyes, and they would feel on that occasion what they now feel on another, — that they were not, as they ought to be, in the same condition as the Protestant. The parties will never be peaceable until the banners are thrown into the dust between them, and each tramples upon his own. Absurdities in worship would soon cease if nobody gained by them.

Within half a century, the whole people would find in their hands and hearts nothing else than the unencumbering and unexhausting page, which, if its spirit were received in its purity, might well be denominated the Book of Life. So mischievous a use, however, has been made of it for above a thousand years, that if you take, as churches would force you, their glosses and interpretations for part of it, then indeed may it be called more properly the book of imposture and extortion, of darkness and destruction.

Franklin. We may become so habituated to tyranny as neither to feel nor see it. The part on which its poison has been perpetually dropping is deadened; else would it be possible that throughout a whole nation, incomparably the most enlightened of any upon earth, young men should be sent from a distance, — quite unknown to the parishioners, and often of a vicious or loose character, and for the greater part of a light one, — to teach the experienced as well as the inexperienced their duties, and to be paid for a lesson which has been already taught by others?

Washington. Supposing an establishment to exist at all, the uttermost that a grave and reflecting people could reasonably be expected to endure is that the bishop or presbyter, chosen by the clergy of the diocese, should nominate at least three natives of it, in order for the parishioners to appoint one of them to the vacant benefice. They should agree with him upon the stipend, which they would do amicably, just as they agree with an apothecary for his attendance on the paupers. He should be removable for any offence against the laws, or for any habits which they and the bishop should declare to be inconsistent with his office.

Franklin. These remarks of yours are reasonable. In regard to the appointment of clergymen, the Roman Church is more observant of propriety than the English. It rarely if ever happens that a parish priest is sent from a distance to his cure: he almost always is chosen from among his townsmen or provincials. This difference would be a subject of wonder to me, if I did not likewise see the representatives of boroughs, not selected as they were formerly from among the most respectable of the burgesses, but invited for the greater part from a distance, and utterly unknown both morally and politically by those who depute them to parliament. Can

any thing be more disgraceful to the inhabitants of a city, than to declare by their actions that none of them is worthy of confidence, or capable of transacting their affairs? And either this must be the inference, or we must attribute their conduct to the most scandalous venality.

Washington. I would obviate present evils by present remedies, as in the case of Ireland. Many good things cannot be done, many indifferent ones may be; if, indeed, those are to be called indifferent which are only so at the time, and very far from it in the consequences. Religion, I agree with you, is too pure for corporations: it is best meditated on in our privacy, and best acted on in our ordinary intercourse with mankind. If we believe in Revelation, we must believe that God wishes us to converse with him but little, since the only form of address he has prescribed to us is an extremely short one. He has placed us where our time may be more beneficially employed in mutually kind offices; and he does not desire us to tell him hour after hour how dearly we love him, or how much we want from him: he knows these things exactly.

Franklin. These, however, are the things which occupy the pulpit; and the ceremonies attending them and the modes of doing them, together with disquisitions on His body and parentage, have cost the lives of millions. In money, too, and lands I have calculated what Europe has paid for them; but the sum total, if I could repeat it, would confound the head of any arithmetician; nor was there ever a man in the world who could remember the figures, if he had heard them but once or twice read to him. The despots of France never exacted by their detested *corvée* so large a portion as the pastors claim in England, — a tenth forsooth of every man's industry; and this tenth is taken off the ground untaxed, while the other nine parts are liable to new deductions. If truths are plain, they ought not to cost so much; if not plain, still less are they worth it. The tyrants of Sicily demanded a tenth of the corn, but not a tenth of oil or wine or hay or legumes, or fruits of any kind, in which the island was equally abundant. This satisfied them, and sufficed to keep the bodies and minds of their subjects in order and subjection.

Washington. We never had to complain of England for persecuting us by her fox-hunters in the Church; nor indeed,

to speak honestly and freely, so much of any persecution as of idle and unprofitable vexation.

Franklin. The conduct of England toward us resembles that of Ebenezer Bullock toward his eldest son, Jonas.

Washington. I remember old Ebenezer; and I believe it was Jonas who, when another youth after giving him much offence and seeing him unresisting would fain fight him, replied, "Nay, I will not fight thee, friend; but if thou dost with that fist what thou threatenest, by the Lord's help I will smite thee sore, marking thee for one of an ill unprofitable flock; and thou shalt walk home in heaviness, like a wether the first morning he was made one." Whereat he took off his coat, folded it up, and laid it on the ground, saying, "This at least hath done no harm, and deserveth good treatment." The adversary, not admiring such an object of contemplation, went away muttering more reasonable threats, conditional and subjunctive. Ebenezer, I guess, aggravated and wore out his son's patience; for the old man was rich and testy, and would have his comforts neither encroached upon nor much partaken.

Franklin. My story is this. Jonas had been hunting in the woods, and had contracted a rheumatism in the face which drew it awry, and, either from the pain it occasioned or from the medicines he took to cure it, rotted one of his grinders. Old Ebenezer was wealthy, had little to do or to care about, made few observations on his family, sick or sound, and saw nothing particular in his son's countenance. However, one day after dinner when he had eaten heartily, he said, "Son Jonas, methinks thy appetite is not over-keen: pick (and welcome) the other half of that hog's foot."

"Father," answered he, "I have had a pain in my tooth the last fortnight; the northerly wind does it no good to-day. I would rather, if so be that you approve of it, eat a slice of yon fair cheesecake in the closet."

"Why, what ails the tooth?" said Ebenezer. "Nothing more," replied Jonas, "than that I cannot chew with it what I used to chew." "Drive a nail in the wall," quoth stoutly and courageously Ebenezer, "tie a string to one end, and lace the other round thy tooth."

The son performed a part of the injunction, but could not very dexterously twist the string around the grinder, for his

teeth were close and the cord not over-fine. Then said the father kindly, "Open thy mouth, lad! give me the twine: back thy head, — back it, I tell thee, over the chair."

"Not that, father! not that; the next;" cried Jonas. "What dost mean?" proudly and impatiently said Ebenezer. "Is not the string about it? Dost hold my hand too, scape-grace? Dost give me this trouble for nought?" "Patience, now, father!" meekly said Jonas with the cord across his tongue; "let me draw my tooth my own way."

"Follow thine own courses, serpent!" indignantly exclaimed Ebenezer. "As God's in Boston, thou art a most wilful and undutiful child." "I hope not, father." "Hope not! rebel! Did not I beget thee and thy teeth, one and all? Have not I lodged thee, clothed thee, and fed thee, these forty years; and now, I warrant ye, all this bustle and backwardness about a rotten tooth! Should I be a groat the richer for it, out or in?"

Washington. Dignity in private men and in governments has been little else than a stately and stiff perseverance in oppression; and spirit, as it is called, little else than the foam of hard-mouthed insolence. Such at last is become the audacity of Power, from a century or more of holidays and riot, it now complains that you deprive it of its prerogative if you limit the exercise of its malignity. I lament that there are those who can learn no lesson of humanity, unless we write it broadly with the point of the sword.

Franklin. Let us hope, however, that we may see the day when these scholars shall be turned out of school.

Washington. The object of our cares and solicitudes, at present, is the stability of the blessings we have obtained. No attempt against them is dangerous from without, nor immediately from within; but the seeds of corruption are inherent, however latent, in all bodies, physical and political; guards therefore should be stationed, and laws enacted, to deter adventurers from attempts at despotism.

Franklin. Other offences, even the greatest, are the violation of one law: despotism is the violation of all. The despot then should be punished, not only by loss of life, which the violation of only one law may incur, and which leaves no pain, no repentance, no example, but also with exposure and scourges, as among the Romans. Conspiracies are weak and

frivolous: the hand of every man should be directed against him whose hand is directed against every man. Societies, on the contrary, should be instituted to recompense the avenger of humanity: every land should be his country, every free citizen his brother. The greatest men, according to what is taught in schools and colleges, are those who have offered the greatest violence to reason and humanity. Destroyers of freedom are more celebrated than its founders, — Pompey than Pelopidas, Cæsar than Timoleon, — just as we hear more of him who burns a house than of him who builds one.

Washington. In the proper choice of teachers, and in the right course of education, are to be found the best preventive laws against despotism. Wherever there is a political church, of whatever creed, supported by the shoulders of the people, whether against their will or partially with it, there will be much dissatisfaction and much intolerance. Unhappily most of Christ's doctrines are superseded or explained away. There is one indeed which was never in fashion, and which, where all are good, is among the best. *Commune with thine own heart in thy chamber, and be still.* This, if attended to in England and Ireland, would speedily send Episcopal thrones into the lumber-room.

Franklin. When certain men cry loudest, they feel least. Indeed, there is a great deal less of bigotry in the world than is usually supposed, and a great deal more insincerity. Our faith is of little moment or concern to those who declaim against it. They are angry, not at our blindness, but that the blind will trust his own dog and staff rather than theirs; and, what is worse, that he will carry the scrip. This is wilfulness: they would fain open his eyes to save him from the sin of it; and they break one or two bones because he will not take them for his oculists.

Washington. Love of power resides in the breast of every man, and is well regulated and discreet in few. Accompanied by genius, it is likewise too frequently accompanied by pride and arrogance. Although it assumes to itself the highest character, it is really among the weakest of our affections. Christianity, in its unadulterated form, is perfectly adapted to control it: in its adulterated, it has been the main support of aggression and iniquity. If ever we reduce it in America to an *Establishment* (as people call it), its spirit flies, and its

body so weighs upon us that we cast it down, or let it slip quietly from our arms. For Christianity is in itself of such simplicity, that whoever would make an Establishment of it must add imposture: and from imposture grows usurpation.

Franklin. Every mother, if left to herself, would teach her child what that child during the whole of his lifetime pays dearly for being taught, and what from such payment makes often an unkindly and unjust impression on him. He is obliged to purchase a commodity he does not require, and one which (sometimes it may happen), he has a larger store of than the patentee and vender. The most pious and moral men upon earth are the inhabitants of New England; and they are so because their consciences have never been drilled nor swathed; and because they never have been taught to divide their offering — the prayer and psalm on this side, the bag of wheat and truss of clover on that — between God and the ministers of the Church.

Washington. While such men as the New England men are existing, our independence and liberty are secure. Governments, in which there are Establishments, will, without great prudence, fall into danger from sects: every new one gives a fresh security and an additional stability to ours.

Franklin. A mixture of sects is as advantageous to a political system as a mixture of blood is to the strength and perpetuity of the human race. Every thing wants gentle, insensible, unrestricted renovation, — air, fire, earth, water, the vegetables, the animals, man, States. To you, fellow-citizen and defender, the most beneficent on record is principally owing. If America had been conquered, the breath of Freedom had been stifled in every region of the world, and we should have lamented the fate even of the people who in their blindness had enslaved us.

Looking to what may happen in future, on the ground you have marked out to me, I recollect an admirable law of Solon, which enacts that in case of usurpation the magistrates should resign their offices; and that he who continued his functions after the extinction of the popular power should, together with the subverter of it, be punished with death by any private citizen. Let jurists decide whether it be not right and expedient to punish, not usurpers only, but (if in compliance with the vulgar use of language we must distinguish them) con-

querors, too, in this manner; on the principle that every individual may recover his own property, and slay the spoiler who detains it aggressively. And let moralists judge, whether a few of such chastisements on choice subjects would not cool in a great degree the lust of spoliation and conquest. We will not be morose and captious with the lovers of peace and order; we will concede to them that it is a dangerous question to agitate whether an arbitrary but salutary imprisonment now and then, with now and then an unlucky but well-meant torture, should be resisted or endured: for such things (they will tell us) happen occasionally in the most flourishing and best-regulated governments. But when constitutions are destroyed and legal magistrates are displaced, every man may pick up the broken laws; and it is a virtue to exercise the most solemn and the most imperative of them gratuitously. That of Solon, moderate as he was, goes farther. A similar law was enacted at Rome on the abolition of the decemvirate.*

Washington. Our constitution is flexible and yielding by reason of its homogeneousness and its purity. Like the surface of our country, it may in some measure be changed by improvements and still preserve its character and features. The better part of what we have imported from England is retained for the present, because it is difficult to introduce new regulations in times of trouble, and that the mischievous should not burst in between the old paling and the new. Several of these must be repealed, but gradually and occasionally.

Franklin. In England, more have been made and repealed again within one century than in all the rest of the universe within three; not reckoning, as would be unfair, what has been effected by revolutions. The worst have lasted the longest.† Barrenness is perennial; fertility is the produce of a season.

* Ne quis ullum magistratum sine provocatione crearet: qui creasset, eum jus fasque esset occidi, neve ea cædes capitalis noxæ haberetur. *Liv.* iii. 55.

† Nevertheless, it is proved and declared from the Bench that the mass of the people live in comfort, not to say in affluence; for Mr. Justice Best informs us that *most of the industrious part of the community live upon nothing else than bread and water.* That the laws are liberal is proved also and declared from the Bench by the same high authority.

Washington. The whole system of representation, on which every thing depends of law and liberty, has been changed within our memory.

Franklin. Except the Chancery-court.

Sedet æternumque sedebit.

It has carried more ruin and desolation into innocent families than all the gaming-houses and other haunts of vice in the three kingdoms. Orphans, charities, schools, hospitals, are absorbed by the hundred, and swallowed up in this inland Maëlstrom.

Washington. The English talk of other grievances, and hardly notice this: we may be so near an object as not to see it in its full extent, nor clearly.

Franklin. A sailor condemned to be hanged was thus admonished: "Prepare yourself to appear before your eternal judge." "What does his lordship mean?" said he to the jailer who was conducting him away. "Sure, I can have nothing to do with my Lord Chancellor! I have neither land nor tenement; and he would turn up his nose at my jacket and trousers."

There is no country where laws are so disproportionate to offences, so sanguinary, so disputable, so contradictory, so tardy, so expensive. Now these are the six principal defects of laws, and to which it would be difficult to add a seventh of weight: for laxity cannot co-exist with them. More fortunes have been wrecked upon the quicksands of British jurisprudence than ever have been engulfed by any one despotism; and more crimes are capital in England than were even known by name among the Jews in the time of Moses, or among the Athenians in the time of Draco.

He tells us that writers of newspapers ought to report *nothing* of the King but what has been communicated by the Ministry. Mr. Justice Best, being raised to the Peerage, said, "*I bullied them into it.*" At a public dinner, he proposed the health of George IV., enumerated his manifold virtues, and stated the benefits he had conferred on the nation. Upon which Mr. T. Erskine begged to remind him of one omission, and to suggest that the national thanks should be humbly offered to his Majesty for the late abundant harvest. We may hope that ere long allied kings, instead of sending each other stars, snuff-boxes, and crosses, will amicably exchange ministers, jurists, and judges; all good and useful for all.

Washington. Sometimes it is not the ignorant who act the most absurdly. Our late enemies are now just as angry with us as if they fancied we were mocking their mutability; some of them are more alarmed at the form of government we have chosen than at any other consequence of our liberation: I think, without reason. Republicanism is fit only for nations grown up, and is equally ill adapted to those in decay and to those in infancy. Europeans do indeed call ours an infant State.

Franklin. Ay, indeed? I never heard of an infant who kicked its mother downstairs.

Washington. Be graver, Benjamin, and inform me whether, in your opinion, States do not reasonably date from their instruction and experience, and not from this or from that effect of vicissitude; and whether any nation in the world was ever better informed than ours in its duties and interests.

Franklin. None on record: and God grant that every novelty in our country may be as just and reasonable as that contained in your observation with regard to dates. We are as old a nation as the English, although we are not so old in America as they in England. Crossing the ocean does not make a man younger; neither does it a people.

Washington. Other accusations than those of juvenility are brought against us, and in appearance weightier. We are accused of the worst ingratitude, in having turned our strength and prosperity against the authors of it. Prosperity and strength never have excited a colony to rebellion, nor is wealth a whisperer to independence. But when arrogance and injustice stride forth into a colony strong and prosperous, it takes the advantage of its strength and prosperity; and then indeed wealth, which has not been the mover, becomes the supporter, of emancipation. Every colony of England hath evinced a desire of quitting her when it could; not a single one of ancient Rome. Under the government of Hadrian, Utica, Italica, and Gades, enjoying the privileges of municipal towns, entreated and obtained the title of colonies; though in the former condition they might exercise all the magistracies, and enjoy all the dignities of the republic. Yet Rome, we are informed, was the subjugator of mankind, and England the protector.

Franklin. God protect the wretchedest of his creatures from such protection!

Washington. We have spoken of the danger to which every State, sooner or later, is subject from arbitrary power, and on the principles which ought to be instilled into every young citizen, first to guard against it, and then, if unsuccessful in his precautions, to exterminate it. Aristocracy, in the eyes of many, is as great an evil, and more imminent. Hence we have a party in force against the institution of a Senate; and indeed, if I could consider it as any thing like an aristocracy or oligarchy in its gait or tendency, I should disapprove of it openly and loudly. But in fact ours is the only intermediate body which can do good; and I think it capable of this to a great extent. Hereditary Senates, under whatever name, are eternally tearing and consuming the vitals of their country. Our Senate brings no such evil with it; on the contrary, every thing about it is conservative and prospective. Its beneficent effects go beyond itself, and exceed its attributions: for, as none can be elected into it whose fortunes do not show him to have been prudent, and whose demeanor has not been regular and decorous, many spirits which from their nature, from youth, from zeal, from ambition, would be clamorous and unruly among our representatives, are controlled and guided by the hope of rising thence into this venerable assembly.

Franklin. Tiberius, the wisest of despots, to increase his own power, increased that of the Senate, and transferred to it the business of the *comitia.* In more barbarous times, the king and aristocracy will contend for power, and the people will lift up its head between them; in more civilized, when abundance of wealth produces abundance of offices, the two will unite, and the people sink imperceptibly under them. For it is requisite in such a State to the existence of both that the mass do not become rich or instructed; against which evils wars and lucrative places are devised, and elections are so managed as to occasion a vast expenditure, and to be accompanied by as many vices as can find room. Where Senates have not been the executive power or the appointers of it, they have been instruments, but never intermediaries. That of papal Rome is in nothing less respectable than that of imperial. The venerable body — consisting of one man, a

robe, and a periwig — went this year before the "Holiness of our Lord," requesting his permission to wear masks the last week * of the carnival. Who can doubt the utility and dignity of such institutions, or that something of such gravity and decorum ought always to stand between the prince and the people?

Washington. Other nations seem to entertain more fears for us, in the abundance of their benevolence, than we entertain for ourselves. They acknowledge you and some few more among us to be honest and well-meaning persons, and, pressing them hardly, do not deny altogether that you are moderate, reasonable, capable of instruction, nay indeed wise; yet the merest youths, whist-players, and jockeys, turn their heads across their shoulders to give you a word of advice. When the Popular part, the Senatorial part, the Executive part are summarily discussed, the whole together is taken up as lightly and as easily disposed of. "Republics cannot stand!" is the exclamation of council-board and sounding-board; the echo of Church and Chamber.

Franklin. I would reduce the question to as few words as they would. A single argument is enough for a single truth: whatever comes after is in part illustration, in part confusion.

When the advantages of kingship and republicanism are opposed, the main inquiry is not about forms or families, not about the government of the fewer or the more; but whether the good shall control the bad, or the bad control the good. A whole people cannot long err in its choice. One man or two may agree with a groom that an unsound horse is a sound one; but twenty will not, take the twenty even at hazard. The great advantage is, however, when you can send back the horse after trying him, or change him on discovering his infirmity.

Washington. There are certain parts of our constitution which are capable of improvement. In my situation it would be imprudent and indecorous to point them out. But it is better in its present condition than if it were more centralized and compact. It is like those bridges which are overlaid with loose planks, and of which, when the tide is rising rap-

* This was likewise done in 1824.

idly, the platform would be heaved up and broken if it were more strained into apparent solidity.

Franklin. In government, as in other things, we — and not only we, but even those wiser and greater men, the ministers of kings — may profit by reading the first half-page in the *Elements of Geometry*, in which we find that "the right line is the shortest way from one point to another," and, I would add, *cæteris paribus*, the easiest and surest.

We were called, a little while ago, the partisans of anarchy. At that time we could not argue with our opponents, they being in a state of frenzy, and running loose; but now that their arms are tied behind them, and that they are at home and a-bed, we may reason calmly with them, and tell them that no number is so near to nothing as one, and no government so near to anarchy as monarchy. There is more than one kind of anarchy, though there is only one known by name; as there are plants and metals under our feet, unclassed and undescribed. We are in the habit of calling those bodies of men anarchal which are in a state of effervescence; but the most anarchal of all are those which surrender self-rule to the caprice of the worst informed and least tractable members of society. Anarchy, like other things, has its certain state and season of quiescence; and its features are only the more flushed and discomposed by the somnolence of repletion and supineness.

Washington. A third question, of less intense anxiety, is raised by those who read our fortunes, not in the palms of our hands, but in the clouds. At some future day, they portend to us that every province will be an independent State.

Franklin. Horrible prediction! We shall experience the misfortune, then, to have cultivated our wilds; to have subdivided and peopled hill, forest, and savannah; to have excavated quarries, mines, canals; to have erected arsenals, to have constructed navies; to be so rich, in short, and so powerful as to fear no enemy and to need no alliance. The time undoubtedly will come when each province will produce as much as all do now; so that as easily and safely as all now stand together, each will then stand alone. A long experience of their true interests, a certainty that they depend upon peace and concord, will render wars impossible among them; and if any European power should have the temerity to attack

the weakest, not only will our other States chastise that power, but its own subjects will abandon or subvert it. Repose from oppression, refuge from persecution, respect for honesty, and reward for industry are found here. A laborer gains more in this country than a "professor of humanity" in some of the most civilized on the other continent. Resolute to defend these advantages, the children of America are for ever free: those of Europe, many years yet, must thread the labyrinth and face the Minotaur.

IX. ANDREW HOFER, COUNT METTERNICH, AND THE EMPEROR FRANCIS.

Metternich. Who are you, man? I hear you have brought some intelligence from Tyrol. Be brief; I have little time for audiences, and am surprised that you should have required one, although you mountaineers are somewhat used to liberties. What, in few words, have you brought from your country?

Hofer. This.

Metternich. No enigmas: at the court of Vienna we understand no other than plain language.

Hofer. Your Excellency commanded me to be brief: I was. This is the heron's feather which moved merrily over the Alps, when not an eagle's was stirring. If the slaughter of thirty thousand enemies is worth a recompense, I come at the instigation of those who followed me, to ask one.

Metternich. I expected it: never was an audience asked of me, or of any other minister, which did not begin or end so. But, friend, many years of war have exhausted the treasury. England is penurious; and we have innumerable young men, of high rank and great promise, disappointed in their hopes of preferment: beside, who ordered you to take up arms?

Hofer. My oath of allegiance, the voice of my country, my hatred of the French, and my contempt of the Italians, by whom principally our towns and villages were garrisoned.

Metternich. You would fain be another William Tell.

Hofer. As willingly as William Tell, now among the saints in heaven, would, if he were living, be another Andrew Hofer. We are creatures too humble for jealousy; we have neither rank nor beauty, neither silk hosiery nor powdered caul; we write no poems, challenge no club for attention, and solicit no clerk for preferment.

Metternich. I have found your name in the French gazettes, and you have just now mentioned it, I think; but really I quite forget what it may be.

Hofer. Andrew Hofer.

Metternich. Such is the tenderness of the Emperor, my master, for those who have served him faithfully, that although you are no longer his subject, yet, as you are a person of known bravery and of some repute in your country, if you will only change your name and enter into the service as an Austrian, I myself will venture to mention you as worthy of the earliest promotion, and, within three or four years at furthest, I entertain the best-founded hopes that you may be made a corporal.

Hofer. Excellent sir, I do not ask so much.

Metternich. A little money, if I could dispose of it, should not be wanting — but —

Hofer. Pardon me, sir, an interruption to the current of your kindness. I have grain and wine under a certain rock I could mention, with two hundred crowns, and my freehold may be valued at twelve hundred more; and I have children who are brave and healthy, who love their father and fear God.

Metternich. You want something, and it is neither money nor promotion. I believe I am as acute as most people, yet here I confess my dulness.

Hofer. If I have devoted my little property, which is always dearer to the possessor than a great one, as every shrub and hillock is familiar to him, and the scene of some joviality, some tenderness, or some kindness; if I have hazarded and exposed my life in all places and seasons, for him whom we both are serving, — grant me only a cell or a dungeon in this city. I have a country to defend, I have a family to educate, I have duties to teach and to perform; and your Excellency knows that the French police has traced me into the Austrian States, and has demanded that I should be delivered up.

Never shall this happen. I could not preserve the dominions of my master, but I will preserve his honor. Little did I ever dream of prisons: to us Tyrolese they are horrible as hell, and like hell the abodes of crime only; but he whom I have sworn to obey must do nothing unworthy of his name and station. Rather would I waste away my strength in this dreary asylum; rather would I live among the unholy and unjust; rather would I, if such be God's ordinance, lose the blossoming of my brave lads at home, which is worth a thousand times more, not only than all the future, but than all the past of life. There are those about them who will tell them of me, and there are places to take them into, on the cliffs and in the valleys, in many a copse and craggy lane, where my name, summer or winter, will sound in their ears right well.

Metternich. Mr. Hofer, I cannot enter into these discussions. It appears by your own acknowledgment that there will be little loss on either side. Your children will be taken care of, you say, whatever may happen; and a trifle at most can be the damage to your affairs. What then do you miss?

Hofer. The sight of my native hills, my homestead, my garden-plot of sweet herbs, the young apple-trees in my croft, the friends of my youth, the companions of my dangers, and the associates of many a freak and frolic requiring no less enterprise. I lose above all — but alas! what are the children of the great to them! You stared at me, sir Count, when I spoke to you of mine. One would imagine that *family* meant coaches, horses, grooms, liveries, and gravy-spoons: one would imagine there is some indecency in the word *child.* Believe me, sir, they are different things with us from what they are with you. If you happen to cherish them, it is that they may carry a lily, a lion, a bear, a serpent, or a bird, when you have done with it. I love in them — yes, beyond my own soul, God forgive me! — the very worst things about them; their unparriable questions, triumphant screams, and boisterous embraces. It is true, I never so talked of them before; but they are now beyond hail or whistle far enough.

Metternich. I shall be happy to expedite the business of your petition, from which it appears to me, my friend, you have somewhat deviated, forgetting the exact place and circumstances where you are.

Hofer. Excuse me, sir, once more. I acknowledge my error. I have been discoursing as if all the cloth in the world were of one color and one fineness, and as if a man who goes upon two legs were equal to one who goes upon eight or sixteen, with a varnished plank betwixt, and another man's rear at his nostrils.

Metternich. The brute! Others may have the same pretensions as you, and it is difficult to protect all we would favor.

Hofer. I stand alone in this proscription. Pretensions I have none: my country has used me as she would a trumpet. I was in her hands what she wished me to be, and what she made me. Whether her brave hearts followed me or followed this feather, what matters it? I am not better than those of them who are with God: had I been, he would have called me among the first. Those who are yet living wish to reserve me for another day, if another, such as brave men pant for, is decreed us.

Francis (*entering*). Sit still: who is that man, Count, stroking his cock's feather with his forefinger?

Metternich. It is the Andrew — Hofer — I think it is written.

Francis. I wish we were fairly rid of him.

Hofer. Sir, your countenance did not inspire me in the beginning with much confidence. When you entered, I observed that you dared not meet an honest man's eye.

Metternich. Audacious! do you know —

Francis. We may draw something from him: let him go on. Are we safe, Metternich? He is a strong rogue: I don't like his looks.

Hofer. It becomes not me to be angry with any one; but until I asked a favor from you, it would have been well in you to leave his Excellency to his own kind intentions. The little good that drips from the higher sources is intercepted or corrupted by secretaries, clerks, valets, and other such people as you.

Francis. What does he want?

Metternich. A place in prison.

Francis. Give him it.

Hofer. I thank you, friend. If you are idle, as you seem to be, pray show me the way. Come along: we are losing time.

Francis. Make out the order: send him off.

Hofer. The gentleman is gone, then! He gave his advice very fluently, almost as if he directed. When I would have embraced him for his readiness to serve me, his breath drove me back. Oh for a fresh pipe of tobacco! a bundle of sweet hay! a sprig of thyme! a bean-flower! Other creatures have each his own peculiar ill savor, and that suffices for the whole of him; but men, and in particular those of cities, have beds and parterres and plots and knots of stinks, varying in quality from the dells and dingles to the mountain-top. There are people who stink heart and soul: their bodies are the best of them. Away with these fellows! I would not be a materialist if I could help it; I was educated in no such bestiality; but is it possible that God should ever have intended spirits like these to be immortal?

Metternich. Friend, it is not permitted in any public office to exceed the business to be transacted there. I will venture to pronounce that yours is the first reflection ever made in one; and it affords no proof of your delicacy or discretion. If you wish protection, never hazard a remark of any kind, unless you intend it for publication: in that case the censor will judge of its propriety, and it may do you no harm. Write freely; write every thing you please: high souls are privileged at Vienna.

Soldier, take this note to the governor, as directed: you may accompany him, Mr. Hofer.

Hofer. To the governor! Do favor me, sir, with a prison.

Metternich. I do.

Hofer. But without sending me to his Excellency the governor of the city.

Metternich. My note is addressed to the governor of the prison.

Hofer. What! are jailers called governors?

Metternich. God's blood! the fellow asks questions: he examines ranks and dignities. Fare you well, Mr. Hofer: God preserve you, in reward of your zeal and fidelity.

Francis (*returning.*) Is he gone?

Metternich. This instant, sire.

Francis. The French minister is very urgent in the business: what is to be done?

Metternich. I am afraid he must be surrendered.

Francis. The empress says that all Europe would cry out against it, as an action the most ungenerous and ungrateful: such are her words.

Metternich. With your Majesty's permission, I not only would oppose to them the opinion of the archdukes and of the whole aulic council, but could also prove the contrary by plain and irrefragable arguments. Ungenerous it cannot be, because he desired no reward, and none was in question. Ungrateful it cannot be; for kings and emperors are exempt by the nature of things from that odious vice. It is the duty of subjects to do their utmost for the advantage of the prince; nothing is owing to them for an act of duty: duty is the payer, not the receiver. Whatever is accorded by a sovereign to his vassal is granted by special indulgence; a signification of being pleased, a testimonial of being served, a patent to the person thus gratified that he is at full liberty to serve and please again. There can be gratitude only where there are obligations and duties; and to suppose any in reciprocity between prince and people is rank Jacobinism.

Francis. Insurgents talk always of their country; a term which I would willingly never hear at all, and which no good subject ever utters in the first place. *Emperor and country, king and country*, we may bear, but hardly; although I have been assured that such phrases are uttered by many well-meaning men. But who ever heard of *country and emperor, country and king?* The times are bad enough; still, the subversion of right principles is not universal and complete.

Metternich. What orders would your Majesty give, relating to this Andrew Hofer?

Francis. He appears an irreverent, rash, hot-headed man: he could however be kept in order, as I said yesterday, by entering into one of my Austrian regiments, by going into Transylvania, or by lying a few years in the debtors' prison; and perhaps the French government, after a time, would be satisfied with the arrangement. To deliver him up is, after all, the more conformable to the desires of Bonaparte; and he can do me more injury than Hofer can do me good.

Metternich. Your Majesty has contemplated the matter in its true political point of view, and is persuaded that those few diamonds, of which I informed your Majesty as usual,

have no influence on my sentiments. I would not even offer my opinion; but hearing your Majesty's, it is my duty to see that your imperial will and pleasure be duly executed.

X. LORD CHESTERFIELD AND LORD CHATHAM.

Chesterfield. It is true, my lord, we have not always been of the same opinion, or, to use a better, truer, and more significant expression, of the same *side* in politics; yet I never heard a sentence from your lordship which I did not listen to with attention. I understand that you have written some pieces of advice to a young relative: they are mentioned as being excellent. I wish I could have profited by them when I was composing mine on a similar occasion.

Chatham. My lord, you certainly would not have done it, even supposing they contained, which I am far from believing, any topics that could have escaped your penetrating view of manners and morals: for your lordship and I set out diversely from the threshold. Let us then rather hope that what we both have written, with an equally good intention, may produce its due effect; which indeed I am afraid may be almost as doubtful, if we consider how ineffectual were the cares and exhortations, and even the daily example and high renown, of the most zealous and prudent men on the life and conduct of their children and disciples. We will however hope the best rather than fear the worst, and believe that there never was a right thing done or a wise one spoken in vain, although the fruit of them may not spring up in the place designated or at the time expected.

It may be difficult, I fear indeed it is impossible, to give our young nobility the graces and the amenity of the French; therefore I would rather try to cultivate the virtues inherent in them than engraft such as are uncongenial with the stock. We have indeed some few among us who far excel in politeness the most polished of any other nation; but the generality are as far surpassed, not merely by one nation, but by almost all. There is in them an arrogance, a self-sufficiency,

an exhibition of defiance, which turn away from them the attentions they would receive abroad. Hence they call insincere those who actually did attempt to endure them, but were unable to keep pace with their professions and intentions. Yet, my lord, I do not despair of your accomplishing what it would be hopeless to expect from any other. For, since you were Viceroy of Ireland, I have seen many natives of that country no less elegant in manners than the most accomplished of French gentlemen.

Chesterfield. I look back with satisfaction to my residence among them.

Chatham. Well may your lordship. Never since the conquest has Ireland passed so long a time in tranquillity and contentment. In this, my lord, you stand high above the highest of our kings; and by those who are right-minded, and who judge of men by the good they do and the difficulty of doing it, you will be placed by future historians in an elevated rank among the rulers of mankind. Pardon me, for to praise a great man in his presence is no slight presumption.

Chesterfield. My lord, although I did not come to you for my reward, I receive it at your hands with humble gratitude, and may begin to think I have in part deserved it. And now, if I am not taking too much freedom in requesting it, be pleased to give me the outline of your plan for education.

Chatham. Willingly, my lord; but since a greater man has laid down a more comprehensive one, containing all I could bring forward, would it not be preferable to consult it? I differ in nothing from Locke, unless it be that I would recommend the lighter as well as the graver part of the ancient classics, and the constant practice of imitating them in early youth. This is no change in the system, and no larger an addition than a woodbine to a sacred grove.

Chesterfield. I do not admire Mr. Locke.

Chatham. Nor I; he is too simply grand for admiration: I contemplate and revere him. Equally deep and clear, he is both philosophically and grammatically one among the most elegant of English writers.

Chesterfield. If I expressed by any motion of limb or feature my surprise at this remark, your lordship I hope will pardon me a slight and involuntary transgression of my own precept. I must entreat you, before we move a step farther

in our inquiry, to inform me whether I am really to consider him so exquisite in style.

Chatham. Your lordship is capable of forming an opinion on this point, certainly no less correct than mine.

Chesterfield. Pray, assist me.

Chatham. Education and grammar are surely the two driest of subjects on which a conversation can turn: yet if the ground is not promiscuously sown, if what ought to be clear is not covered, if what ought to be covered is not bare, and above all if the plants are choice ones, we may spend a few moments on it not unpleasantly. It appears, then, to me that elegance in prose composition is mainly this: a just admission of topics and of words; neither too many nor too few of either; enough of sweetness in the sound to induce us to enter and sit still; enough of illustration and reflection to change the posture of our minds when they would tire; and enough of sound matter in the complex to repay us for our attendance. I could perhaps be more logical in my definition, and more concise; but am I at all erroneous?

Chesterfield. I see not that you are.

Chatham. My ear is well satisfied with Locke; I find nothing idle or redundant in him, and I admire him particularly for his selection of plain and proper words. This I apprehend to be the prime essential of that eloquence which appeals solely to the reasoning faculties.

Chesterfield. But, in the opinion of you graver men, would not some of his principles lead too far?

Chatham. The danger is that few will be led by them far enough: most who begin with him stop short, and, pretending to find pebbles in their shoes, throw themselves down and complain of their guide.

Chesterfield. What then can be the reason why Plato, so much less intelligible, is so much more quoted and applauded?

Chatham. The difficulties we never try are no difficulties to us. They who are upon the summit of a mountain know in some measure its altitude, by comparing it with many objects around; but they who stand at the bottom and never mounted it can compare it with few only, and with those imperfectly. Until a short time ago I could have conversed more fluently about Plato than I can at present: I had read all the titles to the Dialogues and several scraps of commen-

tary; these I have now forgotten, and am indebted to long attacks of the gout for what I have acquired instead.

Chesterfield. A too severe schoolmaster! I hope he allows a long vacation.

Chatham. Severe he is, indeed: yet, although he sets no example of regularity, he exacts few observances and teaches many lessons. Without him I should have had less patience, less reading, less reflection, less leisure; in short, less of every thing but of sleep.

Chesterfield. Locke, from a deficiency of fancy, is not likely to attract so many listeners as Plato.

Chatham. And yet occasionally his language is both metaphorical and rich in images. In fact, all our great philosophers have this property in a wonderful degree. Not to speak of the devotional, in whose writings one might expect it, we find it abundantly in Bacon, not sparingly in Hobbes; the next to him in range of inquiry and potency of intellect. And what would you think, my lord, if you discovered in Newton a sentence in the spirit of Shakspeare?

Chesterfield. I should look upon it as upon a wonder, not to say a miracle: Newton, like Barrow, had no feeling or respect for poetry.

Chatham. His words are these: "I don't know what I may seem to the world; but as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of Truth lay all undiscovered before me."

Chesterfield. Surely, Nature, who had given him the volumes of her greater mysteries to unseal; who had bent over him and taken his hand, and taught him to decipher the characters of her sacred language; who had lifted up her veil before him higher than ever yet for mortal, that she might impress her features and her fondness on his heart, — threw it back wholly at these words, and gazed upon him with as much admiration as ever he had gazed with upon her.

Plato, I see from the Latin version, lies open on the table: the paragraphs marked with pencil, I presume, are fine passages.

Chatham. I have noted those only which appeared reprehensible, and chiefly where he is disingenuous and malicious.

Chesterfield. They indeed ought to be the most remarkable in the works of a philosopher. If the malice is against those who are thought greater or as great, it goes toward the demonstration that they are so; if on the contrary the objects of it are inferior to himself, he cannot take them up without raising them: unworthy of notice, they are more unworthy of passion. Surely, no philosopher would turn to an opposite conclusion from that which in the commencement he had designed to prove: as here he must do.

Chatham. He avoids an open hostility to Democritus and Xenophon and Aristoteles; yet I have detected him in more than one dark passage, with a dagger in his hand and a bitter sneer on his countenance. I know not whether it has been observed before that these words are aimed at the latter, the citizen of another State and the commentator of other laws, —

Οὐδ' ἐπιθυμία σε ἄλλης πόλεως οὐδ' ἄλλων νόμων ἔλαβεν εἰδέναι, αλλ' ἡμεῖς σοι ἱκανοὶ ἦμεν καὶ ἡ ἡμετέρα πόλις.

The compliment is more injurious to Socrates, for whom it was intended, than the insinuation to Aristoteles. But the prime object of his hatred, open here and undissembled, is Prodicus, — author of the beautiful allegory in which Pleasure and Virtue offer themselves to the choice of Hercules. In one place he mentions him with Polus *and many others*, — the least difficult and least clever of malignant expressions, where genius is the subject of calumny and invective. One hardly could imagine that he had the assurance and effrontery to call Epicharmus the chief of comic writers, before a people who that very day perhaps had been at a comedy of Aristophanes. The talent of Epicharmus lay in puns and ribaldry, and Hiero punished him for immodest conversation.

Chesterfield. I have read somewhere that, when Plato was young, it was predicted of him, from his satirical vein, that he would become in time a substitute for Archilochus.

Chatham. Athenæus, I think, has recorded it. I do not find so much wit as I expected; and, to speak plainly, his wit is the most tiresome and dull part of him; for who can endure a long series of conversations full of questions to entrap a sophist? Why not lead us to the trap at once by some unexpected turn? Yet Plato ought to be more powerful in wit

than in argument, for, it is evident, he labors at it more. There is more applicable good-sense, more delicate wit, more urbanity, more gracefulness in a single paper of the *Spectator*, than in six or eight among the minor of these Dialogues; in all which, not excepting the *Phædo*, I was disappointed.

Chesterfield. The language is said to be masterly and sonorous.

Chatham. *Αὐτὸ καθ' αὑτὸ ὡσαύτως κατὰ ταῦτα ἔχει, καὶ οὐδέποτε οὐδαμῶς ἀλλοίωσιν οὐδεμίαν ἐνδέχεται.** And again are several of the like sounds and words. *Σμικρα φυσις ουδεν μεγα ουδεποτε ουτε ιδιωτην ουτε πολιν δρᾶ.*

Chesterfield. Come, come, my lord; do not attempt to persuade me that an old woman's charm to cure a corn or remove a wart, or a gypsy-girl's to catch a sixpence, is Plato's Greek.

Chatham. Look yourself.

Chesterfield. I have forgotten the characters pretty nearly: faith! they appear to me, from what I can pick up, to correspond with the sounds you gave them. Jupiter, it is said by the ancients, would have spoken no other language than Plato's. If ever Jupiter uttered such sounds as these, it could be only when he was crossing the Hellespont.

Chatham. What do you think of this jingle: *Πρῶτον εὐλαβηθῶμέν τι πάθος μὴ παθῶμεν.*

Chesterfield. I really thought that his language was harmonious to the last degree.

Chatham. Generally it is so: his language is the best of him. We moderns are still children in our tongues, at least we English. For my own part, I always spoke in Parliament what I considered the most effectual to persuade my hearers, without a care or a thought touching the structure of my sentences; but knowing that the ancient orators and writers laid the first foundation of their glory upon syllables, I was surprised to find no fewer than nine short ones together in this eloquent author, — *ἄνδρας ἀποδεδοκιμακότες.** The accents which were guides to them, although unwritten, may have taken off somewhat from this peculiarity, and may have been a sort of support to the feebleness of the sound. No modern language can admit the concourse of so many such; and the Latin was so inadequate to the supply of them that it pro-

* Phædo.

duced, I believe, but one galliambic in the times of its strength and fertility; which poem required them in greater numbers and closer together than any other, but did not receive nine conjointly.

Chesterfield. Cicero was himself a trifler in cadences; and whoever thinks much about them will become so, if indeed the very thought when it enters is not trifling.

Chatham. I am not sure that it is, for an orderly and sweet sentence, by gaining our ear, conciliates our affections; and the voice of a beggar has often more effect upon us than his distress. Your mention of Cicero on this occasion reminds me of his *O fortunatam natam me consule Romam!* Playful as he was in his vanity, I do not believe the verse is his; but Plato wrote, *ἀλλὰ παρ' αὐτοὺς αὖ τοὺς δεῖν οὓς ὄντας ταῦτα*, &c. We may be too fastidious and fantastic in sounds and syllables; but a frequent recurrence of the same is offensive to the ear, and particularly in poetry. Nevertheless, he who appears to have had a more delicate one than almost any of the moderns, and indeed whose Latinity surpasses in elegance that of any of the Romans themselves, excepting Cicero and Cæsar, was persuaded that Tibullus was fond and studious of syllabic repetitions. It appears that this poet, says Muretus, thought it elegant to continue them, and that such as the following did not happen by accident, but were produced by application and design. "*Me me*a. Ip*se se*ram. Po*ma ma*nu. Mul*ta ta*bella. Sic*ca ca*nis."

Chesterfield. The Latin of Muretus may be elaborate and elegant, but he, like nearly all the best modern Latinists, was conceited, fantastical, and weakly-minded. And now I remember having been present at a discussion between two scholars on his merits in style. It was doubted whether he or Bembo is the most accurate; the beauties and faults of each were brought forward, and the sentence was given in favor of Bembo, for two or three reasons, of which the only one I can recollect is that Muretus wrote *sinceritas*, never doubting its Latinity, whereas Bembo when he employed it said, "*Si verbo uti liceat.*"

Chatham. I should never have suspected that a word so requisite was wanting to the Latin tongue. Let me turn over my scrap of paper, which however would best perhaps have kept its place between the leaves here.

Chesterfield. No, my lord; if you thought any thing worth noticing and writing down, surely I may well think it worth knowing.

Chatham. First, then, I find a mark of admiration that this most learned and eloquent man, Ciceronian as he was and enraptured by Virgil, should not have remarked in him or Cicero what he notices as a peculiarity in Tibullus. "*Sin in* processu. *Sin in* sua. Qu*in in*tra portas. Comprend*ere re*fert. O*re re*ferret. Quæ*rere re*gna. Crines effu*sa sa*cerdos. A frat*re re*cepi. Surge*re re*gna. *Ære re*nidenti. Serva*re re*cursus. Sub au*re re*liquit. Mittê*re re*lictâ. String*ere re*mos. Cur*rere re*mis." In Cicero I found after an evening's reading, "Si plus adipisca*re re* (where certainly it could as easily have been avoided as committed). Neque excludentes ab ej*us usu suos*. Meo ju*re re*spondeo. Observa*re re*stricte. *Me me*tu libero. Reli*qui qui*. Maxi*me me* tuto. Non es*se se se*natorem;" and a few words lower, "illos enim bonos duc*es esse, se* jam confectum *se*nectute." Such a concourse of *es* and *se* is perhaps not to be found again in all the books of my library. Our own language is comparatively poor in sibilants, and would refuse the supplies on this occasion. Similar sounds repeated, not indeed consecutively, but closely, are in Homer and Anacreon: —

Οἷοι τρώϊοι ἵπποι ἐπιστάμενοι πεδίοιο. *Il. E.*
Δέποινα, σοὶ μὲν ἵπποι. *Anac. Frag.*

In the former, you have the same six times in six feet; in the latter, thrice in three. Yet the sound of neither verse is so unpleasant as that of Horace, where the repetition comes but once: —

"Dirus per urbes Afer *it It*alas."

We have slided into Cicero's language from Plato's. As for his wit, what think you of this: "I am ready, O Socrates, to give myself up to the strangers, to flay me worse than they flay me now, if the flaying ends not in a hide, as that of Marsyas did, but in virtue." Or what think you of a project to make a doll and dedicate it to Memory? The stuff that follows is worse still. Toward the end of the volume, in the *Gorgias*, Polus says to Socrates, "Do not you see Archeläus, son of Perdiccas, reigning over the Macedonians?" to which Socrates replies, "If I do not see him, I hear of him."

In the beginning of the same dialogue, Gorgias, at the request of Socrates to be brief, assents to his proposition twice, by using the monosyllable; whereupon Socrates says, "I admire your replies, Gorgias; they are as short as they can be." If the same monosyllable had been the answer to several questions in succession, and if those questions had been complicated and intricate, then, and then only, the remark had been well-placed.

You remember, my lord, the derivations made by Swift of Agamemnon, Ajax, Achilles, Andromache, and other names of heroes and heroines. These are hardly more absurd and ridiculous than almost all made by Plato and attributed with great complacency to Socrates, of the same and similar; and are much less literal. It is incredible how erroneous were the most learned, both among the Greeks and Romans, on the origin of words.

Chesterfield. I have heard it reported that our own lexicographers are subject, in some degree, to the same animadversion: but I can judge more adequately of bad reasoning or bad wit.

Chatham. A little of the latter tires and nauseates, while in the former there is generally something to exercise the ingenuity. I have seen persons who could employ a moment or two unreluctantly in straightening a crooked nail: with about the same labor and interest I would hammer upon an inexact thought. Here is one which I wonder that Cicero, in mentioning the dialogue, has failed to remark. Our philosopher divides rhetoric into the true and the false; as if any part of a definition or description were to be founded on the defects of what is defined or described. Rhetoric may be turned to good or bad purposes; but this is no proof or indication that it must be divided into good and bad. The use of a thing is not the thing itself; how then is the abuse?

The wit of Plato's Dialogues is altogether of a single kind, and of that which in a continuance is the least welcome. For irony is akin to cavil; and cavil, as the best wit is either good-natured or wears the appearance of good-nature, is nearly its antipode. Plato has neither the grace of Xenophon nor the gravity of Cicero, who tempers it admirably with urbanity and facetiousness. Although he is most celebrated for imagination, and for an eloquence highly poetical,

there are incomparably more, both in quantity and quality, of poetical thoughts and images in Bacon than in Plato. The language of Plato is vastly more sonorous; he is called, and nobody questions that he is, eloquent; but there is no eloquence which does not agitate the soul: he never does. Demosthenes effects it by strong appeals, and through the reason. Rousseau effects it sometimes in despite of the reason, and by uniting the Graces with the Passions. We often say we hate Rousseau; but how often does the lover say (or wish to say) he hates the beloved! In fact, the moral part of Rousseau was odious, and much of the intellectual was perverse and depraved; there was, however, a noble instrument of harmony, sounding along high and intricately vaulted arches. The characteristic of Plato is the dexterity and ease with which he supports and shifts an argument, and exhibits it in all its phases. Nevertheless, a series of interrogations, long as he draws them out for this purpose, would weary me in one dialogue: he continues them in twenty, with people of the same description, on the same subjects.

Chesterfield. It is rather an idle thing for an old gentleman in a purple robe to be sticking pins in every chair on which a sophist is likely to sit down; and rather a tiresome and cheerless one to follow and stand by him, day after day in the cold, laying gins for tom-tits.

Chatham. In general, I own, he did so; but both he and Aristoteles turned occasionally their irony (of which indeed the latter had little) where irony is best employed: against false piety; against that which would be the substitute and not the support of morality. When a high sound issues from a high soul, our ears and hearts are opened to it; otherwise we let "the wind blow where it listeth." He jokes on grave subjects, and such as he himself thinks to be grave; and he is grave on light ones. Can any thing be flatter and duller than: "'It seems becoming,' said Glauco, 'that we should stay.' 'Then, if it do seem so,' said I, 'we ought to stay.'"

Chesterfield. Here at least is no quibbling.

Chatham. Do you want a little of that? Let me open almost any page whatever, and I can supply abundantly the most capricious customer. Take for specimen a pinch of the *Polity*. Here he carries his quibbles to such an extent as to demonstrate that *Justice is a sort of thief*. These are his very words, positive and express; no mere inference of mine.

The Greek language, more courteous than the Roman or the French or ours, and resembling in this property the Italian, in addressing a person, had ready among other terms, ὦ θαυμάσιε and ὦ Βέλτιστε. Socrates meets an orderly good man, who, from respect to the laws, is going to accuse his own father of a capital crime, as he imagines it to be; and, doubting if he understood him, asks, ὁ σὸς, ὦ βέλτιστε. Aristoteles, in the eighth book of his *Ethics*, gravely says that children ought to see no indecent statue or picture, unless it represents some god committing the obscenity.

Such are the two best pieces of wit in the two authors; and I suspect that Plato was as unaware in this place of being witty as he was in others of not being so.

In regard to their philosophy, and indeed to that of the ancients in general, there was little of sound and salutary which they did not derive from Democritus or from Pythagoras: from the former Aristoteles drew most, from the latter Plato. Cicero says improperly of Socrates, what is repeated every day in schools and colleges, that he first drew down Philosophy into private houses: Pythagoras had done it more systematically and more extensively. Upon his tenets and his discipline were founded many institutions of the earlier and quieter converts to Christianity.

Chesterfield. There is, I remember, a very dangerous doctrine attributed to this Democritus, whom you mentioned before him: he said that governments should have two supporters, — rewards and punishments. Now twelve hangmen, and even twelve judges, may be paid; but Mansfield, I suspect, would commit any man to Bridewell or the pillory, who had broached a declaration so seditious as that people of ordinary business, unhired for it, should be paid for doing their duty. National debts, he would inform the jury, are not to be aggravated by such idle and superfluous expenditure, increased at any man's option.

Chatham. I know not what my Lord Mansfield, a worse enemy to our Constitution than even that degraded and despicable prince for whose service he was educated, may think or dictate on the subject; but among all the books I ever read in which rewards and punishments are mentioned, I never found one where the words come in any other order than this: rewards first, then punishments. A plain evidence

and proof to my humble understanding, that in the same succession they present themselves to the unperverted mind. We mention them not only in regard to our polity, but in contemplation of a better state hereafter; and there too they occur to us as upon earth.

Chesterfield. In the pleadings of Mansfield, in his charges, in his decisions, in his addresses to Parliament, I have heard nothing so strikingly true as these observations of your Lordship; and I wish I had heard nothing so novel.

Chatham. I, in the name of our country, unite with you, my lord, in this wish. Let us trace again the more innocent wanderings of a greater man, I know not whether less prejudiced, but certainly less profligate and corrupt.

Socrates, in the *Gorgias*, is represented as saying that he believes the soul and body both to exist in another state, although separately; the body just as it was in life, with its infirmities, wounds, and distortions. This would be great injustice; for hence a long life, rendered so by frugality and temperance, would acquire, in part of its recompense, the imbecility of age, with deafness, blindness, and whatever else is most afflictive and oppressive in that condition. The soul carries upon its back, he says, the marks of floggings and bruises and scars, contracted by perjuries upon earth, and by the delivery *in court* of unjust sentences; such, I believe, in this place, is the meaning of ἀδικίαι, and not merely any common acts of injustice. The utility of exposures in another life, he says, arises from example to others. But in what manner can they profit by this example? From what wickedness can they be deterred by these scenes of terror? Ideas as idly fanciful and childishly silly are in his description of the infernal rivers, which he derived from the poets, and which, without line or level, he led over places just as unfruitful afterward as before. Returning to this strange body of his, it cannot be supposed an inert substance: the words *after death* mean *after this life upon earth.* If he would say that it is inert, he must suppose it to be motionless: when did it become so? Strange that it should have motion to reach Tartarus, and should then lose it! If so, of what use could it be? He does not say it, nor mean it, I imagine.

Chesterfield. On some occasions, it appears, he leaves off meaning very abruptly. Men leap awkwardly in long flow-

ing dressing-gowns, and, instead of clearing the thorns and stakes, expose God knows what.

Chatham. It is not wonderful nor strange that Aristoteles should ridicule his vagaries. Nothing can be more puerile and contemptible than the ideas he attributes to Socrates on future punishments: among the rest, that the damned appeal by name to those whom they have slain or wronged, and are dragged backward and forward from Tartarus to Cocytus and Periphlegethon, until the murdered or injured consent to pardon them. So the crime is punished, not according to its heinousness, but according to the kindness or severity of those who suffered by it. Now the greater crime is committed in having slain or injured the generous and kind man: the greater punishment is inflicted for injuring or slaying the ungenerous and unkind. Plato tells us, in the *Timæus*, that God created time and the heavens at the same moment, in order that, being born together, they should cease together.

Chesterfield. Does he inform us also that the Creator in the beginning separated the light from the darkness? — an idea very Platonic.

Chatham. No.

Chesterfield. What other passage amuses your Lordship?

Chatham. Nothing peculiar to this author. Turning over the leaves, I am reminded of what occurs often in the Athenian law-procedures, that, while the *prosecutor* has the same appellation as with us, the *defendant* is called the *flyer*, ὁ φεύγων: a proof, shall I say, that the Athenians were a wiser people, or a less firm one, than we are? They, as we do, say *to give judgment;* but they really did give it, and gratuitously: we must drop a purse of gold on every step of the judgment-seat, or be kicked down headlong.

It is very amusing to trace the expressions of different nations for the same thing. What we, half a century ago, called to *banter*, and what, if I remember the word, I think I have lately heard called to *quiz*, gives no other idea than of coarseness and inurbanity. The French convey one of buzz and bustle in *persiffler;* the Italians, as naturally, one of singing, and amusing and misleading the judgment, by *canzonare*, or, as Boccaccio speaks, *uccellare;* the Athenians knew that the Graces and childhood had most power of this kind upon the affections, and their expressions were χαριεντίζειν and παιδεύειν.

In manifestoes or remonstrances we English say to *draw up*, from our love of conciseness; the Frenchman says *dresser*, very characteristically; and the Italian, the most verbose of men, *stendere*. Many words have degenerated. Who would imagine that a singer or tippler should derive his appellation from Jupiter? — his fellows call him *jovial*. Our northern gods are respected as little. The vilest of prose or poetry is called *balderdash:* now Balder was, among the Scandinavians, the presiding god of poetry. Braga was the goddess of eloquence: and she has left us *brag* and *braggart*.

I am reminded by the mention of poetry, that Plato is offended in the *Iliad* at the undignified grief of Achilles and of Priam. To clasp the knee is going too far; and to roll in the dust is beastly. I am certain that he never was a father or a friend: not that among us the loss of friends is accompanied by such violence of affliction, but because I have observed that grief is less often in proportion to delicacy, and even to tenderness, than to the higher energies of our nature and the impetuosity of our nobler passions. The intemperate and wild resentment of Achilles at the injustice of Agamemnon, and his self-devotion, certain as he was of his fate, prepare us for intensity and extravagance of feeling, and teach us that in such a character diversity is not incongruity. This censure of the philosopher on the poet convinces me that the wisest of his works was the burning of his tragedies. Heroism, as Plato would have had it, would be afraid to soil his robe, and Passion would blush to unfold her handkerchief. He who could censure the two most admirable passages in Homer could indeed feel no reluctance at banishing the poets from his Republic: and we cannot wonder that he strays wide from sound philosophy, who knows so little of the human heart as to be ignorant that the poet is most a poet in the midst of its varieties and its excesses. Only with God can greatness exist without irregularity: that of Achilles was a necessary and essential part of him. Without it, — no resentment at Agamemnon, no abandonment of his cause and of his countrymen, no revenge for Patroclus, no indignity to the body of his bravest enemy, no impatience at the first sight of Priam, no effusion of tears at his paternal sorrows, no agony stronger than his vows or than his vengeance forcing him to deliver up the mangled hero: in short, no *Iliad*, no Homer.

We all are little before such men, and principally when we censure or contend with them. Plato on this occasion stands among the ringers of the twelve unchangeable French bells; among the apes who chatter as they pick out the scurf of Shakspeare. These two poets divide the ages of the world between them, and will divide the ages of eternity. Prudent men, who wish to avoid the appearance of pygmies, will reverently keep at some distance, laying aside here their cruet of vinegar and here their cake of honey. Plato is the only one of the ancients who extols the poetry of Solon; of whom he says that, if he had written his poem on the war of the Athenians against the Island of Atalantis, undistracted by the business of the State, he might have rivalled the glory of Hesiod and Homer. No man of sound judgment ever placed these names together unless as contemporaries; and he must possess a very unsound one indeed, who calculates thus on the contingency of Homer's rival in any statesman.

"Poetical expression," Plato tells you, "is a copy of the poet's own conception of things; and things, of the archetype existing in the Divine mind: thus the poet's expression is a copy at the third hand." And this argument he adduces to prove that poetry is far distant from truth. It proves no such thing; and, if it did, it would not prove that poetry is not delightful, — and delight, we know, is its aim and end. But that truths also, and most important ones, are conveyed by poetry is quite as certain as that fallacies, and the most captious and quibbling fallacies, are conveyed by Plato: more certain nothing can be. If the poet has a conception of things as they emanate from the Divine mind, whether it is at third hand or at thirtieth, so long as nothing distorts or disturbs them, what matters it? The image or archetype is God's: he impresses it on things: the poet represents the things as they are impressed on his mind by the hand of the Creator. Now, if this is done, the distance from truth is not remote. But there is a truth, accommodated to our nature, which poetry best conveys. There is a truth for the reason; there is a truth for the passions; there is a truth for every character of man. Shakspeare has rendered this clear and luminous, over all the stumps and stumbling-blocks and lighter brush-wood and briers thrown across the path by the puerile trickery of Plato.

Chesterfield. I have reason to think that poetry like religion levels the intellects of men, — the wise talking on that subject as absurdly as the ignorant. Great poets are the only judges of great poets: and their animosities and prejudices I will not say pervert their judgment, but blot, interline, and corrupt the copies we receive of it. I have as little faith in Plato's love as you have in his philosophy.

Chatham. In his disquisition on love is a receipt to cure the hiccup. "If you will hold your breath a little, it will go; if that should be disagreeable, take a good draught of water; but if the hiccup is very vehement, tickle your nose to sneezing, and when that has happened once or twice, be the hiccup obstinate as it may, it will be removed."

Chesterfield. Who would buy a village cookery-book, or a two-penny almanac, if the author stuffed into it such silliness as this?

Chatham. In the same dialogue is a piece of sophistry more trivial than the receipt. "If all pleasures are weaker than love, they are the conquered, he the conqueror: Love then, *who predominates over lusts and pleasures*, is temperate to a wonderful degree." It is fair however to remark that Agatho, here introduced as the speaker, says a part of what is spoken is serious, a part is joke. I wish Plato had left some indication by which we might distinguish the one from the other; but neither he nor the acutest of his commentators has done it. Sound sense, in my opinion, is preferable to bodiless, incomprehensible vagaries: and if ever I become an author and am praised at all, I trust it will be not because I am so sublime an intelligence as to be unreadable without help, or without a controversy of clever and acute men about my meaning.

He has here also given us a sort of dithyrambic, than which, as it appears to me, nothing is more redundantly verbose; yet Socrates is introduced as praising it to the skies. His knowledge of poetry, I suspect, did not carry him beyond a fable. To stick there is better than to follow (as Plato exhibits him doing) an old woman, and to relate as his own opinion that the business of genii or demons is to carry prayer and sacrifice from men to the gods, and precepts from the gods again to men. I am not so idle as to run far into his theories, and to examine what never has been and never will be

brought into use; which alone is a sufficient proof of utter worthlessness. Nothing can be more absurd than his regulations for the order of succession to property. Even those of a certain Irish lord are more provident, who, about to die childless, ordered that his money should go to the elder son of his brother, and, if he had no elder son, to the second. As for marriages, on the outset he would appoint a judge to examine the males stark-naked, in order to decide on their fitness for that condition; females, only to a certain point.

Chesterfield. I am astonished at the enormous proportion of fancy to philosophy, of folly to fancy, and of impudence to folly, in this moralist, theologian, and legislator.

Chatham. You are not, then, disposed to look at the other places marked?

Chesterfield. In truth, no.

Chatham. He was fond of puns, too, and the silliest and commonest, those on names. *Ἥρεσεν οὖν μοι καὶ ἐν τῷ μύθῳ ὁ Προμηθεὺς μᾶλλον τοῦ Ἐπιμηθέως ᾧ χρώμενος ἐγὼ καὶ προμηθούμενος*, &c.; and below, *ἀλλὰ Καλλίᾳ τῷ καλῷ*, &c.

The worst is, that he attributes the vainest of sophistry and the basest of malignity to Socrates. A wise and virtuous man may have the misfortune to be at variance with a single great author among his contemporaries, but neither a virtuous nor a wise one can be drawn into hostilities against all the best: he to whom this happens must be weak or wicked. Impudence may prompt some to asseverate that, with prodigious manliness and self-devotion, they hazard to cut their feet and break their shins by stemming the current; that the perilous state of literature calls aloud on them, and that they encounter it equally for the public good and the correction of the faulty writer. But the public good, in my opinion, is ill promoted by telling men that all their other teachers are worth nothing, and that to be contented is to be dull, to be pleased is to be foolish. Nor have I remarked or heard of any instance where morals have been improved by scurrility; diffidence calmed, encouraged, sustained, led forth, by violence; or genius exalted by contempt. I am sorry that a great man should have partaken the infirmities of the least, in their worst propensities. This principally has induced me to show you that, within the few pages you see between my fingers, he has committed as grave faults in style and sentiment, not only as

Prodicus, but (I must believe) as Polus. We hear from the unprejudiced that Prodicus, like our Locke, was exact in his definitions; we know that he arrived at the perfection of style; and our gratitude is due to him for one of the most beautiful works delivered down to us from antiquity.

Chesterfield. Your Lordship has proved to me that a divine man, even with a swarm of bees from nose to chin, may cry aloud and labor hard, and lay his quarter-staff about him in every direction, and still be an indifferent buffoon.

Chatham. Buffoonery is hardly the thing wherein a man of genius would be ambitious to excel; but, of all failures, to fail in a witticism is the worst, and the mishap is the more calamitous in a drawn-out and detailed one.

He often fails in a contrary extreme. The soundest of those great critics whom we call grammarians, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, censures him for bringing bombast into philosophical disquisitions: and Dr. Hurd, neither a severe judge nor an incompetent one, quoting the passage, adds, "The *Phædrus*, though the most remarkable, is not the only example."

Chesterfield. Better a little idle play with bubbles and bladders, than cut and dry dogmas and indigestible sophisms. Plato falls over his own sword, not by hanging it negligently or loosely, but by stepping with it awkwardly; and the derision he incurs is proportionate to the gravity of his gait. Half the pleasure in the world arises from malignity; and little of the other half is free from its encroachments. Those who enjoyed his smartness and versatility of attack laugh as heartily at him as with him, demonstrate that a great man upon the ground is lower than a little man upon his legs, and conclude that the light of imagination leads only to gulfs and precipices.

Chatham. We, however, with greater wisdom and higher satisfaction, may survey him calmly and reverentially, as one of lofty, massy, comprehensive mind, whose failings myriads have partaken, whose excellences few; and we may consider him as an example, the more remarkable and striking to those we would instruct, for that very inequality and asperity of character which many would exaggerate, and some conceal. Let us, however, rather trust Locke and Bacon: let us believe the one to be a wiser man, and the other both a wiser and better. There is as much difference between Plato

and Bacon as there is between a pliant, luxuriant twig, waving backward and forward on the summit of a tree, and a sound, stiff, well-seasoned walking-stick, with a ferrule that sticks as far as is needful into the ground and makes every step secure. Hearing much of the poetry that is about him, I looked for it in vain: and I defy any man to fill with it, pure and impure, a couple of such pages as are usually meted out, with honest exactness and great marginal liberality, three hundred to the volume. Florid prose writers are never tolerable poets. Jeremy Taylor is an example among many: his poetry is even worse, if possible, than the austere Hobbes's.

Chesterfield. It is generous in you to countenance the persecuted Locke; and to examine the skull of Bacon, undeterred by a heart so putrid.

Chatham. I declare to you, I should have the courage to say the same thing if they were living, and expelled from court and Christchurch.

Chesterfield. We think more advantageously of artificial dignities while the bearers are living, more advantageously of real when they are dead.

Chatham. The tomb is the pedestal of greatness. I make a distinction between God's great and the king's great.

"Non bene conveniunt nec in unâ sede morantur."

Chesterfield. So much the worse for both parties. Compliments are in their place only where there is full as much of weakness as of merit; so that when I express my admiration to your Lordship, all idea of compliment must vanish. Permit me, then, to say that I have always been gratified at this among your other noble qualities, that, possessing more wit than perhaps any man living, you have the moderation to use it rarely, and oftener in friendship than in enmity.

Chatham. Profligate men and pernicious follies may fairly and reasonably be exposed; light peculiarities may also be exhibited, but only in such a manner that he who gave the prototype would willingly take the copy. But, in general, he who pursues another race of writers is little better than a fox-hunter who rides twenty miles from home for the sport: what can he do with his game when he has caught it? As he is only the servant of the dogs, so the satirist is only a caterer to the ferocious or false appetites of the most indiscrimi-

nating and brutal minds. Does he pretend that no exercise else is good for him? He confesses, then, an unsoundness in a vital part.

Chesterfield. Reflections such as these induced me long ago to prefer the wit of Addison and La Fontaine to other kinds: it is more harmless, more gay, and more insinuating.

Chatham. Our own language contains in it a greater quantity and a greater variety of wit and humor, than all the rest of all ages and countries; closing only Cervantes, the Homer of irony, and not only of sharper and better-tempered wit than he who lies before me, but even of an imagination more vivid and poetical, a sounder too and shrewder philosopher. The little volume of Bacon's *Essays*, in my opinion, exhibits not only more strength of mind, not only more true philosophy, but more originality, more fancy, more imagination, than all these volumes of Plato; supposing even that he drew nothing from others, — whereas we must receive the authority of antiquity, and believe that he owed to them the greater part, and almost the whole. Without this authority, we should perceive it in the absence of fixed principles, and in the jarring of contradictory positions. It must be conceded that we moderns are but slovens in composition, or ignorant for the most part of its regulations and laws; yet we may insist that there have been among us those to whom, in all the higher magistratures of intellect, the gravest of the ancients would have risen up, and have placed with proper deference at their side.

Chesterfield. I never have found any one so unprejudiced and so unprepossessed on Plato.

Chatham. My lord, I do not know that I am entirely.

Chesterfield. How! my lord.

Chatham. I know that every thing I have said is just and incontrovertible, and that I could add ten times as much and as fairly; but I cannot take to myself a praise that does not belong to me, any more than I could a purse. I dislike, not to say detest, the character of Plato, as I collect it from his works; and the worst part of it I conceive to be his coldness and insincerity in friendship. He pretended to have been sick during the imprisonment of Socrates: was he so very sick that he could not have been carried to receive the last words of his departing friend? — the last counsels of a master

so affectionate and impressive? He was never sick when a prince was to be visited on his throne, insolent and tyrannical as that prince might be.

Chesterfield. A throne is to few so frightful a thing as a death-bed.

Chatham. My lord, it is a more frightful thing to any man who knows it well, than the death-couch of Socrates was to himself, or to those who from their hearts could reason as he did on it.

Chesterfield. I am happy, my lord, and grateful to you, that the conversation has taken a different turn from what I had expected. I came to receive some information from you on what might be profitable in the education of the young, and you have given me some which would be greatly so in that of the old. My system, I know, cannot be quite according to your sentiments; but as no man living hath a nobler air or a more dignified demeanor than your Lordship, I shall be flattered by hearing that what I have written on politeness meets in some degree your approbation.

Chatham. I believe you are right, my lord. What is superficial in politeness, what we see oftenest and what people generally admire most, must be laid upon a cold breast or will not stand: so far we agree; but whatever is most graceful in it can be produced only by the movements of the heart.

Chesterfield. These movements, I contend, are to be imitated, and as easily as those of the feet; and that good actors must beware of being moved too much from within. My lord, I do not inquire of you whether that huge quarto is the Bible, for I see the letters on the back. Permit me.

Chatham. I did not imagine your Lordship was such an enthusiast in religion: I am heartily glad to witness your veneration for a book which, to say nothing of its holiness or authority, contains more specimens of genius than any other volume in existence.

Chesterfield. I kissed it from no such motive: I kissed it preparatorily to swearing on it, as your Lordship's power and credit are from this time forward at my mercy, that I never will divulge the knowledge I possess of your reading Greek and philosophy.

XI. ROMILLY AND PERCEVAL.

Romilly. Perceval, I congratulate you on your appointment.

Perceval. It is an arduous one, Romilly, and the more after such eloquent men as have preceded me.

Romilly. What! and do you too place eloquence in the first rank among the requisites of a minister? Pitt, who could speak fluently three hours together, came about us like the tide along the Lancashire sands, — always shallow, but always just high enough to drown us.

Perceval. Despise him as you may, he did great things.

Romilly. Indeed he did: he made the richest nation in the world the most wretched, and the poorest the most powerful.

Perceval. He was unfortunate, I acknowledge it, on the Continent.

Romilly. Like the Apparition in the *Revelation*, he put the right foot upon the sea, and the left upon the land, but in such a manner that they could not act in concert.

Perceval. He was placed among the immortals while living.

Romilly. And there are clubs expressly formed for the purpose of irrigating this precious plant of immortality with port and claret. They or their fathers sprang up rapidly in their obscurity under the rank litter of the improvident husbandman. He was called *immortal* by those who benefited from him, the word *God* on such occasions being obsolete.

Perceval. I do not go so far as to call him, what some do, heavenly and godlike.

Romilly. I do.

Perceval. How! you?

Romilly. Yes: men who have much to give are very like God; and the more so when the sun of their bounty shines on the unworthy no less than on the worthy. However, he was eloquent, if facility in speaking is eloquence. When we were together in the law-courts, it was reasonable enough to consider our tongues as the most valuable parts of us, knowing that their motion or quiescence would be purchased by dignities and emoluments; but the present times require men of

business, men of firmness, men of consistency, men of probity; and what is first-rate at the bar is but second-rate on the council-board.

Perceval. I should be glad of your assistance, our opinions being in general alike.

Romilly. We could not take the same side on civil and criminal causes; neither, can we, for the same reason, in the House of Commons. Whichever may win, we will both lead, if you please.

Perceval. I understand you, and cannot but commend your determination. Yet, my dear Romilly, although there have been many Whig oppositions, there never has been and (in the present state of things) never will be a Whig ministry. The post regulates the principles.

Romilly. A ministry of such virtue as to carry Whig principles into the cabinet, I fear there never will be, however much I wish it. Yet on certain points disconnected from party there is no reason why we two should disagree: I will support you in your favorite plan.

Perceval. What is that?

Romilly. To soften the rigor of the penal statutes.

Perceval. I once thought it necessary, or at least advisable. My colleagues oppose it; feeling, that, if reform is introduced, it may reach at last the Court of Chancery, and tend to diminish the dignity of the first office under the crown.

Romilly. In England there is no dignity but what is constituted by possessions. If you would propose a grant of fifty or sixty thousand pounds a year to the present chancellor, to indemnify him for the losses he would sustain by regulating his court, I am convinced he would not oppose you.

Perceval. The people are turbulent, and might dislike the grant, reasonable as it must appear to any unprejudiced man. But the principal objection is, that an inquiry would exhibit to the world such a mass of what we have been lately taught to call abuses, as must greatly tend to alienate the affections of the people from the institutions of their country.

Romilly. Fees are ticklish things to meddle with; forms are venerable, and silk gowns are non-conductors of inquiry into courts of chancery. I confine myself to the criminal statutes; and would diminish the number of capital offences, which is greater in England, I imagine, than the light and

heavy put together in the tables of Solon or Numa. Nay, I am ready to believe that Draco himself did not punish so many with blood as we do, although he punished with blood every one indiscriminately.

Perceval. You can adduce no proof, or rather no support, of this paradox.

Romilly. A logician will accept many things which a lawyer would reject, and a moralist will attend to some which would be discountenanced by the logician. Let me remark to you, that we punish with death certain offences which Draco did not even note as crimes, and many others had not yet sprung up in society. On the former position, I need not expatiate; on the latter, let me recall to your memory the vast number of laws on various kinds of forgery; and, having brought them before you, let me particularly direct your attention to that severe one on fraudulent bankruptcy.

Perceval. Severe one! there at least we differ. If any crime deserves the punishment of death, surely this does. Is it not enough that a creditor loses the greater part perhaps of his property, by the misfortune or imprudence of another, without losing the last farthing of it by the same man's dishonesty.

Romilly. Enough it is, and more than enough; but lines of distinction are drawn on murder, and even on the wilful and malicious.

Perceval. There indeed they may be drawn correctly. Malice may arise from injury, more or less grievous, more or less recent: revenge may be delayed and meditated a longer time or a shorter, and may be perpetrated with more or less atrocity; but rarely is it brought to maturity in the coolness of judgment. The fraud under consideration not only is afore-thought; it is formed and grounded upon calculation. You remember a trial at Warwick, or rather the report of it, the result of which was, that a sergeant-major, an elderly man, of irreproachable character antecedently, as was proved by the testimony of his superior officer, who had known him for twenty years, was condemned to be hanged (and not by Buller) for stabbing a young reprobate who had insulted and struck him. It was proved that he ran upstairs for his sword, in order to commit the crime. This hardly was afore-thought, and certainly was uncalculated.

Romilly. It is probable that if he had run downstairs, instead of upstairs, his life would not have been forfeited; or even if his counsel had proved that the mounting of the stairs could have been performed in five steps, as I am inclined to think it might by an outraged man. But it appeared to the judge, on the evidence before him, and perhaps on thinking more about his own staircase than about the staircase of an ale-house, that time sufficient had elapsed for his anger to subside and cool.

Perceval. We have seen judges themselves who required a longer time for their anger to subside and cool, though sitting at their ease upon the cushion, to deliberate on matters where, if life was not at stake, property and character were; and not the property and character of drunkards and reprobates, but of gentlemen in their own profession, their equals in birth and education, in honor and abilities.

Romilly. Dear Perceval, you have forgotten your new dignity; however, I will not betray you. We are treating this matter a little more loosely than we should do in Parliament, but more openly and fairly. After an acquaintance and, I am proud to say it, a friendship of twenty-seven years, I think you will give me credit for some soundness of principle.

Perceval. If any man upon earth possesses it.

Romilly. Then I will offer to you, if not as my opinion, at least as a subject worth reflection and consideration, whether even a virtuous man, about to fall into bankruptcy, may not commit a fraud, such as by our laws and practice is irremissibly capital?

Perceval. There, my dear Romilly, you go too far. The question (you must pardon me) is not only inconsiderate, but contradictory; the thing impossible. Your problem, in other figures, is this; whether a man may not be at once vicious and virtuous, a rogue and honest man: for you do not put a case in this manner, whether one who has hitherto been always honest, may not commit a capital crime, and afterward be honest again. A useless question even thus, among those which a wise man need not, and a scrupulous man would not, discuss. For the limits that separate us from offences ought not to be too closely under our eyes: a large space of neutral ground should be left betwixt. Part of mankind, like boys and hunters, by seeing a hedge before them, are tempted to

leap it, only because it is one. Whenever we doubt whether a thing may be done, let us resolve that it may not. I speak as a moralist, by no means as an instructor: in the former capacity all may speak to all; in the latter, none to you. Excuse me, however, my dear Romilly, if in this instance I tell you plainly, that the joints of your logic seem to me to have been relaxed by your philanthropy.

Romilly. There are questions which may be investigated by two friends in private, and which I would on no account lay before the public in their rank freshness and fulness. In like manner, there are substances, the chief nutriment of whole nations, which are poison until prepared. I would appeal to the judgment and the heart together. He is the most mischievous of incendiaries who inflames the heart against the judgment, and he is the most ferocious of schismatics who divides the judgment from the heart. My argument, if it carried such weight with it as to lay the foundation of a law, would render many men more compassionate (which, after all, is the best and greatest thing we can do on earth), and it would render no man fraudulent.

Suppose a young gentleman to have married a girl equal to himself in fortune, and that, in the confidence of early affection, or by the improvidence of her parents, or from any other cause, there is no settlement. A family springs up around them; he is anxious to provide for it more amply than his paternal estate or his wife's property will allow; he enters into business; from unskilfulness, from the infidelity of agents, or from a change in the times and in the channels of commerce, he must become a bankrupt; his creditors are inexorable.

Perceval. That may happen: he is much to be pitied; I see no remedy.

Romilly. Speaking of those things which arise from our civil institutions, whatever is to be pitied is to be remedied. The greatest evils and the most lasting are the perverse fabrications of unwise policy; but neither their magnitude nor their duration are proofs of their immobility. They are proofs only that ignorance and indifference have slept profoundly in the chambers of tyranny, and that many interests have grown up, and seeded, and twisted their roots, in the crevices of many wrongs. The wrongs in all cases may be redressed,

the interests may be transplanted. Prudence and patience do the work effectually.

I must proceed, although I see close before me the angle of divergence in our opinions.

I will not attempt to run away with your affections, Perceval; I will not burst into the midst of your little playful family, beginning to number it, and forgetting my intent, at the contemplation of its happiness, its innocence, its beauty. I will remove, on the contrary, every image of grief from the house of my two sufferers; I will suppose the boys and girls too young (just as yours are) for sorrow; I will suppose the mother not expressing it by tears, or wringing of hands, or frantic cries, or dumb desperation, or in any other way that might move you; but so devoted to her husband as for his sake to cover it with smiles, and to engulf it in the abysses of a broken heart. Yet I cannot make him, who is a man as we are, ignorant of her thoughts and feelings, ungrateful to her affection, past and present, or indifferent to her future lot. Obduracy and cruelty press upon him from one side; on the other are conjugal tenderness and parental love. A high and paramount sense of justice, too, supervenes. What he had received with his partner in misfortune, his conscience tells him, is hers: he had received it before he had received any thing from his creditors; he collects the poor remains of it, and places them apart. Unused to fallacy and concealment, the unlawful act is discovered; the criminal is seized, imprisoned, brought out before the judge. Sunday, the day of rest from labor, the day formerly of his innocent projects, of his pleasantest walks, of visits from friends and kindred, of greeting, and union, and hospitality, and gladness, — Sunday, the day on which a man's own little ones are dearer to him, are more his own, than on other days, — Sunday is granted to him. A further act of grace is extended, — his widow may bury him, and his children may learn their letters on his tombstone.

Perceval. What can be done? We are always changing our laws.

Romilly. A proof how inconsiderately we enact them. I verily do believe that a balloon by flying over the House would empty it; so little sense of public good or of national dignity is left among us.

What I would propose is this: I would, in such cases, deduct the widow's third from the bankrupt's property, and place it in the hands of trustees for the benefit of herself and her children by that marriage.

Perceval. The motion would do you honor.

Romilly. I willingly cede the honor to you. We who are out of place are suspected of innovation; or are well-meaning men, but want practice.

XII. PETER THE GREAT AND ALEXIS.

Peter. And so, after flying from thy father's house, thou hast returned again from Vienna. After this affront in the face of Europe, thou darest to appear before me?

Alexis. My emperor and father! I am brought before your Majesty, not at my own desire.

Peter. I believe it well.

Alexis. I would not anger you.

Peter. What hope hadst thou, rebel, in thy flight to Vienna?

Alexis. The hope of peace and privacy; the hope of security; and, above all things, of never more offending you.

Peter. That hope thou hast accomplished.

Thou imaginedst, then, that my brother of Austria would maintain thee at his court — speak!

Alexis. No, sir! I imagined that he would have afforded me a place of refuge.

Peter. Didst thou, then, take money with thee?

Alexis. A few gold pieces.

Peter. How many?

Alexis. About sixty.

Peter. He would have given thee promises for half the money; but the double of it does not purchase a house, ignorant wretch!

Alexis. I knew as much as that: although my birth did not appear to destine me to purchase a house anywhere; and hitherto your liberality, my father, hath supplied my wants of every kind.

Peter. Not of wisdom, not of duty, not of spirit, not of courage, not of ambition. I have educated thee among my guards and horses, among my drums and trumpets, among my flags and masts. When thou wert a child, and couldst hardly walk, I have taken thee into the arsenal, though children should not enter according to regulations; I have there rolled cannon-balls before thee over iron plates; and I have shown thee bright new arms, bayonets and sabres; and I have pricked the back of my hands until the blood came out in many places; and I have made thee lick it; and I have then done the same to thine. Afterward, from thy tenth year, I have mixed gunpowder in thy grog; I have peppered thy peaches; I have poured bilge-water (with a little good wholesome tar in it) upon thy melons; I have brought out girls to mock thee and cocker thee, and talk like mariners, to make thee braver. Nothing would do. Nay, recollect thee! I have myself led thee forth to the window when fellows were hanged and shot; and I have shown thee every day the halves and quarters of bodies; and I have sent an orderly or chamberlain for the heads; and I have pulled the cap up from over the eyes; and I have made thee, in spite of thee, look steadfastly upon them, incorrigible coward!

And now another word with thee about thy scandalous flight from the palace, in time of quiet too! To the point! did my brother of Austria invite thee? Did he, or did he not?

Alexis. May I answer without doing an injury or disservice to his Imperial Majesty?

Peter. Thou mayest. What injury canst thou or any one do, by the tongue, to such as he is?

Alexis. At the moment, no; he did not. Nor indeed can I assert that he at any time invited me; but he said he pitied me.

Peter. About what? hold thy tongue; let that pass. Princes never pity but when they would make traitors: then their hearts grow tenderer than tripe. He pitied thee, kind soul, when he would throw thee at thy father's head; but finding thy father too strong for him, he now commiserates the parent, laments the son's rashness and disobedience, and would not make God angry for the world. At first, however, there must have been some overture on his part; otherwise thou art too

shamefaced for intrusion. Come, — thou hast never had wit enough to lie, — tell me the truth, the whole truth.

Alexis. He said that, if ever I wanted an asylum, his court was open to me.

Peter. Open! so is the tavern; but folks pay for what they get there. Open truly! and didst thou find it so?

Alexis. He received me kindly.

Peter. I see he did.

Alexis. Derision, O my father! is not the fate I merit.

Peter. True, true! it was not intended.

Alexis. Kind father! punish me then as you will.

Peter. Villain! wouldst thou kiss my hand too? Art thou ignorant that the Austrian threw thee away from him, with the same indifference as he would the outermost leaf of a sandy sunburnt lettuce?

Alexis. Alas! I am not ignorant of this.

Peter. He dismissed thee at my order. If I had demanded from him his daughter, to be the bed-fellow of a Kalmuc, he would have given her, and praised God.

Alexis. O father! is his baseness my crime?

Peter. No; thine is greater. Thy intention, I know, is to subvert the institutions it has been the labor of my lifetime to establish. Thou hast never rejoiced at my victories.

Alexis. I have rejoiced at your happiness and your safety.

Peter. Liar! coward! traitor! when the Polanders and Swedes fell before me, didst thou from thy soul congratulate me? Didst thou get drunk at home or abroad, or praise the Lord of Hosts and Saint Nicholas? Wert thou not silent and civil and low-spirited?

Alexis. I lamented the irretrievable loss of human life; I lamented that the bravest and noblest were swept away the first; that the gentlest and most domestic were the earliest mourners: that frugality was supplanted by intemperance; that order was succeeded by confusion; and that your Majesty was destroying the glorious plans you alone were capable of devising.

Peter. I destroy them! how? Of what plans art thou speaking?

Alexis. Of civilizing the Muscovites. The Polanders in part were civilized: the Swedes, more than any other nation on the Continent; and so excellently versed were they in mili-

tary science, and so courageous, that every man you killed cost you seven or eight.

Peter. Thou liest; nor six. And civilized, forsooth! Why, the robes of the metropolitan, him at Upsal, are not worth three ducats, between Jew and Livornese. I have no notion that Poland and Sweden shall be the only countries that produce great princes. What right have they to such as Gustavus and Sobieski? Europe ought to look to this, before discontent becomes general, and the people do to us what we have the privilege of doing to the people. I am wasting my words: there is no arguing with positive fools like thee. So thou wouldst have desired me to let the Polanders and Swedes lie still and quiet! Two such powerful nations!

Alexis. For that reason and others I would have gladly seen them rest, until our own people had increased in numbers and prosperity.

Peter. And thus thou disputest my right, before my face, to the exercise of the supreme power.

Alexis. Sir! God forbid!

Peter. God forbid, indeed! What care such villains as thou art what God forbids! He forbids the son to be disobedient to the father: he forbids — he forbids — twenty things. I do not wish, and will not have, a successor who dreams of dead people.

Alexis. My father! I have dreamed of none such.

Peter. Thou hast; and hast talked about them, — Scythians I think they call 'em. Now who told thee, Mr. Professor, that the Scythians were a happier people than we are; that they were inoffensive; that they were free; that they wandered with their carts from pasture to pasture, from river to river; that they traded with good faith; that they fought with good courage; that they injured none, invaded none, and feared none? At this rate, I have effected nothing. The great founder of Rome, I heard in Holland, slew his brother for despiting the weakness of his walls; and shall the founder of this better place spare a degenerate son, who prefers a vagabond life to a civilized one, a cart to a city, a Scythian to a Muscovite? Have I not shaved my people, and breeched them? Have I not formed them into regular armies, with bands of music and haversacks? Are bows better than cannon? shepherds than dragoons, mare's milk than brandy,

raw steaks than broiled? Thine are tenets that strike at the root of politeness and sound government. Every prince in Europe is interested in rooting them out by fire and sword. There is no other way with false doctrines: breath against breath does little.

Alexis. Sire, I never have attempted to disseminate my opinions.

Peter. How couldst thou? the seed would fall only on granite. Those, however, who caught it brought it to me.

Alexis. Never have I undervalued civilization: on the contrary, I regretted whatever impeded it. In my opinion, the evils that have been attributed to it sprang from its imperfections and voids; and no nation has yet acquired it more than very scantily.

Peter. How so? give me thy reasons, — thy fancies rather; for reason thou hast none.

Alexis. When I find the first of men, in rank and genius, hating one another, and becoming slanderers and liars in order to lower and vilify an opponent; when I hear the God of mercy invoked to massacres, and thanked for furthering what he reprobates and condemns, — I look back in vain on any barbarous people for worse barbarism. I have expressed my admiration of our forefathers, who, not being Christians, were yet more virtuous than those who are; more temperate, more just, more sincere, more chaste, more peaceable.

Peter. Malignant atheist!

Alexis. Indeed, my father, were I malignant I must be an atheist; for malignity is contrary to the command, and inconsistent with the belief, of God.

Peter. Am I Czar of Muscovy, and hear discourses on reason and religion? from my own son too! No, by the Holy Trinity! thou art no son of mine. If thou touchest my knee again, I crack thy knuckles with this tobacco-stopper: I wish it were a sledge-hammer for thy sake. Off, sycophant! Off, run-away slave!

Alexis. Father! father! my heart is broken! If I have offended, forgive me!

Peter. The State requires thy signal punishment.

Alexis. If the State requires it, be it so; but let my father's anger cease!

Peter. The world shall judge between us. I will brand thee with infamy.

Alexis. Until now, O father! I never had a proper sense of glory. Hear me, O Czar! let not a thing so vile as I am stand between you and the world! Let none accuse you!

Peter. Accuse me, rebel! Accuse me, traitor!

Alexis. Let none speak ill of you, O my father! The public voice shakes the palace; the public voice penetrates the grave; it precedes the chariot of Almighty God, and is heard at the judgment-seat.

Peter. Let it go to the devil! I will have none of it here in Petersburgh. Our Church says nothing about it; our laws forbid it. As for thee, unnatural brute, I have no more to do with thee neither!

Ho there! chancellor! What! come at last! Wert napping, or counting thy ducats?

Chancellor. Your Majesty's will and pleasure!

Peter. Is the Senate assembled in that room?

Chancellor. Every member, sire.

Peter. Conduct this youth with thee, and let them judge him: thou understandest me.

Chancellor. Your Majesty's commands are the breath of our nostrils.

Peter. If these rascals are remiss, I will try my new cargo of Livonian hemp upon 'em.

Chancellor (*returning*). Sire! sire!

Peter. Speak, fellow! Surely they have not condemned him to death, without giving themselves time to read the accusation, that thou comest back so quickly.

Chancellor. No, sire! Nor has either been done.

Peter. Then thy head quits thy shoulders.

Chancellor. O sire!

Peter. Curse thy silly *sires!* what art thou about?

Chancellor. Alas! he fell.

Peter. Tie him up to thy chair, then. Cowardly beast! what made him fall?

Chancellor. The hand of Death; the name of father.

Peter. Thou puzzlest me; prythee speak plainlier.

Chancellor. We told him that his crime was proven and manifest; that his life was forfeited.

Peter. So far, well enough.

Chancellor. He smiled.

Peter. He did! did he? Impudence shall do him little

good. Who could have expected it from that smock-face! Go on: what then?

Chancellor. He said calmly, but not without sighing twice or thrice, "Lead me to the scaffold: I am weary of life; nobody loves me." I condoled with him, and wept upon his hand, holding the paper against my bosom. He took the corner of it between his fingers, and said, "Read me this paper; read my death-warrant. Your silence and tears have signified it; yet the law has its forms. Do not keep me in suspense. My father says, too truly, I am not courageous; but the death that leads me to my God shall never terrify me."

Peter. I have seen these white-livered knaves die resolutely; I have seen them quietly fierce like white ferrets, with their watery eyes and tiny teeth. You read it?

Chancellor. In part, sire! When he heard your Majesty's name accusing him of treason and attempts at rebellion and parricide, he fell speechless. We raised him up: he was motionless; he was dead!

Peter. Inconsiderate and barbarous varlet as thou art, dost thou recite this ill accident to a father! and to one who has not dined! Bring me a glass of brandy.

Chancellor. And it please your Majesty, might I call a — a —

Peter. Away and bring it: scamper! All equally and alike shall obey and serve me.

Hark ye! bring the bottle with it: I must cool myself — and — hark ye! a rasher of bacon on thy life! and some pickled sturgeon, and some krout and caviar, and good strong cheese.

XIII. LOUIS XIV. AND FATHER LA CHAISE.

Louis. Father, there is one thing which I never have confessed; sometimes considering it almost as a light matter, and sometimes seeing it in its true colors. In my wars against the Dutch I committed an action —

La Chaise. Sire, the ears of the Lord are always open to those who confess their sins to their confessor. Cruelties and many other bad deeds are perpetrated in war, at which we should shudder in our houses at Paris.

Louis. The people who were then in their houses did shudder, poor devils! It was ludicrous to see how such clumsy figures skipped, when the bombs fell among their villages, in which the lower part of the habitations was under water; and children looked from the upper windows, between the legs of calves and lambs, and of the old household dog, struggling to free himself, as less ignorant of his danger. Loud shrieks were sometimes heard, when the artillery and other implements of war were silent; for fevers raged within their insulated walls, and wives execrated their husbands, with whom they had lived in concord and tenderness many years, when the father enforced the necessity of throwing their dead infant into the lake below. Our young soldiers on such occasions exercised their dexterity, and took their choice; for the whole family was assembled at the casement, and prayers were read over the defunct, accompanied with some firm and with some faltering responses.

By these terrible examples God punished their heresy.

La Chaise. The Lord of Hosts is merciful: he protected your Majesty in the midst of these horrors.

Louis. He sustained my strength, kept up my spirits, and afforded me every day some fresh amusement, in the country of this rebellious and blasphemous people, who regularly, a quarter before twelve o'clock, knowing that mass was then performed among us, sang their psalms.

La Chaise. I cannot blame a certain degree of severity on such occasions: on much slighter, we read in the Old Testament, nations were smitten with the edge of the sword.

Louis. I have wanted to find that place, but my Testament was not an old one: it was printed at the Louvre in my own time. As for the edge of the sword, it was not always convenient to use that: they are stout fellows; but our numbers enabled us to starve them out, and we had more engineers and better. Beside which, I took peculiar vengeance on some of the principal families, and on some among the most learned of their professors; for if any had a dissolute son, who, as dissolute sons usually are, was the darling of the

house, I bribed him, made him drunk, and converted him. This occasionally broke the father's heart, — God's punishment of stubbornness!

La Chaise. Without the especial grace of the Holy Spirit, such conversions are transitory. It is requisite to secure the soul while we have it, by the exertion of a little loving-kindness. I would deliver the poor stray creatures up to their Maker straightway, lest he should call me to account for their backsliding. Heresy is a leprosy, which the whiter it is the worse it is. Those who appear the most innocent and godly, are the very men who do the most mischief and hold the fewest observances. They hardly treat God Almighty like a gentleman, grudge him a clean napkin at his own table, and spend less upon him than upon a Christmas dinner.

Louis. O father La Chaise! you have searched my heart; you have brought to light my hidden offences. Nothing is concealed from your penetration. I come forth like a criminal in his chains.

La Chaise. Confess, sire, confess! I will pour the oil into your wounded spirit, taking due care that the vengeance of Heaven be satisfied by your atonement.

Louis. Intelligence was brought to me that the cook of the English general had prepared a superb dinner, in consequence of what that insolent and vainglorious people are in the habit of calling a success. "We shall soon see," exclaimed I, "who is successful: God protects France." The whole army shouted, and, I verily believe, at that moment would have conquered the world. I deferred it: my designs lie in my own breast. Father, I never heard such a shout in my life: it reminded me of Cherubim and Seraphim and Archangels. The infantry cried with joy; the horses capered and neighed and ventriloquized right and left, from an excess of animation. Leopard-skins, bear-skins, Genoa velvet, Mechlin ruffles, Brussels cravats, feathers and fringes and golden bands, up in the air at once; pawings and snortings, threats and adjurations, beginnings and ends of songs. I was Henry and Cæsar, Alexander and David, Charlemagne and Agamemnon: I had only to give the word; they would swim across the Channel, and bring the tyrant of proud Albion back in chains. All my prudence was requisite to repress their ardor.

A letter had been intercepted by my scouts, addressed by the wife of the English general to her husband. She was at Gorcum: she informed him that she would send him a glorious *mince-pie*, for his dinner the following day, in celebration of his victory. "Devil incarnate!" said I, on reading the despatch, "I will disappoint thy malice." I was so enraged that I went within a mile or two of cannon-shot; and I should have gone within half a mile, if my dignity had permitted me, or if my resentment had lasted. I liberated the messenger, detaining as hostage his son who accompanied him, and promising that, if the *mince-pie* was secured, I would make him a chevalier on the spot. Providence favored our arms; but unfortunately there were among my staff-officers some who had fought under Turenne, and who, I suspect, retained the infection of heresy. They presented the *mince-pie* to me on their knees, and I ate. It was Friday. I did not remember the day when I began to eat; but the sharpness of the weather, the odor of the pie, and something of vengeance springing up again at the sight of it, made me continue after I had recollected; and, for my greater condemnation, I had inquired that very morning of what materials it was composed. God set his face against me, and hid from me the light of his countenance. I lost victory after victory, nobody knows how; for my generals were better than the enemy's, my soldiers more numerous, more brave, more disciplined. And, extraordinary and awful! even those who swore to conquer or die, ran back again like whelps just gelt, crying, "It is the first duty of a soldier to see his king in safety." I never heard so many fine sentiments or fewer songs. My stomach was out of order by the visitation of the Lord. I took the sacrament on the Sunday.

La Chaise. The sacrament on a Friday's *gras!* I should have recommended first a *de profundis*, a *miserere*, and an *eructavit cor meum*, and lastly a little oil of ricina, which, administered by the holy and taken by the faithful, is almost as efficacious in its way as that of Rheims. Penance is to be done: your Majesty must fast; your Majesty must wear sackcloth next your skin, and carry ashes upon your head before the people.

Louis. Father, I cannot consent to this humiliation: the people must fear me. What are you doing with those

scissors and that pill? I am sound; give it Villeroy or Richelieu.

La Chaise. Sire, no impiety, no levity, I pray. In this pill, as your Majesty calls it, are some flakes of ashes from the incense, which seldom is pure gum; break it between your fingers, and scatter it upon your peruke. Well done! Now take this.

Louis. Faith! I have no sore on groin or limb. A black plaster! what is that for?

La Chaise. This is sackcloth. It is the sack in which Madame de Maintenon put her knitting, until the pins frayed it.

Louis. I should have believed that sackcloth means —

La Chaise. No interpretations of Scripture, I charge you from authority, sire. Put it on your back or bosom.

Louis. God forgive me, sinner! It has dropped down into my pantaloon: will that do?

La Chaise. Did it, in descending, touch your back, belly, ribs, breast, or shoulder, or any part that needs mortification, and can be mortified without scandal?

Louis. I placed it between my frills.

La Chaise. In such manner as to touch the skin sensibly?

Louis. It tickled me, by stirring a hair or two.

La Chaise. Be comforted, then; for people have been tickled to death.

Louis. But, father, you remit the standing in presence of the people?

La Chaise. Indeed I do not. Stand at the window, son of St. Louis.

Louis. And perform the same ceremonies? no, upon my conscience! My almoner —

La Chaise. They are performed.

Louis. But the people will never know what is on my head or in my pantaloon.

La Chaise. Penance is performed so far: to-morrow is Friday; one more rigid must be enforced. Six dishes alone shall come upon the table; and, although fasting does not extend to wines or *liqueurs*, I order that three kinds only of wine be presented, and three of *liqueur*.

Louis. In the six dishes is soup included?

La Chaise. Soup is not served in a dish; but I forbid more than three kinds of soup.

Louis. Oysters of Cancale?

La Chaise. Those come in barrels; take care they be not dished. Your Majesty must either eat them raw from the barrel, or dressed in scallop, or both; but beware, I say again, of dishing this article, as your soul shall answer for it at the last day. There are those who would prohibit them wholly. I have experienced — I mean in others — strange uncouth effects therefrom, which, unless they shadow forth something mystical, it were better not to provoke.

Louis. Pray, Father, why is that frightful day which you mentioned just now, and which I think I have heard mentioned on other occasions, called the last; when the last in this life is over before it comes, and when the first in the next is not begun?

La Chaise. It is called the last day by the Church, because after that day the Church can do nothing for the sinner. Her saints, martyrs, and confessors can plead at the bar for him the whole of that day until sunset, some say until after *angelus;* then the books are closed, the candles put out, the doors shut, and the key turned. The flames of purgatory then sink into the floor, and would not wither a cistus-leaf full-blown and shed; there is nothing left but heaven and hell, songs and lamentations.

Louis. Permit me to ask another question of no less importance, and connected with my penance. The Bishop of Aix in Provence has sent me thirty fine quails.

La Chaise. There are naturalists who assert that quails have fallen from heaven, like manna. Externally they bear the appearance of birds, and I have eaten them in that persuasion. If, however, any one from grave authority is convinced of the contrary, or propends to believe so, and eats thereof, the fault is venial. I conferred with Tamburini on this momentous point. He distinguishes between quails taken in the field, or in the air as they descend, and tame quails bred within coops and enclosures, which are begotten in the ordinary way of generation, and of which the substance in that case must be different. I cannot believe that the Bishop of Aix would be the conservator of creatures so given to fighting and wantonness; but rather opine that his quails alighted

somewhere in his diocese, and perhaps as a mark of divine favor to so worthy a member of the Church. It is safer to eat them after twelve o'clock at night; but, where there is purity and humility of spirit, I see not that they are greatly to be dreaded.

The fiction of the quails will appear extravagant to those only who are in ignorance that such opinions have prevailed among casuists. The Carthusians, to whom animal food is forbidden, whereby they mean solely the flesh of quadrupeds and of birds, may nevertheless eat the otter and the gull; it may be eaten by Catholics even in Lent. From this permission in regard to the *gull*, do we derive the English verb and noun?

We often lay most stress on our slightest faults, and have more apprehension from things unessential than from things essential. When Lord Tylney was on his death-bed, and had not been shaved for two days, he burst suddenly into tears, and cried to his valet, "Are not you ashamed to abandon me? would you let me go this figure into the presence of my Maker?"

He was shaved, and (let us hope) presented.

. . . . . .

Louis XIV. is the great exemplar of kingship, the object of worship to declaimers against the ferocity of *the people*. The invasion of Holland, the conflagration of the Palatinate, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, have severally been celebrated by French poets, French historians, French jurists, and French bishops, Massillon and Bossuet among them. The most unprovoked act of cruelty on record was perpetrated by another King of France. These are the words of an historian, their defender and panegyrist, Bussières. "Victi Bulgari, et ex sociis in servitutem rapti, mox eorum plures relictâ patriâ exulatum ultro abierunt. Ex iis ad *novem millia, uxoribus liberisque impliciti*, a Dagoberto sedes petunt — Jussi per hyemem hærere in Bavariâ dum amplius rex deliberaret, in plures urbes domosque sparsi sunt; tum novo barbaroque facinore unâ nocte cæsi omnes simul. *Quippe Dagobertus immani consilio Boiarios jubet, singulos suis hospitibus necem inferre, ratione nullâ ætatis aut sexûs;* et quâ truculentiâ imperatum, obtemperatum eâdem. Condictâ nocte miseri homines in asylo somni obtruncantur, imbelles feminæ, insontes pueri; totque funera hilaritati fuerunt, non luctui." A peculiar feature in the national character, indestructible amid all forms of government. It is amusing to read our Jesuit's words in the sequel. "Ad beneficiorum fontem se convertit, multaque dona elargitus templis, *emendabat scelera liberalitate* — Nec Dagoberto *liberalitas* pia frustra fuit: siquidem sancti quos in vivis multum coluerat, Dionysius, Mauritius, et Martinus, oblati sunt Joanni monacho *vigilanti*, regis animam eripientes e potestate dæmonum sævisque tormentis, eamque secum in cœli regiam deducentes."

XIV. SOLIMAN AND MUFTI.

Soliman. Mufti, my teacher and slave, I say unto thee, Welcome.

Mufti. Welcome I say unto thee, my master and disciple.

Soliman. God, he is merciful; God, he is God.

Good fortune follow that pious eructation of thine, O leader of true believers, under me the prince of the faithful!

Mufti. O son of Selim! may the Almighty deliver into thy hands those thou lovest and those thou hatest. Thy servant here awaits thy commands.

Soliman. My commands are, O Mufti! fountain of truth and wisdom to the preachers of the word! that praises be offered up in every mosque, for our victory over the infidel.

Mufti. If thy slave might request, unblamably, a farther illumination from thy countenance, O mediterranean of light! he would presume to inquire of thy pure intelligence, *what* victory? For verily the Merciful hath bestowed on thee such a series of them, that, if any thing after the miracles of our Prophet were wanting to demonstrate God's reprobation of the unbeliever, the years of thy reign, like successive lightnings that open the heavens and strike the earth, would severally declare it. First, the strongest and most beautiful of European cities, Belgrade, abased her towers and threw open her gates before thy scimitar. The following year ran the swifter its celestial course, that it might behold the sunny Rhodes adorn her brow with the crescent, and the flower of Christian chivalry lie dishonored in the dust. Hungary, the richest portion of the unbeliever's heritage, hath cast her fortresses at thy feet, and hath left her king extinct in the midst of them. Barbarossa, at thy order, hath shaken the principalities of Africa, and hath fixed his flag immovably on the citadel of Tunis. The incestuous Charles hath now lost his navy and army on that coast; hardly a vessel, hardly a soldier, escaping from the wreck.

Soliman. My intention is to enlighten the dim-sighted, by ordering the Koran to be translated into the languages of all nations.

Why dost thou raise thine eyes, Mufti?

Mufti. God is God ; and Mahomet is his Prophet !

Soliman. Very true : that is what I wish to teach the world universally.

Mufti. God is great ! God is merciful ! God is just !

Soliman. Who the devil doubts it?

Mufti. God loveth his people ! God abases the proud ! God exalts the humble !

Soliman. Let him, let him. What is that to the purpose? Are we at prayers? are we in the mosque? that thou utterest these idle fancies — truths I mean ; making thy lips quiver like a pointer's at a partridge. Get the Koran translated well and thoroughly : I have given orders already for the commencement. Let those who believe, believe now the better ; and those who never believed, begin.

Mufti. O son of Selim ! if every man reads, one or two in every province will think.

Soliman. Let them, let them : few shall have leisure for that. What harm would it do among the old and lame ; the only people left out of the soldiery in wise and good governments.

Mufti. The lame and the old grow stronger in the tongue ; as the deaf grow stronger in the sense of feeling, the blind in that of hearing. They will chatter about things holy.

Soliman. Why not !

Mufti. Alas ! O son of Selim ! the miracles of our Prophet, those gems of our religion, would lose their lustre, handled and turned over by the ungodly.

Soliman. No doubt they would : therefore I will make them godly, and teach them the true word.

Mufti. Serene Highness ! let us of the mosque do that. The Clement hath appointed us to his ministry.

Soliman. My resolution is to scatter the good seed in all lands, having now well ploughed and harrowed them.

Mufti. Suppose, O my master and lord ! we turn the plough and harrow over them another time or two.

Soliman. God is merciful ! we cannot do that, if they embrace the faith.

Mufti. The Koran would lose much of its beauty if we attempted to translate it from the language in which it was delivered to us by our Prophet.

Soliman. Swine do not look for sightly food, but for plen-

tiful. The Koran would bestow on the dogs (dogs indeed no longer when once circumcised) everlasting life, taken in what manner and in what words it may be.

Mufti. Think, O magnificent! —

Soliman. I will think no more about the matter: it shall be done; I see no other way of making good subjects.

Mufti. The waters of Damascus have not lost their virtues in tempering the sabre. Books never made men believers. We must, under that benign influence which Heaven showers upon the son of Selim, preserve the Koran, preserve the book of life, from the vulgar.

Soliman. What! shall we, acknowledged even by our enemies as the most honest and just of men, descend from that high station, and imitate the impostures of popes? Shall we say at one moment, "This is the book of life;" and at the next, "It is death to touch it!" Answer me: no evasion!

Mufti. Prince of the faithful! it behoveth not us to follow or to countenance the errors of the unbeliever, against whom God hath so sharply set his face at all times, and lately most portentously; yet surely that policy must be excellent and admirable which uniteth so many, in other respects not foolish nor unwary, under such camel-loads of absurdities, lies, and blasphemies.

Soliman. No proof whatever; no evidence, no sign, no indication. Sesostris, Semiramis, Alexander, Gengis-Khan, thought differently and acted alike. Human life is hardly modified in the least degree by articles of faith, excepting when they are first promulgated. Heaven is the place for them. There we shall know at last what are the fruits of each tree: on earth, rarely a blossom hath expanded. We only know that the leaves of them all are bitterish, some rather more acrid, some rather less, and that every man makes a wry face when he tastes his neighbor's, though habit teaches him to chew his own complacently. Equally learned men, equally acute men, equally virtuous men, have followed various religions: philosophers have been idolaters; idiots (may the Righteous One forgive me if I speak amiss of those whom His grace hath sanctified!) have followed our holy standard; and madmen (the Prophet help and comfort them!) have covered their cracked brains with green turbans. He whose name is the Wonderful hath willed it. Marvellous as this is,

no less marvellous is the certainty that all mankind are, sooner or later, to embrace our religion, and enter with us into Paradise. It is our duty to convert the obstinate ; not with fire and sword, like those who farm out faith, the slaves of sin, the dust of idolatry ; but, like equitable men, by fairer means and gentler.

Mufti. My advice, if advice may be offered by the worm to the goshawk, is, that the Koran be kept inviolate in the hands of the judge and of the preacher ; that, nevertheless, it be expounded to the people in as many tongues as it can tether ; that it be served out to them decorously and ceremoniously, like sherbet ; and that they do not hastily and promiscuously put their hands into it, as into a *pillau.* Hast thou not seen thy soldiers, O conqueror of Christianity ! hurry, after a victory, to slake their thirst at the fountain, and thus render that turbid which was pure and limpid, and which, if distributed by the few, dispassionate and patient, would have sufficed for all, without any contention or animosity ? Even so is it with the living stream of our faith.

Soliman. Its miracles are manifold, its virtues infinite : the corrupt heart alone sickens over it, the froward spirit alone avoids it. Every other is deserted by myriads yearly ; none beside hath seen within the same period so many converts, so few deserters. If we wanted proof of its superiority and divinity, here are they : here Reason and Faith join hands.

Mufti. Surely no rational creature can ever doubt in future of our holy doctrine, when he hears recited the victories of thy right hand, O prince of the strong and faithful ! If his evil genius shall have drawn him into the shadow of death, by confounding him with doubts and delusions, let his father or his preacher come forward and stop him on the declivity, by relating to him how the navies of the Christian powers were twice united against us in thy glorious reign ; how the last was overwhelmed on the Afric shores, by the finger of God directing his storms against it. In this manner did the Almighty punish the pride and obstinacy of the infidel, ignorant or regardless of his warning so short a time before, when a more powerful fleet, united from all Christendom against the true believers, was dissipated in the port of Zealand, without a tempest, without a burst of thunder, without a breath of air from any quarter of the heavens. Let him be

taught how the Merciful hath rendered the unbelieving princes the readiest and best instruments of our power and greatness. The firmest ally of Islamism hath been always the most Christian king: the eldest son of the Church is the adopted one of Mahomet. We may employ him hereafter to sweep off and annihilate the multiplying sects of his religion; as our chamberlains put hedgehogs on the ground-floor, to kill and consume the cockroaches. A little filth must be suffered quietly, in order to preserve us from the encroachments of vermin, more troublesome and more disgusting. While, to pass over the most Christian king, the rest around him couch, and watch one another, like tigers; while in their most loving mood they grumble and whine internally, like enamoured cats; we whip them away from before us, or kick them out of our path amid the riotous writhing of their accouplements, and evince the purity of our faith from the effects of their infidelity. No belief, how coarse and sordid soever, will not rather be swallowed by the people under them, than one bartered and retailed so scandalously as theirs, after all the scourges, axes, and fagots the wretched fools and their fathers have undergone for it; to say nothing of the hay-stacks and corn-stacks they have been transferring every year for its enjoyment. What then, when our true religion is displayed to them in her purity and freshness and effulgence, by the side of their old cripple, caught in thievery, blotched with sores, procuress to her elder daughter, famisher of all her younger, brawling, riotous, calumnious, drunken, maintaining no decency in her own house, and leaving no peace in her neighbor's! O son of Selim, do we want books for proofs? Must the people take the Koran into their hands, to inquire if a toad is a toad, if a viper is a viper? We will give them the bread of life, in due portions, as they need it; but we will not permit that the whole mass of it be contaminated by the rancidity of their touch. Let those who possess the holy volume as an inheritance hold it, and muse upon it. But the tree newly planted may be loosened by the wind; the rigor of winter may kill it; even the genial sun may be its death.

Soliman. Tell the linguists and interpreters to stop. Mufti, we meet again at prayers. I am going to the bath and to the harem. Seest thou that vessel, whose sails, although now in

the mid-channel, appear as if they were about to be entangled in the cypresses of Scutereh?

Mufti. Sublime serenity! thy slave descries it.

Soliman. By that vessel, which at one moment seems as if it danced to music, at another as if it reeled with the inebriety of delight, I expect some thirty young Georgians.

Mufti. The Holy One guide thee, O son of Selim, and make thee flourish!

XV. MR. PITT AND MR. CANNING.

Pitt. Dear Canning, my constitution is falling to pieces, as fast as, your old friend Sheridan would tell you, the constitution of the country is, under my management. Of all men living, you are the person I am most desirous to appoint my successor. My ambition is unsatisfied while any doubt of my ability to accomplish it remains upon my mind. Nature has withholden from me the faculty of propagating my species: nor do I at all repine at it, as many would do; since every great man must have some imbecile one very near him, if not next to him, in descent.

Canning. I am much flattered, sir, by your choice of me, there being so many among your relatives who might expect it for themselves. However, this is only another instance of your great disinterestedness.

Pitt. You may consider it in that light if you will; but you must remember that those who have exercised power long together, and without control, seldom care much about affinities. The Mamelukes do not look out for brothers and cousins: they have favorite slaves who leap into their saddles when vacant.

Canning. Among the rich families, or the ancient aristocracy of the kingdom —

Pitt. Hold your tongue! prythee, hold your tongue! I hate and always hated these. I do not mean the rich: they served me. I mean the old houses: they overshadowed me. There is hardly one, however, that I have not disgraced or degraded;

and I have filled them with smoke and sore eyes, by raising a vassal's hut above them.

I desire to be remembered as the founder of a new system in England: I desire to bequeath my office by will, a verbal one; and I intend that you, and those who come after you, shall do the same!

As you are rather more rash than I could wish, and allow your words to betray your intentions; and as sometimes you run counter to them in your hurry to escape from them, having thrown them out foolishly where there was no occasion nor room, — I would advise you never to speak until you have thoroughly learned your sentences. Do not imagine that, because I have the gift of extemporary eloquence, you have the same. No man ever possessed it in the same degree, excepting the two fanatics, Wesley and Whitfield.

Canning. In the same degree, certainly not; but many in some measure.

Pitt. Some measure is not enough.

Canning. Excuse me: Mr. Fox possessed it greatly, though not equally with you, and found it enough for his purpose.

Pitt. Fox foresaw, as any man of acuteness may do, the weaker parts of the argument that would be opposed to him, and he always learned his replies: I had not time for it. I owe every thing to the facility and fluency of my speech, excepting the name bequeathed me by my father: and, although I have failed in every thing I undertook, and have cast in solid gold the clay colossus of France, people will consider me after my death as the most extraordinary man of my age.

Canning. Do you groan at this? or does the pain in your bowels grow worse? Shall I lift up the cushion of your other chair yonder?

Pitt. Oh! oh!

Canning. I will make haste, and then soften by manipulation those two or three letters of condolence.

Pitt. Oh! oh! — next to that cursed fellow who foiled me with his broken weapon, and befooled me with his half-wit, Bonaparte.

Canning. Be calmer, sir! be calmer.

Pitt. The gout and stone be in him! Port wine and Cheltenham-water! An Austrian wife, Italian jealousy, his country's ingratitude, and his own ambition, dwell with him everlastingly!

Canning. Amen! let us pray!

Pitt. Upon my soul, we have little else to do. I hardly know where we can turn ourselves.

Canning. Hard indeed, when we cannot do that!

Be comforted, sir! The worse the condition of the country, the greater is the want of us; the more power we shall possess, the more places we shall occupy and distribute.

Pitt. Statesmanlike reflection.

Canning. "Those who have brought us into danger can alone bring us out," has become a maxim of the English people.

Pitt. If they should ever be strong again, they would crush us.

Canning. We have lightened them; and, having less ballast, they sail before the wind at the good pleasure of the pilot.

Pitt. A little while ago I would have made you chancellor or speaker, for composing and singing that capital song of the *Pilot*,— so I thought it: at present I never hear the word but it gives me the sea-sickness, as surely as would a fishing-boat in the Channel. It sounds like ridicule.

Canning. *We* have weathered the storm.

Pitt. I have not. I never believed in any future state; but I have made a very damnable one of the present, both for myself and others. We never were in such danger from without or from within. Money-lenders and money-voters are satisfied: the devil must be in them if they are not; but we have taken the younger children's fortunes from every private gentleman in Great Britain.

Canning. Never think about it.

Pitt. I have formerly been in their houses; I have relatives and connections among them; if you had, you would sympathize. I feel as little as any man can feel for others, you excepted. And this utter indifference, this concentration, which inelegant men call selfishness, is among the reasons why I am disposed to appoint you my successor. You are aware that, should the people recover their senses, they would drive us in a dung-cart to the scaffold. *Me* they cannot: I shall be gone.

Canning. We must prevent the possibility; we must go on weakening them. The viper that has bitten escapes; the viper that lies quiet in the road is cut asunder.

Pitt. Why, Canning! I find in you both more reasoning and more poetry than I ever found before. Go on in this manner, and your glory as a poet will not rest on *pilots* and *pebbles*, nor on a ditchside nettle or two of neglected satire. If you exhibit too much reflection, I may change my mind. You will do for my successor: you must not more than do.

Canning. On the contrary, sir, I feel in your presence my deep inferiority.

Pitt. That, of course.

Canning. Condescend to give me some precepts, which, if your disease should continue, it might be painfuller to deliver at any other time. Do not, however, think that your life is at all in danger, or that the supreme power can remain long together in any hands but yours.

Pitt. Attempt not to flatter me, Canning, with the prospect of much longer life. The doctors of physic have hinted that it is time I should divert my attention from the affairs of Europe to my own; and the doctors of divinity drive oftener to the chancellor's door than to mine. The flight of these sable birds portends a change of season and a fall of bones.

I have warned you against some imprudences of yours; now let me warn you against some of mine. You are soberer than I am; but, when you are rather warm over claret, you prattle childishly. For a successful minister, three things are requisite on occasion: to speak like an honest man, to act like a dishonest one, and to be indifferent which you are called. Talk of God as gravely as if you believed in him. Unless you do this, I will not say, what our Church does, you will be damned; but, what indeed is a politician's true damnation, you will be dismissed. Most very good men are stout partisans of some religion, and nearly all very bad ones. The old women about the prince are as notorious for praying as for prostitution; and, if you lose the old women, you lose him. He is their prophet, he is their champion, and they are his Houris.

Canning. I shall experience no difficulty in observing this commandment. In our days, only men who have some unsoundness of conscience and some latent fear, reason against religion; and those only scoff at it who are pushed back and hurt by it.

Pitt. Canning! you must have brought this with you from

Oxford: the sentiment is not yours even by adoption; it is too profound for you, and too well expressed. You are brilliant by the multitude of flaws, and not by the clearness or the quantity of light.

Canning. On second thoughts, I am not quite sure, not perfectly satisfied, that it is, as one may say, altogether mine.

Pitt. This avowal suggests another counsel.

Prevaricate as often as you can defend the prevarication, being close pressed; but, my dear Canning! never — I would say — come, come, let me speak it plainly: my dear fellow, never lie.

Canning. How, sir! what, sir! pardon me, sir! But, sir! do you imagine I ever lied in my lifetime?

Pitt. The certainty that you never did, makes me apprehensive that you would do it awkwardly, if the salvation of the country (the only case in question) should require it.

Canning. I ought to be satisfied; and yet my feelings — If you profess that you believe me incapable —

Pitt. What is my profession? what is my belief? If a man believes a thing of me, how can I prevent or alter his belief? or what right have I to be angry at it? Do not play the fool before me. I sent for you to give you good advice. If you apprehend any danger of being thought what it is impossible any man alive should ever think you, I am ready to swear in your favor as solemnly as I swore at Tooke's trial. I am presuming that you will become prime minister: you will then have plenty of folks ready to lie for you; and it would be as ungentlemanly to lie yourself as to powder your own hair or tie your own shoe-string. I usually had Dundas at my elbow, who never lied but upon his honor, or supported the lie but upon his God. As for the more delicate duty of prevarication, take up those letters of inquiry and condolence, whether you have rubbed the seals off or not in your promptitude to serve me, and lay them carefully by; and, some years hence, when any one exclaims, "What would Mr. Pitt have said?" bring out one from your pocket, and cry, "This is the last letter his hand, stricken by death, could trace." Another time you may open one from Burke, some thirty years after the supposed receipt of it, and say modestly, "Never but on this momentous occasion did that great man write to me. He foretold, in the true spirit of prophecy, all our difficulties."

But remember: do not quote him upon finance, else the House will laugh at you. For Burke was as unable to cast up a tailor's bill as Sheridan is to pay it.

I was about to give you another piece of advice, which on recollection I find to be superfluous. Surely my head sympathizes very powerfully with my stomach, which the physicians tell me is always the case, though not so much with us in office as with the honorable gentlemen out. I was on the point of advising you never to neglect the delivery of long speeches: the minister who makes short speeches enjoys short power. Now, although I have constantly been in the habit of saying a great deal more than was requisite to the elucidation of my subject, for the same reason as hares, when pursued, run over more ground than would bring them into their thickets, I would have avoided it with you, principally to save my breath. You can no more stop when you are speaking than a ball can stop on an inclined plane. You bounce at every inpediment, and run on; often with the very thing in your mouth that the most malicious of your adversaries would cast against you; and showing what you would conceal, and concealing what you would show. This is of no ill consequence to a minister: it goes for sincerity and plain-dealing. It would never have done at Christ-Church or Eton; for boys dare detect any thing, and laugh with all their hearts. I think it was my father who told me (if it was not my father I forget who it was) that a minister must have two gifts; the gift of places, and the gift of the gab. Perfectly well do I remember his defence of this last expression, which somebody at table, on another occasion, called a vulgarism. At the end of the debate on it, he asked the gentleman whether all things ought not to have names; whether there was any better for this; and whether the learning and ingenuity of the company could invent one. The importance of the faculty was admirably exhibited, he remarked, by the word *gift*. He then added, with a smile, "The alliteration itself has its merit: these short sayings are always the better for it; a pop-gun must have a pellet at both ends."

Ah, Canning! why have I not remembered my father as perfectly in better things? I have none of his wit, little of his wisdom; but all his experience, all his conduct, were before me and within my reach. I will not think about him now, when it would vex and plague me.

Canning. It is better to think of ourselves than of others; to consider the present as every thing, the past and future as nothing.

Pitt. In fact, they are nothing: they do not exist; what does not exist, is nothing.

Canning. Supposing me to be prime minister — I am delighted at finding that the very idea has given a fresh serenity to your countenance.

Pitt. Because it makes me feel my power more intensely than ever; or at least makes me fancy I feel it. By my means, by my authority, you are to become the successor of a Shelburne; of a Rockingham, and a Chatham.

Canning. Sir, I request you to consider —

Pitt. Whether I have the right of alluding to what all have the right of recollecting, and which right all will exercise. I wish you as well as if, by some miracle in my favor, I had been enabled to beget you: that which I hope to do is hardly less miraculous; and, if I did not bring to my mind what you are, I should not feel what I am. Do not you partake of the sentiment? Would it be any great marvel or great matter, if the descendant of some ancient family stepped up to the summit of power, even with clean boots on? You must take many steps, and some very indirect ones; all which will only raise you in your own esteem, if you think like a politician.

You are prone to be confident and overweening. Be cautious not to treat Parliament as you may fancy it deserves, and not to believe that you have bought votes when you have paid the money for them.

Canning. Why, sir?

Pitt. Because it will be expected of you, in addition, to speak for a given space of time. The people must be made to believe that their representatives are *persuaded;* and a few plain words are never thought capable of effecting this. Your zeal and anxiety to leave no scruple on the mind of any reasonable man must be demonstrated by protestations and explanations; and your hatred of those who obscure the glory of England, in their attempts to throw impediments in your way, must burst forth vehemently, and stalk abroad, and now and then put on a suit that smells of gunpowder.

Canning. I have no objection to that.

Pitt. It saves many arguments, and stops more; and, in short, is the only comprehensible kind of *political economy.*

Whenever the liberty or restriction of the press is in debate, you will do wisely to sport a few touches of wit, or to draw out a few sentences of declamation on blasphemy and blasphemers. I have observed, by the countenances of country gentlemen, that there is something horrifying in the sound of the word, — something that commands silence.

Canning. I do not well understand the meaning of it.

Pitt. Why should you? Are you to understand the meaning of every thing you talk about? If you do, you will not be thought deep. Be fluent, and your audience will be over head and ears in love with you. Never stop short, and you will never be doubted. To be out of breath is the only sign of weakness that is generally understood in a chancellor of the exchequer. The bets, in that case, are instantly against him, and the sounder in wind carries off the king's plate.

Canning. I am aware that to talk solemnly of blasphemy gives a man great weight at the time, and leaves it with him. But if a dissenter or a lawyer should ask me for a definition of a blasphemer?

Pitt. Wish the lawyer more prudence, and the dissenter more grace. Appeal to our forefathers.

Canning. To which of them? The elder would call the younger so, and the younger the elder.

Pitt. Idiots! but go on.

Canning. In our own days the Lutheran denounces the Unitarian for it; *he* retorts the denunciation. The Catholic comes between, to reconcile and reclaim them. At first, he simmers; then, he bubbles and boils; at last, inflamed with charity, he damns them both. "To you, adopted heir of the Devil and Perdition," says he to the believer in God's unity; "it would be folly and impiety to listen a moment longer. And you, idle hair-splitter, are ignorant, or pretend to be, that transubstantiation rests upon the same authority as trinitarianism. The one doctrine shocks the senses, the other shocks the reason; both require to be shocked, that faith may be settled."

"Very like your Saint Augustin," interposes the Unitarian: "he should have written this. When Faith enters the schoolroom, Reason must not whisper; if she might, she would say, perhaps, the question is, whether the senses or arithmetic be the most liable to error."

"Sir! sir!" cries again the Catholic, "you have no right to bring any question into the house of God without his leave, nor to push your sharp stick against the bellies of his sheep, making them shove one another and break the fold."

Pitt. Do not run wild in this way, retailing the merriment of your Oxford doctors in their snug parties. Such, I am sure, it must be: for you have not had time to read any thing since you left Eton; you think but little, and that little but upon yourself; nor has indeed the wing of your wit either such a strength of bone in it, or such a vividness of plumage.

Canning. I don't know that. I must confess, however, I drew a good deal both of my wit and my divinity from our doctors, when they had risen twice or thrice from the bottle, and turned their backs on us from the corner of the room.

Pitt. I hope you will be rather more retentive, and remember at what time you are to lament, as well as at what time you are to joke and banter. On these occasions, lower your voice, assume an air of disdain or pity, bless God that, such is the peculiar happiness of our most favored country, every man may enjoy his opinion in security and peace.

Canning. But some, I shall be reminded, have been forced to enjoy it in solitude and prison.

Pitt. Never push an argument or a remark too far; and take care to have a fellow behind you who knows when to cry *question! question!* As for reminding, those only whom you forget will remind you of any thing. Others will give you full credit for the wisdom of all your plans, the aptness of all your replies, the vivacity of all your witticisms, and the rectitude of all your intentions.

Canning. Unless it should fatigue you, sir, will you open your views of domestic polity a little wider before me?

Pitt. Willingly. Never choose colleagues for friendship or wisdom. If friends, they will be importunate; if wise, they may be rivals. Choose them for two other things quite different: for tractability and connections. A few men of business, quite enough for you, may be picked up anywhere on the road-side. Be particular in selecting for all places and employments the handsomest young men, and those who have the handsomest wives, mothers, and sisters. Every one of these brings a large party with him; and it rarely happens that any such is formidable for mental prowess. The man

who can bring you three votes is preferable to him who can bring you thrice your own quantity of wisdom. For, although in private life we may profit much by the acquisition of so much more of it than we had ourselves, yet in public we know not what to do with it. Often it stands in our way; often it hides us; sometimes we are oppressed by it. Oppose in all elections the man, whatever may be his party or principles, who is superior to yourself in attainments, particularly in ratiocination and eloquence. Bring forward, when places are found for all the men of rank who present themselves, those who believe they resemble you: young declaimers, young poets, young critics, young satirists, young journalists, young magazine-men, and young lampooners and libellers; that is, those among them who have never been more than ducked and cudgelled. Every soul of them will hope to succeed you by adoption.

My father made this remark,* in his florid way. When an insect dips into the surface of a stream, it forms a circle round it, which catches a quick radiance from the sun or moon, while the stiller water on every side flows without any; in like manner, a small politician may attract the notice of the king or people, by putting into motion the pliant element about him; while quieter men pass utterly away, leaving not even this weak impression, this momentary sparkle. On which principle Dundas used to say, "Keep shoving, keep shoving!" I do not know whether the injunction was taken by all his acquaintance in the manner and in the direction he intended.

A great deal has been spoken, in the House and out of the House, on parliamentary reform.

Canning. I have repeatedly said that without it there is no salvation for the country: this is embarrassing.

Pitt. Not at all: oppose it; say you have changed your mind, — let that serve for your reason; and do not stumble upon worse by running against an adversary. You will find the country going on just as it has gone on.

Canning. Bad enough, God knows!

Pitt. But only for the country. People will see that the fields and the cattle, the streets and the inhabitants, look as

* Pitt's father never made it; but it was necessary to attribute it to some other person than Pitt himself.

usual. The houses stand, the chimneys smoke, the pavements hold together: this will make them wonder at your genius in keeping them up, after all the prophecies they have heard about their going down. Men draw their ideas from sight and hearing. They do not know that the ruin of a nation is in its probity, its confidence, its comforts. While they see every day the magnificent equipages of contractors and brokers, read of sumptuous dinners given by cabinet-ministers and army agents, and are invited to golden speculations in the East and in the West, they fancy there is an abundance of prosperity and wealth; whereas, in fact, it is in these very places that wealth and prosperity are shut up, accumulated, and devoured.

I deferred from session to session a reform in Parliament; because, having sworn to promote it by all the means in my power, I did not wish to seem perjured to the people. In the affair of Maidstone, nobody could prove me so: I only swore I had forgotten what nobody but myself could swear that I remembered. It was evident to the whole world that I was a perjured man; it was equally that I was a powerful one: and the same nation which would have sent another to the pillory, sent me to the Privy Council. It is inconceivable to you what pleasure I felt in committing it, when I reflected on the difference it proved between me and people in general. But beware of fancying you resemble me. My father's crutch was my sceptre, and it will fall into the grave with me. There is no bequeathing or devising this part of the inheritance. I improved it not a little. My adherents at Maidstone thought my father would have hesitated to forget so bravely. Appearances were against me. The main object of my early life, what I had repeated every day, what brought me into credit and into power, was unlikely to escape my memory in an instant; and in the midst of those who at that time had surrounded me, applauded me, and followed me. Yet bishops and chancellors will drink to me, after my death, as the most honest man that ever lived.

Canning. What! even when they can get nothing and want nothing from you?

Pitt. They want from me more than you are aware of: they want my example to stand upon. They will take their aim against our country from behind my statue.

Canning. She has fleshier parts about her than the heel, and their old snags will stick tight in them till they rattle in the coffin.

Pitt. Do not disturb them. You may give over your dalliance with reform whenever you are tired of it. You did not begin as a states-*man* but as a states-*boy*: you are under me; and you cannot act more wisely than by telling folks that I had seen my error in the latter part of my life.

Canning. Perhaps they will not believe me.

Pitt. Likely enough! but courtesy and interest will require their acquiescence, and they will act as if they did. The noisiest of the opposition are the lawyers; partly from rudeness, partly from rapacity. Lay it down as a rule for your conduct, that the most honest one in Parliament is as indifferent about his party as about his brief: whoever offers him his fee has him. Of these there is hardly an individual who had any more of a qualification than you or I had; yet they assume it, as well as we. Is there in this no fallacy, no fraud? Some of them were so wretchedly poor that a borrowed watch-key hung from a broken shoestring at their tattered fob; and, when they could obtain on credit a yard of damaged muslin for their noses, they begged a pinch of snuff at the next box they saw open, and sneezed that they might reasonably display their acquisition.

Canning. I wonder that these people should cry out so loudly for a fairer representation.

Pitt. Some have really the vanity to believe that they would be chosen, and might choose their colleagues; others follow orders; the greater part wish no such thing, and, if they thought it likely to succeed, would never call for it. The fact is this: the most honest and independent members of Parliament are elected by the rotten boroughs. They pay down their own money, and give their own votes: they are not subservient to the aristocracy nor to the treasury. The same cannot be said on any other description of members. I never ventured to make such a remark in Parliament. The people would be alarmed and struck with horror, if you clearly showed that the very best part of their representation is founded on nothing sounder than on rank corruption. Perhaps I am imprudent in suggesting the fact to you, knowing your *diabetes* of mind, and having found that your tongue is

as easily set in motion, and as unconsciously, as the head of a mandarin on the chimney-piece at an inn.

Cease to be speculative.

Canning. We cease to be speculative when we touch the object.

Pitt. It is then unnecessary to remind you that you want only a numerical majority. Talents count for talents; respectability for respectability. The veriest fag that Dundas ever breeched for the South gives as efficient a vote as a Romilly or a Newport.

In the beginning of my career as minister, I sometimes wished that I could have become so and have been consistent. I have since found that inconsistency is taken for a proof of greatness in a politician. "He knows how to manage men; he sees what the times require; his great mind bends majestically to the impulse of the world." These things are said, or will be. Certain it is, when a robe is blown out by the wind, showing now the outer side, now the inner, then one color, then another, it seems the more capacious, and the richer.

If at any time you are induced by policy, or impelled by nature, to commit an action more ungenerous or more dishonest than usual; if at any time you shall have brought the country into worse disgrace or under more imminent danger, — talk and look bravely; swear, threaten, bluster; be witty, be pious; sneer, scoff; look infirm, look gouty; appeal to immortal God that you desire to remain in office so long only as you can be beneficial to your king and country; that, however, at such a time as the present, you should be reluctant to leave the most flourishing of nations a prey to the wild passions of insatiate demagogues; and that nothing but the commands of your venerable sovereign, and the unequivocal voice of the people that recommended you to his notice, shall ever make you desert the station to which the hand of Providence conducted you. They have keen eyes who can see through all these words: I have never found any such, and have tried thousands. The man who possesses them may read Swedenborg and Kant while he is being tossed in a blanket.

Above all things, keep your friends and dependants in good humor and good condition. If they lose flesh, you lose people's confidence. My cook, two summers ago, led me to

this reflection at Walmer. Finding him in the court-yard, and observing that, however round and rosy, he looked melancholy, and struck his hips with his fists very frequently, as he walked along, I called to him, and, when he turned round, inquired of him what had happened to discompose him. He answered that Sam Spack the butcher had failed.

"Well, what then?" said I, "unless you mean that his creditors may come upon me for the last two years' bill?" He shook his head, and told me that he had lent Sam Spack all he was worth, a good five hundred pounds. "The greater fool you!" replied I. "Why, sir!" said he, opening his hand to show the clearness of his demonstration, "who would not have lent him any thing, when he swore and ate like the devil, and drank as if he was in hell, and his dog was fatter than the best calf in Kent?"

It occurs to me that I owe this unfortunate cook several years' wages. Write down his name, William Ruffhead. You must do something to help him. A diversion on the coast of France would be sufficient; order one for him. In six months he may fairly pocket his quiet twenty thousands, and have his paltry three guineas a day for life. Write above the name, "deputy commissary." Ruffhead is so honest a creature, he will only be a dogfish in a shoal of sharks.

Never consent to any reduction in the national expenditure. Consider what is voted by Parliament for public services as your own property. The largest estate in England would go but a little way in procuring you partisans and adherents: these loosely counted millions purchase them. I have smiled when people, in the simplicity of their hearts, applauded me for neglecting the aggrandizement of my fortune. Every rood of land in the British dominions has a mine beneath it, out of which, by a vote of Parliament, I oblige the proprietor to extract as much as I want, as often as I will. From every tobacco-pipe in England a dependant of mine takes a whiff; from every salt-vase, a spoonful. I have given more to my family than is possessed by those of Tamerlane and Aurungzebe; and I distribute to the amount of fifty millions a year in the manner I deem convenient. What is any man's private purse other than that into which he can put his hand at his option? Neither my pocket nor my house, neither the bank nor the treasury, neither London nor Westminster, neither

England nor Europe, are capacious enough for mine: it swings between the Indies, and sweeps the whole ocean.

Canning. I am aware of it. You spend only what you have time and opportunity for spending. No man gives better dinners; few better wine —

Pitt. Canning! Canning! Canning! always blundering into some coarse compliment!

Reminding me of wine, you remind me of my death, and the cause of it. To spite the French and Bonaparte, I would not drink claret: Madeira was too heating; hock was too light and acid for me.

Canning. Seltzer-water takes off this effect, the Dean of Christ-church tells me.

Pitt. It might have made my speeches windier than was expedient; and I declined to bring into action a steam-engine of such power, with Mr. Speaker in front and the treasury-bench in rear of me. The detestable beverage of Oporto is now burning my entrails.

Canning. Beverage fit for the condemned.

Pitt. If condemned for poisoning.

As you must return to London in the morning, and as I may not be disposed or able to talk much at another time, what remains to be said I will say now.

Never be persuaded to compose a mixed administration of Whigs and Tories; for, as you cannot please them equally, each will plot eternally to supplant you by some leader of its party.

Employ men of less knowledge and perspicacity than yourself, if you can find them. Do not let any stand too close or too much above; because in both positions they may look down into your shallows, and see the weeds, at the bottom. Authors may be engaged by you: but never pamper them; keep them in wind and tractability by hard work. Many of them are trusty while they are needy; enrich them only with promised lands, enjoying the most extensive prospect and most favorable exposure. For my part, I little respect any living author. The only one, ancient or modern, I ever read with attention, is Bolingbroke, who was recommended to me for a model. His principles, his heart, his style, have formed mine exclusively. Every thing sits easy upon him. Mostly I like him because he supersedes inquiry, — the thing best to do

and to inculcate. We should have been exterminated long ago, if the House of Commons had not thought so, and had not voted us a Bill of Indemnity; which I was certain I could obtain as often as I should find it necessary, be the occasion what it might. Neither free governments nor arbitrary have such security: ours is constituted for evasion. I hope nobody may ever call me the *Pilot of the Escape-boat.* In Turkey, I should have been strangled; in Algiers, I should have been impaled; in America, I should have mounted the gallows in the market-place; in Sweden, I should have been pistoled at a public dinner or court-ball: in England, I am extolled above my father.

Ah, Canning! how delighted, how exultant was I, when I first heard this acclamation! When I last heard it, how sorrowful! how depressed! He was always thwarted, and always succeeded: I was always seconded, and always failed. He left the country flourishing; I leave it impoverished, exhausted, ruined. He left many able statesmen; I leave *you.*

Excuse me: dying men are destined to feel and privileged to say unpleasant things.

Good-night! I retire to rest.

XVI. ARCHBISHOP BOULTER AND PHILIP SAVAGE.*

* Boulter, primate of Ireland, and president of the council, saved that kingdom from pestilence and famine in the year 1729, by supplying the poor with bread, medicines, attendance, and every possible comfort and accommodation. Again in 1740 and 1741 two hundred and fifty thousand were fed, twice a day, *principally at his expense*, as we find in *La Biographie Universelle*, — an authority the least liable to suspicion. He built hospitals at Drogheda and Armagh, and endowed them richly. No private man, in any age or country, has contributed so largely to relieve the sufferings of his fellow-creatures; to which object he and his wife devoted their ample fortunes, both during their lives and after their decease.

Boulter was certainly the most disinterested, the most humane, the most beneficent man that ever guided the councils of Ireland. I am not certain that I should have thought of offering this tribute to his memory, if his connection with my family by his marriage had not often reminded me of him; for we do not always bear in mind what is due to others, unless there is something at home to stimulate the recollection.

Philip Savage, Chancellor of the Exchequer, was likewise so irreproachable, that even Swift, the reviler of Somers, could find in him no motive for satire and no room for discontent.

Boulter. Heartily glad am I to see you, my brother, if, in these times of calamity and desolation, such a sentiment may be expressed or felt. My wife is impatient to embrace her sister.

Savage. My lord primate, I did not venture to bring her with me from Dublin, wishing to wait until I had explored the road, and had experienced the temper of the people.

Boulter. I much regret her absence, and yet more the cause of it; let me hope, however, that nothing unexpectedly unpleasant has occurred to you in your journey hither.

Savage. I came on horseback, attended by one servant. Had I been prudent, he would not have worn his livery; for hardly any object is more offensive to the poor, in seasons of distress, than a servant in livery, spruce and at his ease. They attach to it the idea of idleness and comfort, which they contrast with their own hard labor and its ill requital.

Two miles from Armagh, we were met by a multitude of work-people; they asked my groom who I was; he told them my name, and, perhaps in the pride of his heart, my office. Happily they never had heard of the one or the other. They then enclosed me, and insisted on knowing whether I came with orders from the castle to fire upon them, as had been threatened some days before.

"For what? my honest friends!" cried I.

"For wanting bread and asking it," was the answer that ran from mouth to mouth, frequently repeated, and deepening at every repetition, till hoarseness and weakness made it drop and cease. I then assured them that no such orders were given, or would ever be; and that the king and government were deeply afflicted at their condition, which however was only temporary.

Upon this there came forward one from among them; and, laying his hand upon the mane of my horse, he laughed till he staggered. I looked at him in amaze. When he had recovered himself a little from his transport, he said, "I hope you are honest, my friend! for you talk like a fool, which in people of your sort is a token of it, though sometimes one no weightier than Will Wood's for a halfpenny. But prythee now, my jewel, how can you in your conscience take upon yourself to say, that the king and his ministers care a flea's rotten tooth whether or not we crack with emptiness and thirst, so

long as our arms fill their bellies, and drive away troublesome neighbors while they are napping afterward? Deeply afflicted! is it deeply afflicted! O' my soul, one would think there was as much pleasure in deep affliction as in deep drinking, or even more: for many have washed away their lands with claret, and have then given over drinking; but where is the good fellow who has done any thing in this quarter by way of raising his head above such a deep affliction? Has the king or his lord-lieutenant sent us the value of a mangy sow's bristle? I may be mistaken; but I am apt to think that, shallow as we are bound to believe we are in other things, our affliction is as deep as theirs, or near upon it; and yet we never said a word about the matter. We only said we were naked and starving, and quitted our cabins that we may leave to our fathers and mothers our own beds to die on, and that we may hear no longer the cries of our wives and little ones, which, let me tell you, are very different in those who are famishing from any we ever heard before. Deeply afflicted! Now afore God! what miseries have they suffered, or have they seen? I hear of rich people in Dublin with such a relish for deep affliction they will give eighteen-pence for a book to read of it."

Partly in hopes of proceeding, and partly in commiseration, I slipped a guinea into the fellow's hand. He took it, and did not thank me; but continuing to hold it, together with my horse's mane, he said, "Come along with me." I thought it prudent to comply. At the distance of about a mile, on the right hand, is the cabin to which I was conducted. A wretched horse was standing half within it and half without, and exhibiting in his belly and ribs the clearest signs of famine and weariness. "Let us hear," said my guide, "what is going on."

I dismounted and stood with him. Looking round about the tenement, I found no article of furniture; for the inhabitant was lying on the floor, covered with his clothes only. Against the wall of the doorway was hanging from a nail a broken tin tobacco-box, kept open by a ring which had formerly been the ornament of a pig's snout. Its more recent service was to make a hole in a piece of paper, on which I read, "Notice to quit."

There was a priest in the cabin, who spoke, as nearly as I

can recollect, these words: "You are the only Catholic in the parish, and ought to set an example to the rest of them about you."

"Father!" said a weak voice, "you told me I might go to the archbishop's when I grew stouter, and get what I could; it being the spoil of an enemy. Such was my hunger on first recovering from the fever, and the worse perhaps from having had nothing to eat for a couple of days, that, when the servants gave me a basin of broth, I swallowed it. None of them had the charity to warn me that it was a piece of beef which was lying at the bottom, or to tell me that (for what they knew) it might be a turnip; so, without thinking at all about it, I just let it take its own way! There was no more of it than the size of a good potato; a healthy man would have made but four bites of it; I had a bitch that would have swallowed it at one, when she had whelps. I have seen a man who would make so little of it, he would let his wife eat it all, at a meal or two: it was next to nothing. In my mind, I have a doubt whether, as there might be some fever left upon me, it was not rather the show of beef rising out of the broth than real beef. For sure enough I might mistake, as I might in thinking I was well again when I had still the fever; which could scarcely come back upon me for eating, when it had come upon me the week before for not eating. Howsoever, I went home and laid myself down and slept, and dreamed of angels with ladles of soup in their hands, some looking ugly enough, and others laughing, and one of them led that very horse of yours into the cabin: I should know him again anywhere. We looked in each other's face for ten minutes; then down he threw himself on me, as though I were no better than ling and fern. There he would have stayed, I warrant, till sunrise, if it had not been Sunday morning."

"How!" cried the priest. "What then! all this iniquity was committed upon the Saturday!" "This day week," answered the sick man, humbled as much, I suspect, by blundering into the confession, as he was by the reproof.

"And now, by my soul! our Lady calls you to an account, sinner!" said the priest, angrily. "I would not wonder if the arch-heretic you call archbishop gave out so many thousand bowls of soup a day, for the sake of drowning that soul of

yours, swiller and swine! Hither have I been riding a matter of thirteen miles, to see that every thing is going on as it ought, and not an ounce of oatmeal or a potato in the house."

The poor inhabitant of the cabin sighed aloud. My conductor strode softly toward the priest, and, twitching him by the sleeve, asked him softly what he thought of the man's health. The poor creature heard the question, and much more distinctly the answer, which was, that he could not live out another day. He requested the holy man to hear his confession. The most grievous part of it had been made already: but now the piece of beef had its real size and weight given to it; he had eaten it with pleasure, with knowledge; he had gone to bed upon it; he had tried to sleep; he had slept; he had said no more *ave-marias* than ordinarily. A soul laboring under such a mountain of sin required (God knows how many) masses for its purgation and acquittance.

"Be aisy!" said my conductor. "He shall sup with our blessed Lord in Paradise by seven o'clock to-morrow night, if masses can mash potatoes, or there is buttermilk above."

On saying this, he pulled open the priest's hand, slapped it with some violence, left the guinea in it, and wished me a pleasant ride. I could not bear to let him quit me so abruptly, glad as I should have been before at his departure. I asked him whether the dying man was his relative. He said, "No." I wished to replace his generosity somewhat more largely.

"Sir!" said he, "I have enough for several days yet; when it is gone, the archbishop will give me what he gives the rest. As for that massmonger, he shall eat this rasher of bacon with me this blessed night, or I'll be damned." So saying, he drew a thin slice from his pocket, neither wrapped in paper nor in bread.

Boulter. I hope soon to find out this worthy man, the warmth of whose heart may well atone for that of his expressions; but, lest he should be too urgent in his invitation, I will immediately send one to my brother clergyman, entreating him to dine with us. We have always fish on Fridays and Saturdays from the lake near us, in case we may be favored by any Roman Catholic visitor.

This slight displeasure is, I hope, the only one you have met with.

Philip Savage. I must confess it grieved me to see the

sheriff's officers erecting the gallows at the entrance of the city: it must exasperate the populace. Men in the extremity of suffering lose sooner the sense of fear than the excitability to indignation: the people of Ireland have endured enough already.

Boulter. Indeed have they. It was thought the excess of hardheartedness, when men asked for bread, to give a stone; but better a stone than a halter.

Philip Savage. As our country-gentlemen, in this part of Ireland particularly, are rather worse than semi-barbarous, and hear nothing from their cradles but threats and defiance, they may deem it requisite and becoming to erect this formidable signal of regular government against the advances of insurrection.

Boulter. More are made insurgents by firing on them than by feeding them; and men are more dangerous in the field than in the kitchen.

Philip Savage. In critical times, such as these, some coercion and some intimidation may be necessary. We must be vigilant and resolute against the ill-intentioned.

Boulter. My dear brother! would it not be wiser to give other intentions to the ill-intentioned? Cruelty is no more the cure of crimes than it is the cure of sufferings: compassion, in the first instance, is good for both. I have known it bring compunction when nothing else would. I forbear to enlarge on the enormous inhumanity of inflicting the punishment of death for small offences; yet I must remind you to ask yourself, whether, in your belief, ten years ever elapsed in Ireland, or even in England, without some capital sentence wrongfully pronounced. If this be the case, and most men think it is, does it not occur to you that such a penalty should for ever be expunged from our statute-book? Severe as another may be, reparation of some kind may be made, on the detection of its injustice. But what reparation can reach the dead from the living? What reparation can even reach the judge who condemned him? for he too must be almost as much a sufferer. In vain will the jurymen split and subdivide the responsibility; in vain will they lament that nothing now can mitigate the verdict. Release, then, the innocent from this long suffering, if you will not release the guilty from a shorter. What can be expected from the humanity of men,

habituated to see death inflicted on their fellow-men, for offences which scarcely bring an inconvenience on the prosecutor? And what can be expected from the judgment of those above them, who denounce vengeance to preserve peace, and take away life to show respect for property? More ferocity hath issued from under English scarlet than from under American ochre. Violent resentments are the natural propensities of untamed man: the protection of our property does not require them.

Philip Savage. The legislator and judge feel none.

Boulter. Why then imitate them in voice and action? Is there any thing lovely or dignified in such an imitation?

Philip Savage. Our judges in these days are not often guilty of the like unseemliness, which was common fifty years ago.

Boulter. Certainly they are less boisterous and blustering than under the first James and the first Charles, and have wiped away much of that rudeness and effrontery which is chastened in other professions by civiller company and more salutary awe: nevertheless, at the commencement of the disturbances which this famine brought about, many poor wretches were condemned to death, after much intemperate language from the judges, who declined to present petitions on their behalf to the lord-lieutenant, as I told you in my letter. Probably they are little pleased that his flexibility of temper hath yielded to our remonstrances and authority. Painful would be my situation as president of the council, and yours as chancellor of the exchequer, if such people as are usually sent hither for lords-lieutenant were as refractory as they are remiss. I trust it will ever be found convenient to appoint men of clemency to the first station, and that I shall never be forced to exercise on them the powers entrusted to me of coercion and control.

It is well when people can believe that their misfortunes are temporary. How can we apply such a term to pestilence and famine.

Philip Savage. Surely the violence of the evil eats away the substance of it speedily. Pestilence and famine are, and always have been, temporary and brief.

Boulter. Temporary they are, indeed: brief are they, very brief. But why? because life is so under them. To the world

they are extremely short; but can we say they are short to him who bears them? And of such there are thousands, tens of thousands, in this most afflicted, most neglected country. The whole of a life, be it what it may be, is not inconsiderable to him who leaves it; any more than the whole of a property, be it but an acre, is inconsiderable to him who possesses it. Whether want and wretchedness last for a month or for half a century, if they last as long as the sufferer, they are to him of very long duration. Let us try, then, rather to remove the evils of Ireland, than to persuade those who undergo them that there are none. For, if they could be thus persuaded, we should have brutalized them first to such a degree as would render them more dangerous than they were in the reigns of Elizabeth or Charles.

There will never be a want of money, or a want of confidence, in any well-governed State that has been long at peace, and without the danger of its interruption. But a want of the necessaries of life, in peasants or artisans, when the seasons have been favorable, is a certain sign of defect in the constitution, or of criminality in the administration. It may not be advisable or safe to tell every one this truth: yet it is needful to inculcate it on the minds of governors, and to repeat it until they find the remedy; else the people, one day or other, will send those out to look for it who may trample down more in the search than suits good husbandry.

God be praised! we have no such exclamation to make as that of Ecclesiastes: "Woe to thee, O land! whose king is a child," — an evil that may afflict a land under the same king, for years indefinite. Our gracious sovereign, ever mindful of his humble origin, and ever grateful to the people who raised him from it to the most exalted throne in the universe, — a throne hung round with the trophies of Cressy, Agincourt, Poitiers, and Blenheim, — has little inclination to imitate the ruinous pride of Louis the Fourteenth; to expend his revenues, much less those of his people, in the excavation of rivers, the elevation of mountains, and the transplantation of Asia, with all her gauds and vanities, under the gilded domes of fairy palaces.

Philip Savage. Versailles is a monument, raised by the king of one country for the benefit of kings in all others; warning each in successive generations not to exhaust the

labor and patience of his people, by the indulgence of his profusion and sensuality.

Boulter. Let us hope, my brother, that the poverty this structure has entailed on the French may not hereafter serve for the foundation of more extensive evils, and exacerbate a heartless race, ever disposed to wanton cruelties, until they at last strike down the virtuous for standing too near, and for warning them where their blows should fall. In which case they will become even worse slaves than they are, from the beating they must sooner or later undergo.

If I could leave the country in its present state, and if I possessed the same advantage of daily access to the king as when I attended him from Germany, I should take the liberty of representing to him, that his own moderation of expenditure might well be copied in the public, and that some offices and some pensions in this country might be lopped off, without national dishonor or popular discontent.

Philip Savage. There has always been an outcry against places and pensions, whether the country was flourishing or otherwise. We may lop until we cut our fingers and disable ourselves for harder work. Surely a man of your grace's discernment would look well to it first, and remember, that, where the sun is let in, the wind too may let in itself.

Boulter. A want of caution is not among my defects; nor is an unsteady deference to the clamors of the multitude. It is necessary to ask sometimes even well-dressed men, have not the judges places? is not every office of trust a place? and can any government be conducted without its functionaries? I do not follow the public cry, nor run before it. Pensions, too, occasionally are just and requisite. What man of either party will deny, that a Marlborough and a Peterborough deserved such a token of esteem from the country they served so gloriously? or that the payment of even a large annuity to such illustrious men is not in the end the best economy? These rewards stimulate exertion and create merit. They likewise display to other nations our justice, our generosity, our power, our wealth, and are the best monuments we can erect to Victory. Do not be alarmed lest the people should insist on too rigorous a defalcation. The British people, and still more the Irish, would resent, as a private wrong, the tearing one leaf from the brow of a brave

defender. On the contrary, to say nothing of clerks and commissaries, the grant of pensions to ambassadors and envoys, who cannot act from their own judgment, and who only execute the orders of others, without the necessity of genius, of learning, of discernment, or of courage, is superfluous to a nation in its prosperity, and insulting to one in its distress. They are always chosen out of private friendship; and their stipends, while they act, are only presents made to them by their patrons. To pay them afterward for having taken the trouble to receive these presents, is less needful than to send a Christmas-box to my wig-maker, because I had preferred him already, and had paid him handsomely for making me a wig at midsummer. Should we not think him a foolish man if he expected it, and an impudent one if he asked it?

We are so fortunate as to have few pensions to discharge, and little debt: nevertheless, in times disastrous like these, when many thousands, I might say millions, are starving, and when persons once in affluence have neither bread nor work, it behooves us, who wish security and respectability to the government, to deduct from waste and riot that which was not given originally for distinguished merit, and which may now save the lives of generations, and scarcely take the garnish off one dish in the second courses of a few.

At my table you will find only ordinary fare; and I hardly know whether I am not sinning while I thank my God that it is plentiful.

XVII. MAHOMET AND SERGIUS.

Mahomet. Thou knowest, my dear Sergius, that heretofore the Bishops of Rome have conferred and counselled on the necessity of depriving the priesthood of marriage, that the brethren may be devoted to them entirely, and insulated from the people.

Sergius. Such a scheme indeed hath been agitated more than once; yet I suspect it can never be carried into execution. If the Roman pontiff should succeed in his intentions, would the Greek follow?

Mahomet. There hath always been jealousy between them, of each other's weight and authority.

Sergius. It began about dresses and jewels, then flamed forth again on the comparative number of rich widows and holy virgins in the convents of East and West. As beauty and embroidery, music and mutilation, are matters of taste and opinion, they looked for something to split upon decorously. An iota served; this iota clove many thousand skulls, and found nothing. Latterly they have fought upon surer ground, over the relics of confessors and martyrs, and, in time of truce, have bidden high against each other for the best odor of sanctity any Jew or Arab would bring them.

Mahomet. I myself keep in reserve the thigh-bone of an honest jade of a mule; the fellow of which thigh-bone is inclosed in a glass case at Ancona, as belonging to Saint Eufemia. My saint was rather a wincing one. I should not have liked to put my muzzle quite so near her crupper, in her state of probation, as the faithful do now she is canonized. I introduced oil of amomum, a perfume unknown among the Italians, into both bones. The first, like a fool, I sold for three hundred gold pieces: the remaining one shall bring me, with God's help, five hundred; proving its authenticity by identity of odor, and thus confounding the sceptic and scoffer. If men are wilfully blind, let them remain so: they shall fall into the ditch when there is none to help them. In vain does the cresset shine from the tower, if the perverse will run upon the shoals and rocks. In vain does the crier's voice cry "God is great," if we hang back and budge, and will not lend him even our little finger to try a portion of his strength thereon. But he saith, "I am a sword to the wicked, and a shield to the good, and a mountain-encampment fed with living waters to him and him only who placeth his trust in me." Thus saith the Strong and Merciful, whose name be praised evermore, through his servant, the dust of his feet. "Did I not," saith he, "hide the prophet Jonas three days and three nights in the whale's belly? But my prophet Mahomet, whom I have chosen to be cover and clasp, pumice-stone and thong, to the book of prophecy, hath lain three times three in a locust's."

Sergius. Quiet! quiet! never say that! The Catholics will think either that thou mockest or that thou surpassest their impudence, and will stone thee.

Mahomet. I will preach where there are no stones big enough.

Sergius. They will crucify thee.

Mahomet. I will preach where there are no trees high enough.

Sergius. They will burn thee alive.

Mahomet. I will preach where they shall be burnt alive themselves if they come near me, and without a fagot, a wisp of straw, or a match. Men are very humane in the desert: it is only where there are meadows and cornfields, and young nuns and choristers, that the gadfly of persecution pricks them.

Sergius. Thou talkest reasonably again, dropping in thy phraseology from the third heaven of Orientalism.

Mahomet. Leave me my third heaven: we agreed upon it.

Sergius. We will pick the mule's thigh-bone together.

Mahomet. My mule, I promise thee, Sergius, shall carry both of us the first stage on our journey.

Again to business.

If my introduction is somewhat long, it is only that I may smoothen the path to arrangements of great advantage to thee, unoffered and unpremeditated in any former conversation. Although the Greeks had the earliest and best claim to supremacy, if indeed the Christian dispensation could admit any (which the first Roman bishops denied), the Emperor Mauritius wished the Patriarch of Constantinople to possess it, that something like order might at length be established in his extensive and loose dominions, and that the lust of ecclesiastical power might be controlled by the presence of the imperial. This cost him his life from the pope, who himself did not live long enough to gather the fruits he had engrafted with so skilful and sharp a knife. Popes trip up one another, like children on the icy streets of Cyzicus. Gregory and Sabinian followed in rapid march: then came Bonifacius, who found on the throne Phocas, the murderer of his emperor and patron. Never were two such men so well met: they upheld one another; and Rome from that time forward hath preserved the authority she usurped. She hath always been an auxiliary of the audacious and the unjust, knowing that they pay best and promise most, and that right and equity, peace and honor, want nothing and expect nothing at her hands.

Her thunders are composed from chaos; her light, from the fragments of civilization and the flames of war. We will take advantage of the weakness that wickedness leaves behind it, and of the hatred and contempt in which papal ambition is holden through Greece and Asia.

Sergius. I hope the Roman pontiff may at least order the priests to observe celibacy, if he does not subject them to another ceremony, taken, like the greater part of their worship, from the ancient rites of Cybele. An excellent regimen for priests! but it would ruin monachism.

Mahomet. So far is the Greek Church from a desire to imitate the Roman, that I am well convinced she would, for contradiction, instantly order both priests and monks to marry. On this principle, in my institutions I am resolved to allow four wives to every man. In order to strengthen the Oriental Church against the Occidental, and that you never may suppose I would take an undue advantage of you, I recommend that you should prove from the Scriptures how every tenth girl belongs to the religious, as clearly as every tenth lamb and wheat-sheaf, and that monks are more religious than priests.

Sergius. Thou canst not prove the former.

Mahomet. Nor thou.

Sergius. No.

Mahomet. Nor both together.

Sergius. I question it.

Mahomet. O thou infidel! the Scriptures contain every thing.

Sergius. I have no mind, friend Mahomet, they should contain this. I will never have ten wives, nor four, nor any; and, if the Œcumenical bishop orders those under his authority to repudiate theirs, certain I am that our Church will exhort and command every priest, and perhaps every monk, to take one.

Mahomet. Well! what harm?

Sergius. Short-sighted mortal! what harm indeed! If she bids us have wives of our own, she will shortly come to such a pass that she will bid us have none *but* our own, — a grievous detriment to the vital interests of the faith.

Mahomet, thou art the heartiest laugher under heaven. Prythee let thy beard cover thy throat again. There now!

thy turban has fallen behind thee. Art thou in fits? By my soul, I will lay this thong across thy loins, if thou tossest and screamest in such a manner, to the scandal of the monastery.

Mahomet. Words are magical. The blindest and tenderest young saintling that ever was whelped could not have whined so pathetically, "A grievous detriment to the vital interests of the faith!"

Sergius. There is a time for all things. Now a serious word with thee.

Mahomet. Let me hear it.

Sergius. Brother Pemphix, a worthy priest, hath espoused a beautiful creature. O the charms of such a friendship as mine with Pemphix! I am the confessor of the fair Anatolis. Ah, Mahomet! Mahomet! The delight of authority! the diviner power of persuasion! the glory of hearing the appeal, "Now ought I, sweet Sergius?"

Mahomet. I discover all her beauty at those words.

Sergius. Perish then those words for ever! Her beauty ought to rest upon my heart, veiled and sacred: no thought should dwell with it, no idea rise from it, but mine.

Mahomet. Is she so very beauteous? Why sighest thou and maddenest and starest? Is there any thing strange in the question? I never saw her nor heard of her.

Sergius. Anatolis is a star.

Mahomet. Bad!

Sergius. Heaven itself —

Mahomet. Worse and worse. She must be too much for thee.

Sergius. Peace, profane one! Anatolis is a rose —

Mahomet. Pshaw! they all are. God made the rose out of what was left of woman at the creation. The great difference is, we feel the rose's thorns when we gather it; and the other's, when we have had it some time.

Sergius. The gales of Paradise breathe from this opening bud.

Mahomet. Gales never were given for one only.

Sergius. The mild even-tempered Anatolis is the coyest and most difficult young creature; and Pemphix complained to me about it, a few days after their union: —

"Canst thou do nothing with her, brother Sergius? Try,

for the love of God! Rouse thyself! rouse thyself! Be resolute! be brotherly. Meditation is an excellent thing, but man was also made for action."

Mahomet. In the plains of Damascus I myself am fain to take exercise. Many gales of Paradise blow about these gardens, and over the banks of these little streams. We have some pleasant spots in Arabia, more in Idumea; but he who possesseth Syria may hold in contempt the possessors of all the earth beside. Love, and enjoy for ever, Anatolis; retain to thy last breath the pleasure of discoursing on her in confidence, and of forbidding thy friend to think about her! Chide him if he mention her; hate him if he ask nothing concerning her. If he smile, detest his impudence; if he look grave, abhor his insensibility.

Sergius! mayest thou long do thus! Earth can afford thee, Heaven can promise thee, nothing more.

Sergius. Yet, Mahomet, on cooler thoughts, dear to me as is Anatolis, I am not disposed to resign the power and authority we should participate, and which I am weary of expecting.

Mahomet. Wait but a little while. Every thing is most promising in Arabia. It is a difficult matter in my country to persuade the hearers even of our wildest stories that they are but fiction. Where there is such a thirst for the marvellous, it is easier to equip a new religion than a new camel. We must be daring. In spite of thy advice, I am resolved to prove that I have been up in heaven.

Sergius. Take heed! take heed! they cannot believe that.

Mahomet. They will not believe a word of truth, until they believe many a falsehood. I must have witnesses.

Sergius. Here lies the difficulty. Let me send to Rome for them, — indeed, to any part of Italy: it would ruin thee to purchase them here, the rogues are so exorbitant.

Mahomet. I will have them unbought, pure, sincere, steadfast. Heat an Arab, and he keeps hot for life. But, my dear Sergius, thou hast lived thy early days in Rome: art thou not fond of that city, so full of allurements?

Sergius. I was very fond of it.

Mahomet. Could nothing induce thee to return?

Sergius. Not now: thou knowest the reason.

Mahomet. The patriarchate of Constantinople is un-

worthy of thy ambition now the Roman pontiff takes the precedency.

Sergius. He shall take it no longer when I am patriarch.

Mahomet. I should rather like, if convenient to Sergius, to extend my empire over the plains of Damascus; chiefly because this empire must be extended by the sword, which is tempered nowhere in such perfection as by the waters of Abana and Pharpar.

Sergius. I demur to this.

Mahomet. I would engage to give thee in exchange the whole of Europe.

Sergius. Mahomet, thou art ambitious.

Mahomet. To serve my friend; otherwise, no mortal was ever so far removed from it. I have many other faults; none, however, which a friend can suffer from, or ought to see.

Sergius. Although I little doubt that any plausible new religion would subvert the old rottenness that lies accumulated around us, now that people find the priests of Christ assuming the garb and language of despots, with the temper and trade of executioners, yet it may be the labor of years to penetrate with an army from the centre of Arabia into this country.

Mahomet. Of two or three at most. I have had visions that promise me Syria.

Sergius. Mahomet, the system I laid down for thee contains no visions.

Mahomet. Many spring from it.

Sergius. Thou wouldst alter it, I see.

Mahomet. It was too pure: people have fed upon prodigies; they must have them still. Situate the native of a watery plain upon the mountain, and he will regret the warm comfortable fogs and the low fleeting lights of his marsh.

I would continue on the best terms with my adviser and guide; but verily my entrails yearn for the good people of Damascus.

Sergius. Leave them to me; and, if thy entrails yearn, take a goblet of cyprus.

Mahomet. I dare not drink wine: it aggravates my malady, the only one to which I am subject. Another inspiration here comes over me. I will forbid the use of this beverage. Why should others enjoy what I cannot?

Sergius. True religionist! But, Mahomet! Mahomet! will vision upon vision, revelation upon revelation, supersede this delicious habit? Relinquish such an impracticable conceit. Forbid wine, indeed! God himself, if he descended on earth, and commanded it in a louder and clearer voice than that at which the creation sprang forth, unless first he altered the composition both of body and soul, would utterly fail in this commandment.

Mahomet. I will order it: I will see it executed; for now thou urgest me. Yea, Sergius! men shall abstain from wine in all those regions of the earth where wine hath fragrance and captivation; and they shall continue to drink it and be damned where it is nauseous and fiery and Æthiopian in complexion; and the priests in those regions shall drink the most of it. Thus saith the Lord.

Sergius. He hath said many things which nobody minds. If whole nations abstain from wine, by any ordinance, prophetic or angelic, and from such wine as Syria and Cyprus and Chios and Crete afford us, there will be a miracle not resembling most others: no miracle of a moment, witnessed by the ignorant and run away with by the impostor, a sacrilege to examine; but a miracle to be touched and interrogated, as long, as attentively, as intrinsically as the most incredulous could require, and such as all the world must acknowledge to be irresistible, and must bend before its divinity.

Mahomet. I do not desire all the world: let me have but Asia, if I can win it over to the faith.

Sergius. Win it over and welcome, if thou canst.

Mahomet. Faith is so strong in me, I can do all things.

Sergius. Do them: leave me Anatolis and the patriarchate, just as they both are now.

Mahomet. I begin to imagine and believe that many of those things which I would have communicated as visions, are realities.

Sergius. Thou wilt succeed the better for thinking it.

Mahomet. God guides us mysteriously, and changes us miraculously.

Sergius. He doth indeed, if he hath made a religionist of thee.

Mahomet. "God, he is God, and Mahomet is his prophet." By the Eternal! those words are divine.

Sergius. They will be, by the Eternal! if they only win thee some three or four stout cities in Arabia, and deliver into thy hands, with some rich caravan, about as many (or rather more) unbelieving girls, ready and ripe for conversion and ablution, with faces a whit nearer in color to the snow than to the sands; such as Paphlagonia and Armenia send us, by the blessing of the Lord.

Mahomet. Hitherto, when I dreamed that thou madest to me any cession of territory for the plantation of the faith, thou didst give me thy blessing and cede it.

Sergius. And thou didst to me in like manner. But now thy dreams cover nation after nation; let us agree, my friend Mahomet, to dream no more. Lie on thy left side, man, on thy noble camel-hair couch, white and black like a zebra (as thou boastest in thy poetry), and never turn thy face again toward Syria.

Mahomet. This seems, my friend, like a threat.

Sergius. Say rather, like divination.

Mahomet. I can divine better than thou canst.

Sergius. Contentment is better than divination or visions. Thou wert born and educated in Arabia; and nothing can transcend the description thou hast given me of thy native country.

Mahomet. All native countries are most beautiful; yet we want something from them which they will not give us. Our first quarrels of any seriousness are with them; as the first screams and struggles of infants, the first tearing of robes and sobs of anger, are against their mothers.

Delightful is it to bathe in the *moonsea* on the sands, and to listen to tales of genii in the tent; but then in Arabia the anxious heart is thrown into fierce and desperate commotion, by the accursed veil that separates beauty from us. There we never see the blade of that sweet herbage rise day after day into light and loveliness, never see the blossom expand; but receive it unselected, unsolicited, and unwon. Happy the land where the youthful are without veils, the aged without suspicion; where the antelope may look to what resting-place she listeth, and bend her slender foot to the fountain that most invites her.

Odoriferous gales! whether of Deban or of Dafar, if ye bring only fragrance with you, carry it to the thoughtless and

light-hearted! carry it to the drinker of wine, to the feaster and the dancer at the feast. If ye never have played about the beloved of my youth, if ye bring me no intelligence of her, pass on! away with you!

Sergius. We may be with the girl we love in many places; so many that we lose the recollection.

Mahomet. Is that possible? Then you do not sit very near her.

Sergius. Yes, and touch her.

Mahomet. A young girl? beautiful? affectionate? before marriage? Do not nod, but tell me unequivocally.

Sergius. I say it.

Mahomet. Sergius! thy whole religion, in all its incredibilities, containeth none like this.

Sergius. Believe me; I am not preaching. Certainly we have much the advantage here; but thou mayest order things after our manner.

Mahomet. I shall grow old before this change can take place; besides, I must have a revelation for it.

Sergius. And why not.

Mahomet. Alas! it is not worth my while. However, I am hale enough yet to make another visit to Damascus.

Sergius. As a preacher I hope, not as a prophet.

Mahomet. God's will be done.

Sergius. If thou, in spite of thy faith, shouldst yet happen to fail in thy enterprise, come into our brotherhood; if, in despite of thy rashness, thou shouldst succeed in it, thy friend Sergius follows thy standard, and brings over to thee nine-tenths of the Church establishment. But do not omit the Houris. Quote Solomon; celebrate his wisdom and concubines; damn his idolatry of wood and stone, when he had flesh and blood to idolize; grant sherbet and coffee, opium and divorces. Remember —

Hark! the bell rings! Put on thy slippers, come along with me. Courtesy to the Virgin, dip thy finger in the font, and chant the litany.

Mahomet. I never sang a note in my whole life.

Sergius. What matters that? Courage! strike up among us.

Mahomet. I hate singing: it is fit only for madmen and drunkards and the weakest and pettiest of the birds. Beside, I tell thee again, I cannot. Are there not reasons enough?

Sergius. By no means. Didst thou not say, faith is so strong in thee thou canst do all things?

Mahomet. Yes, but I must have the will first: even God must will before he does any thing; I am only his Prophet. Why dost thou laugh? why dost thou display thy teeth, lifting and lowering them like unto the dog that biteth off his fleas? No ridicule! I deserve it not. My potency is known to thee, although not in its whole extent. Know, then, I have cut the moon asunder with my scimitar.

Sergius. Who, in the name of the Prophet (this I think is the way we are to speak), will ever believe such an audacious lie?

Mahomet. Universally will the chosen of the Most High believe it, although the grunters and snorers in thy sty eschew it. I have in readiness a miracle so much greater, that every face in Arabia will sink as deep in the sand before it as the tortoise when she is laying her eggs.

Sergius. I do not understand thee.

Mahomet. It is something to cut asunder the moon; but I have already done incalculably more, as thou thyself, O Sergius, shalt acknowledge.

Sergius. Speak, and plainly; for, upon my soul! I know not when thou art in earnest and when otherwise; and almost do I suspect that, in the illusions of hope and in the transports of ambition, thou sometimes givest credence to thine own devices.

Mahomet. Be thou my judge in this matter. Under an oath to secrecy, I have unfolded to Labid the poet, son of Rabiah, what I intend for the first chapter of my Koran; and he cried before me, and is ready to cry before the people, "O Mahomet! son of Abdallah, son of Achem, son of Motalib, thou art a greater poet than I am."

Sergius. Begone upon thy mission this instant! Miracles like others have been performed everywhere; like this, never upon earth. A poet, good or bad, to acknowledge a superior! Methinks I see the pope already in adoration at thy feet, and hear the patriarchs calling thee father. I myself am half a convert. Hie thee homeward: God speed thee!

The story of Sergius the Nestorian monk assisting Mahomet in the compilation of the Koran, is often repeated on the authority of Zonaras. Gibbon has deemed it unworthy of notice. Sergius was only the assist-

ant of Mahomet in the same manner as the rest of the churchmen. The impostor of Rome was the truest ally to the impostor of Mecca; who found more wickedness committed under the garb of Christianity, more ambition, more malice, more poisonings and stabbings, than any other religion had experienced among its leaders, not only in the same period of time, but in the whole course of its existence. So, within two centuries, reckoning from his first appearance as a prophet, half the Christians in the world, and nearly all who were not coerced by the armies of princes in submission to the pope, abandoned their religion and adopted Mahomet's.

XVIII. FRA FILIPPO LIPPI AND POPE EUGENIUS THE FOURTH.

Eugenius. Filippo! I am informed by my son Cosimo de' Medici of many things relating to thy life and actions, and, among the rest, of thy throwing off the habit of a friar. Speak to me as to a friend. Was that well done?

Filippo. Holy Father! it was done most unadvisedly.

Eugenius. Continue to treat me with the same confidence and ingenuousness; and, beside the remuneration I intend to bestow on thee for the paintings wherewith thou hast adorned my palace, I will remove with my own hand the heavy accumulation of thy sins, and ward off the peril of fresh ones, placing within thy reach every worldly solace and contentment.

Filippo. Infinite thanks, Holy Father! from the innermost heart of your unworthy servant, whose duty and wishes bind him alike and equally to a strict compliance with your paternal commands.

Eugenius. Was it a love of the world and its vanities that induced thee to throw aside the frock?

Filippo. It was indeed, Holy Father! I never had the courage to mention it in confession among my manifold offences.

Eugenius. Bad! bad! Repentance is of little use to the sinner, unless he pour it from a full and overflowing heart into the capacious ear of the confessor. Ye must not go straightforward and bluntly up to your Maker, startling him with the horrors of your guilty conscience. Order, decency, time, place, opportunity, must be observed.

Filippo. I have observed the greater part of them: time, place, and opportunity.

Eugenius. That is much. In consideration of it, I hereby absolve thee.

Filippo. I feel quite easy, quite new-born.

Eugenius. I am desirous of hearing what sort of feelings thou experiencest when thou givest loose to thy intractable and unruly wishes. Now, this love of the world, what can it mean? A love of music, of dancing, of riding? What, in short, is it in thee?

Filippo. Holy Father! I was ever of a hot and amorous constitution.

Eugenius. Well, well! I can guess, within a trifle, what that leads unto. I very much disapprove of it, whatever it may be. And then? and then? Prythee go on: I am inflamed with a miraculous zeal to cleanse thee.

Filippo. I have committed many follies, and some sins.

Eugenius. Let me hear the sins; I do not trouble my head about the follies; the Church has no business with them. The State is founded on follies, the Church on sins. Come, then, unsack them.

Filippo. Concupiscence is both a folly and a sin. I felt more and more of it when I ceased to be monk, not having (for a time) so ready means of allaying it.

Eugenius. No doubt. Thou shouldst have thought again and again before thou strippedst off the cowl.

Filippo. Ah! Holy Father! I am sore at heart. I thought indeed how often it had held two heads together under it, and that stripping if off was double decapitation. But compensation and contentment came, and we were warm enough without it.

Eugenius. I am minded to reprove thee gravely. No wonder it pleased the Virgin, and the saints about her, to permit that the enemy of our faith should lead thee captive into Barbary.

Filippo. The pleasure was all on their side.

Eugenius. I have heard a great many stories both of males and females who were taken by Tunisians and Algerines; and although there is a sameness in certain parts of them, my especial benevolence toward thee, worthy Filippo, would induce me to lend a vacant ear to thy report. And now, good

Filippo, I could sip a small glass of muscatel or Orvieto, and turn over a few bleached almonds, or essay a smart dried apricot at intervals, and listen while thou relatest to me the manners and customs of that country, and particularly as touching thy own adversities. First, how wast thou taken?

Filippo. I was visiting at Pesaro my worshipful friend the canonico Andrea Paccone, who delighted in the guitar, played it skilfully, and was always fond of hearing it well accompanied by the voice. My own instrument I had brought with me, together with many gay Florentine songs, some of which were of such a turn and tendency that the canonico thought they would sound better on water, and rather far from shore, than within the walls of the canonicate. He proposed, then, one evening when there was little wind stirring, to exercise three young abbates* on their several parts, a little way out of hearing from the water's edge.

Eugenius. I disapprove of exercising young abbates in that manner.

Filippo. Inadvertently, O Holy Father! I have made the affair seem worse than it really was. In fact, there were only two genuine abbates; the third was Donna Lisetta, the good canonico's pretty niece, who looks so archly at your Holiness when you bend your knees before her at bedtime.

Eugenius. How! where?

Filippo. She is the angel on the right-hand side of the Holy Family, with a tip of amethyst-colored wing over a basket of figs and pomegranates. I painted her from memory: she was then only fifteen, and worthy to be the niece of an archbishop. Alas! she never will be: she plays and sings among the infidels, and perhaps would eat a landrail on a Friday as unreluctantly as she would a roach.

Eugenius. Poor soul! So this is the angel with the amethyst-colored wing? I thought she looked wanton: we must pray for her release — from the bondage of sin. What followed in your excursion?

Filippo. Singing, playing, fresh air, and plashing water stimulated our appetites. We had brought no eatable with us but fruit and thin *marzopane*, of which the sugar and rose-water were inadequate to ward off hunger; and the sight of a

* Little boys, wearing clerical habits, are often called *abbati*.

fishing-vessel between us and Ancona raised our host's immoderately. "Yonder smack," said he, "is sailing at this moment just over the very best sole bank in the Adriatic. If she continues her course and we run toward her, we may be supplied, I trust in God, with the finest fish in Christendom. Methinks I see already the bellies of those magnificent soles bestar the deck, and emulate the glories of the orient sky." He gave his orders with such a majestic air, that he looked rather like an admiral than a priest.

Eugenius. How now, rogue! Why should not the churchman look majestically and courageously! I myself have found occasion for it, and exerted it.

Filippo. The world knows the prowess of your Holiness.

Eugenius. Not mine, not mine, Filippo! but His who gave me the sword and the keys, and the will and the discretion to use them. I trust the canonico did not misapply his station and power, by taking the fish at any unreasonably low price; and that he gave his blessing to the remainder, and to the poor fishermen and to their nets.

Filippo. He was angry at observing that the vessel, while he thought it was within hail, stood out again to sea.

Eugenius. He ought to have borne more manfully so slight a vexation.

Filippo. On the contrary, he swore bitterly he would have the master's ear between his thumb and forefinger in another half-hour, and regretted that he had cut his nails in the morning lest they should grate on his guitar. "They may fish well," cried he, "but they can neither sail nor row; and, when I am in the middle of that tub of theirs, I will teach them more than they look for." Sure enough he was in the middle of it at the time he fixed; but it was by aid of a rope about his arms, and the end of another laid lustily on his back and shoulders. "Mount, lazy, long-chined turnspit, as thou valuest thy life," cried Abdul the corsair, "and away for Tunis." If silence is consent, he had it. The captain, in the Sicilian dialect, told us we might talk freely, for he had taken his siesta. "Whose guitars are those?" said he. As the canonico raised his eyes to heaven and answered nothing, I replied, "Sir, one is mine; the other is my worthy friend's there." Next he asked the canonico to what market he was taking those young slaves, pointing to the abbates. The canonico

sobbed, and could not utter one word. I related the whole story ; at which he laughed. He then took up the music, and commanded my reverend guest to sing an air peculiarly tender, invoking the compassion of a nymph, and calling her cold as ice. Never did so many or such profound sighs accompany it. When it ended, he sang one himself in his own language, on a lady whose eyes were exactly like the scimitars of Damascus, and whose eyebrows met in the middle like the cudgels of prize-fighters. On the whole, she resembled both sun and moon, with the simple difference that she never allowed herself to be seen, lest all the nations of the earth should go to war for her, and not a man be left to breathe out his soul before her. This poem had obtained the prize at the University of Fez, had been translated into the Arabic, the Persian, and the Turkish languages, and was the favorite lay of the corsair. He invited me, lastly, to try my talent. I played the same air on the guitar, and apologized for omitting the words, from my utter ignorance of the Moorish. Abdul was much pleased, and took the trouble to convince me that the poetry they conveyed, which he translated literally, was incomparably better than ours. "Cold as ice!" he repeated, scoffing: anybody might say that who had seen Atlas; but a genuine poet would rather say, "Cold as a lizard or a lobster." There is no controverting a critic who has twenty stout rowers and twenty well-knotted rope-ends. Added to which, he seemed to know as much of the matter as the generality of those who talk about it. He was gratified by my attention and edification, and thus continued: "I have remarked in the songs I have heard, that these wild woodland creatures of the West, these nymphs, are a strange fantastical race. But are your poets not ashamed to complain of their inconstancy? Whose fault is that? If ever it should be my fortune to take one, I would try whether I could not bring her down to the level of her sex; and, if her inconstancy caused any complaints, by Allah! they should be louder and shriller than ever rose from the throat of Abdul." I still thought it better to be a disciple than a commentator.

Eugenius. If we could convert this barbarian and detain him awhile at Rome, he would learn that women and nymphs (and inconstancy also) are one and the same. These cruel men have no lenity, no suavity. They who do not as they

would be done by, are done by very much as they do. Women will glide away from them like water: they can better bear two masters than half one; and a new metal must be discovered before any bars are strong enough to confine them. But proceed with your narrative.

Filippo. Night had now closed upon us. Abdul placed the younger of the company apart; and, after giving them some boiled rice, sent them down into his own cabin. The sailors, observing the consideration and distinction with which their master had treated me, were civil and obliging. Permission was granted me, at my request, to sleep on deck.

Eugenius. What became of your canonico?

Filippo. The crew called him a conger, a priest, and a porpoise.

Eugenius. Foul-mouthed knaves! could not one of these terms content them? On thy leaving Barbary was he left behind?

Filippo. Your Holiness consecrated him, the other day, Bishop of Macerata.

Eugenius. True, true; I remember the name, Saccone. How did he contrive to get off?

Filippo. He was worth little at any work; and such men are the quickest both to get off and to get on. Abdul told me he had received three thousand crowns for his ransom.

Eugenius. He was worth more to him than to me. I received but two first-fruits, and such other things as of right belong to me by inheritance. The bishopric is passably rich: he may serve thee.

Filippo. While he was a canonico he was a jolly fellow, — not very generous, for jolly fellows are seldom that; but he would give a friend a dinner, a flask of wine or two in preference, and a piece of advice as readily as either. I waited on Monsignor at Macerata, soon after his elevation.

Eugenius. He must have been heartily glad to embrace his companion in captivity, and the more especially as he himself was the cause of so grievous a misfortune.

Filippo. He sent me word he was so unwell he could not see me. "What!" said I to his valet, "is Monsignor's complaint in his eyes?" The fellow shrugged up his shoulders, and walked away. Not believing that the message was a refusal to admit me, I went straight upstairs, and finding the

door of an ante-chamber half open, and a chaplain mulling an egg-posset over the fire, I accosted him. The air of familiarity and satisfaction he observed in me left no doubt in his mind that I had been invited by his patron. "Will the man never come?" cried his lordship. "Yes, Monsignor!" exclaimed I, running in and embracing him; "behold him here!" He started back, and then I first discovered the wide difference between an old friend and an egg-posset.

Eugenius. Son Filippo! thou hast seen but little of the world, and art but just come from Barbary. Go on.

Filippo. "Fra Filippo!" said he, gravely, "I am glad to see you. I did not expect you just at present. I am not very well: I had ordered a medicine, and was impatient to take it. If you will favor me with the name of your inn, I will send for you when I am in a condition to receive you; perhaps within a day or two." "Monsignor!" said I, "a change of residence often gives a man a cold, and oftener a change of fortune. Whether you caught yours upon deck (where we last saw each other), from being more exposed than usual, or whether the mitre holds wind, is no question for me, and no concern of mine."

Eugenius. A just reproof, if an archbishop had made it. On uttering it, I hope thou kneeledst and kissedst his hand.

Filippo. I did not, indeed.

Eugenius. O! there wert thou greatly in the wrong. Having, it is reported, a good thousand crowns yearly of patrimony, and a canonicate worth six hundred more, he might have attempted to relieve thee from slavery, by assisting thy relatives in thy redemption.

Filippo. The three thousand crowns were the uttermost he could raise, he declared to Abdul; and he asserted that a part of the money was contributed by the inhabitants of Pesaro. "Do they act out of pure mercy?" said he. "Ay, they must; for what else could move them in behalf of such a lazy, unserviceable, street-fed cur?" In the morning, at sunrise, he was sent aboard. And now, the vessel being under-weigh, "I have a letter from my lord Abdul," said the master, "which, being in thy language, two fellow-slaves shall read unto thee publicly." They came forward and began the reading: "Yesterday I purchased these two slaves from a cruel, unrelenting master, under whose lash they have labored

for nearly thirty years. I hereby give orders that five ounces of my own gold be weighed out to them." Here one of the slaves fell on his face; the other lifted up his hands, praised God, and blessed his benefactor.

Eugenius. The pirate? the unconverted pirate?

Filippo. Even so. "Here is another slip of paper for thyself to read immediately in my presence," said the master. The words it contained were, "Do thou the same, or there enters thy lips neither food nor water until thou landest in Italy. I permit thee to carry away more than double the sum: I am no sutler; I do not contract for thy sustenance." The canonico asked of the master whether he knew the contents of the letter; he replied, no. "Tell your master, lord Abdul, that I shall take them into consideration." "My lord expected a much plainer answer; and commanded me, in case of any such as thou hast delivered, to break this seal." He pressed it to his forehead, and then broke it. Having perused the characters reverentially, "Christian! dost thou consent?" The canonico fell on his knees, and overthrew the two poor wretches who, saying their prayers, had remained in the same posture before him, quite unnoticed. "Open thy trunk and take out thy money-bag, or I will make room for it in thy bladder." The canonico was prompt in the execution of the command. The master drew out his scales, and desired the canonico to weigh with his own hand five ounces. He groaned and trembled: the balance was unsteady. "Throw in another piece: it will not vitiate the agreement," cried the master. It was done. Fear and grief are among the thirsty passions, but add little to the appetite. It seemed, however, as if every sigh had left a vacancy in the stomach of the canonico. At dinner, the cook brought him a salted bonito, half an ell in length; and in five minutes his Reverence was drawing his middle finger along the white backbone, out of sheer idleness, until were placed before him some as fine dried locusts as ever provisioned the tents of Africa, together with olives the size of eggs and color of bruises, shining in oil and brine. He found them savory and pulpy; and, as the last love supersedes the foregoing, he gave them the preference, even over the delicate locusts. When he had finished them, he modestly requested a can of water. A sailor brought a large flask, and poured forth a plentiful supply. The canonico engulfed the

whole, and instantly threw himself back in convulsive agony. "How is this?" cried the sailor. The master ran up, and, smelling the water, began to buffet him; exclaiming, as he turned round to all the crew, "How came this flask here?" All were innocent. It appeared, however, that it was a flask of mineral water, strongly sulphureous, taken out of a Neapolitan vessel laden with a great abundance of it for some hospital in the Levant. It had taken the captor by surprise in the same manner as the canonico. He himself brought out instantly a capacious stone jar covered with dew, and invited the sufferer into the cabin. Here he drew forth two richly-cut wine-glasses, and, on filling one of them, the outside of it turned suddenly pale, with a myriad of indivisible drops, and the senses were refreshed with the most delicious fragrance. He held up the glass between himself and his guest, and, looking at it attentively, said, "Here is no appearance of wine: all I can see is water. Nothing is wickeder than too much curiosity: we must take what Allah sends us, and render thanks for it, although it fall far short of our expectations. Beside, our Prophet would rather we should even drink wine than poison." The canonico had not tasted wine for two months, — a longer abstinence than ever canonico endured before. He drooped; but the master looked still more disconsolate. "I would give whatever I possess on earth rather than die of thirst," cried the canonico. "Who would not?" rejoined the captain, sighing and clasping his fingers. "If it were not contrary to my commands, I could touch at some cove or inlet." "Do, for the love of Christ!" exclaimed the canonico. "Or even sail back," continued the captain. "O Santa Vergine!" cried in anguish the canonico. "Despondency," said the captain, with calm solemnity, "has left many a man to be thrown overboard: it even renders the plague, and many other disorders, more fatal. Thirst, too, has a powerful effect in exasperating them. Overcome such weaknesses, or I must do my duty. The health of the ship's company is placed under my care; and our lord Abdul, if he suspected the pest, would throw a Jew, or a Christian, or even a bale of silk, into the sea: such is the disinterestedness and magnanimity of my lord Abdul." "He believes in fate, does he not?" said the canonico. "Doubtless; but he says it is as much fated that he should throw into the sea a fellow who

is infected, as that the fellow should have ever been so." "Save me, O save me!" cried the canonico, moist as if the spray had pelted him. "Willingly, if possible," answered calmly the master. "At present I can discover no certain symptoms; for sweat, unless followed by general prostration, both of muscular strength and animal spirits, may be cured without a hook at the heel." "Giesu-Maria!" ejaculated the canonico.

Eugenius. And the monster could withstand that appeal?

Filippo. It seems so. The renegade who related to me, on my return, these events as they happened, was very circumstantial. He is a Corsican, and had killed many men in battle, and more out; but is (he gave me his word for it) on the whole an honest man.

Eugenius. How so? honest? and a renegade?

Filippo. He declared to me that, although the Mahometan is the best religion to live in, the Christian is the best to die in; and that, when he has made his fortune, he will make his confession, and lie snugly in the bosom of the Church.

Eugenius. See here the triumphs of our holy faith! The lost sheep will be found again.

Filippo. Having played the butcher first.

Eugenius. Return we to that bad man, the master or captain, who evinced no such dispositions.

Filippo. He added, "The other captives, though older men, have stouter hearts than thine." "Alas! they are longer used to hardships," answered he. "Dost thou believe, in thy conscience," said the captain, "that the water we have aboard would be harmless to them? for we have no other; and wine is costly; and our quantity might be insufficient for those who can afford to pay for it." "I will answer for their lives," replied the canonico. "With thy own?" interrogated sharply the Tunisian. "I must not tempt God," said, in tears, the religious man. "Let us be plain," said the master. "Thou knowest thy money is safe: I myself counted it before thee when I brought it from the scrivener's. Thou hast sixty broad gold pieces: wilt thou be answerable, to the whole amount of them, for the lives of thy two countrymen if they drink this water?" "O Sir!" said the canonico, "I will give it, if, only for these few days of voyage, you vouchsafe me one bottle daily of that restorative wine of Bordeaux. The other two are

less liable to the plague: they do not sorrow and sweat as I do. They are spare men. There is enough of me to infect a fleet with it; and I cannot bear to think of being any wise the cause of evil to my fellow-creatures." "The wine is my patron's," cried the Tunisian; "he leaves every thing at my discretion: should I deceive him?" "If he leaves every thing at your discretion," observed the logician of Pesaro, "there is no deceit in disposing of it." The master appeared to be satisfied with the argument. "Thou shalt not find me exacting," said he; "give me the sixty pieces, and the wine shall be thine." At a signal, when the contract was agreed to, the two slaves entered bringing a hamper of jars. "Read the contract before thou signest," cried the master. He read: "How is this? how is this? *Sixty golden ducats to the brothers Antonio and Bernabo Panini, for wine received from them?*" The aged men tottered under the stroke of joy; and Bernabo, who would have embraced his brother, fainted.

On the morrow there was a calm, and the weather was extremely sultry. The canonico sat in his shirt on deck, and was surprised to see, I forget which of the brothers, drink from a goblet a prodigious draught of water. "Hold!" cried he angrily: "you may eat instead; but putrid or sulphureous water, you have heard, may produce the plague, and honest men be the sufferers by your folly and intemperance." They assured him the water was tasteless, and very excellent, and had been kept cool in the same kind of earthen jars as the wine. He tasted it, and lost his patience. It was better, he protested, than any wine in the world. They begged his acceptance of the jar containing it. But the master, who had witnessed at a distance the whole proceeding, now advanced; and, placing his hand against it, said sternly, "Let him have his own." Usually, when he had emptied the second bottle, a desire of converting the Mahometans came over him; and they showed themselves much less obstinate and refractory than they are generally thought. He selected those for edification who swore the oftenest and the loudest by the Prophet; and he boasted in his heart of having overcome, by precept and example, the stiffest tenet of their abominable creed. Certainly they drank wine, and somewhat freely. The canonico clapped his hands, and declared that even some of the apostles had been more pertinacious recusants of the faith.

Eugenius. Did he so? Cappari! I would not have made him a bishop for twice the money if I had known it earlier. Could not he have left them alone? Suppose one or other of them did doubt and persecute, was he the man to blab it out among the heathen?

Filippo. A judgment, it appears, fell on him for so doing. A very quiet sailor, who had always declined his invitations, and had always heard his arguments at a distance and in silence, being pressed and urged by him, and reproved somewhat arrogantly and loudly, as less docile than his messmates, at last lifted up his leg behind him, pulled off his right slipper, and counted deliberately and distinctly thirty-nine sound strokes of the same on the canonico's broadest tablet, which (please your Holiness) might be called, not inaptly, from that day, the tablet of memory. In vain he cried out. Some of the mariners made their moves at chess, and waved their left-hands as if desirous of no interruption; others went backward and forward about their business, and took no more notice than if their messmate was occupied in caulking a seam or notching a flint. The master himself, who saw the operation, heard the complaint in the evening, and lifted up his shoulders and eyebrows as if the whole were quite unknown to him. Then, acting as judge-advocate, he called the young man before him and repeated the accusation. To this the defence was purely interrogative. "Why would he convert me? I never converted him." Turning to his spiritual guide, he said, "I quite forgive thee; nay, I am ready to appear in thy favor, and to declare that, in general, thou hast been more decorous than people of thy faith and profession usually are, and hast not scattered on deck that inflammatory language which I, habited in the dress of a Greek, heard last Easter. I went into three churches; and the preachers in all three denounced the curse of Allah on every soul that differed from them a tittle. They were children of perdition, children of darkness, children of the devil, one and all. It seemed a matter of wonder to me, that, in such numerous families and of such indifferent parentage, so many slippers were kept under the heel. Mine, in an evil hour, escaped me; but I quite forgive thee. After this free pardon, I will indulge thee with a short specimen of my preaching. I will call none of you a generation of vipers, as ye call one another; for vipers neither bite nor eat

during many months of the year. I will call none of you wolves in sheep's clothing; for, if ye are, it must be acknowledged that the clothing is very clumsily put on. You priests, however, take people's souls aboard whether they will or not, just as we do your bodies; and you make them pay much more for keeping these in slavery than we make you pay for setting you free, body and soul together. You declare that the precious souls, to the especial care of which Allah has called and appointed you, frequently grow corrupt, and stink in his nostrils. Now, I invoke thy own testimony to the fact: thy soul, gross as I imagine it to be from the greasy wallet that holds it, had no carnal thoughts whatsoever, and that thy carcass did not even receive a fly-blow while it was under my custody. Thy guardian angel (I speak it in humility) could not ventilate thee better. Nevertheless, I should scorn to demand a single maravedi for my labor and skill, or for the wear and tear of my pantofle. My reward will be in Paradise, where a Houri is standing in the shade, above a vase of gold and silver fish, with a kiss on her lip, and an unbroken pair of green slippers in her hand for me." Saying which, he took off his foot again the one he had been using, and showed the sole of it, first to the master, then to all the crew; and declared it had become (as they might see) so smooth and oily by the application, that it was dangerous to walk on deck in it.

Eugenius. See! what notions these creatures have, both of their fool's paradise and of our holy faith! The seven sacraments, I warrant you, go for nothing! Purgatory, purgatory itself, goes for nothing!

Filippo. Holy Father! we must stop thee. *That* does not go for nothing, however.

Eugenius. Filippo! God forbid I should suspect thee of any heretical taint; but this smells very like it. If thou hast it now, tell me honestly. I mean, hold thy tongue. Florentines are rather lax. Even Son Cosimo might be stricter, so they say, — perhaps his enemies. The great always have them abundantly, beside those by whom they are served, and those also whom they serve. Now would I give a silver rose, with my benediction on it, to know of a certainty what became of those poor creatures, the abbates. The initiatory rite of Mahometanism is most diabolically malicious. According to the

canons of our Catholic Church, it disqualifies the neophyte for holy orders, without going so far as adapting him to the choir of the pontifical chapel. They limp; they halt.

Filippo. Beatitude! which of them?

Eugenius. The unbelievers: they surely are found wanting.

Filippo. The unbelievers too?

Eugenius. Ay, ay, thou half renegade! Couldst not thou go over with a purse of silver, and try whether the souls of these captives be recoverable! Even if they should have submitted to such unholy rites, I venture to say they have repented.

Filippo. The devil is in them, if they have not.

Eugenius. They may become again as good Christians as before.

Filippo. Easily, methinks.

Eugenius. Not so easily; but by aid of Holy Church in the administration of indulgences.

Filippo. They never wanted those, whatever they want.

Eugenius. The corsair, then, is not one of those ferocious creatures which appear to connect our species with the lion and panther.

Filippo. By no means, Holy Father! He is an honest man; so are many of his countrymen, bating the sacrament.

Eugenius. Bating! poor beguiled Filippo! Being unbaptized, they are only as the beasts that perish: nay worse; for, the soul being imperishable, it must stick to their bodies at the last day, whether they will or no, and must sink with it into the fire and brimstone.

Filippo. Unbaptized! why, they baptize every morning.

Eugenius. Worse and worse! I thought they only missed the stirrup; I find they overleap the saddle. Obstinate, blind reprobates! of whom it is written — of whom it is written — of whom, I say, it is written — as shall be manifest before men and angels in the day of wrath.

Filippo. More is the pity! for they are hospitable, frank, and courteous. It is delightful to see their gardens, when one has not the weeding and irrigation of them. What fruit! what foliage! what trellises! what alcoves! what a contest of rose and jessamine for supremacy in odor! of lute and nightingale for victory in song! And how the little bright ripples of the docile brooks, the fresher for their races, leap up

against one another, to look on! and how they chirrup and applaud, as if they too had a voice of some importance in these parties of pleasure that are loath to separate!

Eugenius. Parties of pleasure! birds, fruits, shallow-running waters, lute-players, and wantons! Parties of pleasure! and composed of these! Tell me now, Filippo, tell me truly, what complexion in general have the discreeter females of that hapless country.

Filippo. The color of an orange-flower, on which an overladen bee has left a slight suffusion of her purest honey.

Eugenius. We must open their eyes.

Filippo. Knowing what excellent hides the slippers of this people are made of, I never once ventured on their less perfect theology, fearing to find it written that I should be abed on my face the next fortnight. My master had expressed his astonishment that a religion so admirable as ours was represented, should be the only one in the world the precepts of which are disregarded by all conditions of men. "Our Prophet," said he, "our Prophet ordered us to go forth and conquer; we did it: yours ordered you to sit quiet and forbear; and, after spitting in his face, you threw the order back into it, and fought like devils."

Eugenius. The barbarians talk of our Holy Scriptures as if they understood them perfectly. The impostor they follow has nothing but fustian and rhodomontade in his impudent lying book from beginning to end. I know it, Filippo, from those who have contrasted it, page by page, paragraph by paragraph, and have given the knave his due.

Filippo. Abdul is by no means deficient in a good opinion of his own capacity and his Prophet's all-sufficiency; but he never took me to task about my faith or his own.

Eugenius. How wert thou mainly occupied?

Filippo. I will give your Holiness a sample both of my employments and of his character. He was going one evening to a country-house, about fifteen miles from Tunis; and he ordered me to accompany him. I found there a spacious garden, overrun with wild-flowers, and most luxuriant grass, in irregular tufts, according to the dryness or the humidity of the spot. The clematis overtopped the lemon and orange trees; and the perennial pea sent forth here a pink blossom, here a purple, here a white one, and, after holding (as it were)

a short conversation with the humbler plants, sprang up about an old cypress, played among its branches, and mitigated its gloom. White pigeons, and others in color like the dawn of day, looked down on us and ceased to coo, until some of their companions, in whom they had more confidence, encouraged them loudly from remoter boughs, or alighted on the shoulders of Abdul, at whose side I was standing. A few of them examined me in every position their inquisitive eyes could take; displaying all the advantages of their versatile necks, and pretending querulous fear in the midst of petulant approaches.

Eugenius. Is it of pigeons thou art talking, O Filippo? I hope it may be.

Filippo. Of Abdul's pigeons. He was fond of taming all creatures, — men, horses, pigeons, equally; but he tamed them all by kindness. In this wilderness is an edifice not unlike our Italian chapter-houses built by the Lombards, with long narrow windows, high above the ground. The centre is now a bath, the waters of which, in another part of the enclosure, had supplied a fountain, at present in ruins, and covered by tufted canes, and by every variety of aquatic plants. The structure has no remains of roof; and, of six windows, one alone is unconcealed by ivy. This had been walled up long ago, and the cement in the inside of it was hard and polished. "Lippi!" said Abdul to me, after I had long admired the place in silence, "I leave to thy superintendence this bath and garden. Be sparing of the leaves and branches; make paths only wide enough for me. Let me see no mark of hatchet or pruning-hook, and tell the laborers that whoever takes a nest or an egg shall be impaled."

Eugenius. Monster! so then he would really have impaled a poor wretch for eating a bird's egg? How disproportionate is the punishment to the offence!

Filippo. He efficiently checked in his slaves the desire of transgressing his command. To spare them as much as possible, I ordered them merely to open a few spaces, and to remove the weaker trees from the stronger. Meanwhile I drew on the smooth blank window the figure of Abdul and of a beautiful girl.

Eugenius. Rather say handmaiden: choicer expression, more decorous.

Filippo. Holy Father! I have been lately so much out of

practice, I take the first that comes in my way. Handmaiden I will use in preference for the future.

Eugenius. On then! and God speed thee!

Filippo. I drew Abdul with a blooming handmaiden. One of his feet is resting on her lap, and she is drying the ankle with a saffron robe, of which the greater part is fallen in doing it. That she is a bondmaid is discernible, not only by her occupation, but by her humility and patience, by her loose and flowing brown hair, and by her eyes expressing the timidity at once of servitude and of fondness. The countenance was taken from fancy, and was the loveliest I could imagine; of the figure I had some idea, having seen it to advantage in Tunis. After seven days Abdul returned. He was delighted with the improvement made in the garden. I requested him to visit the bath. "We can do nothing to that," answered he, impatiently. "There is no sudatory, no dormitory, no dressing-room, no couch. Sometimes I sit an hour there in the summer, because I never found a fly in it; the principal curse of hot countries, and against which plague there is neither prayer nor amulet, nor indeed any human defence." He went away into the house. At dinner, he sent me from his table some quails and ortolans, and tomatoes and honey and rice; beside a basket of fruit covered with moss and bay-leaves, under which I found a verdino fig, deliciously ripe, and bearing the impression of several small teeth, but certainly no reptile's.

Eugenius. There might have been poison in them, for all that.

Filippo. About two hours had passed, when I heard a whirr and a crash in the windows of the bath (where I had dined and was about to sleep), occasioned by the settling and again the flight of some pheasants. Abdul entered. "Beard of the Prophet! what hast thou been doing? That is myself! No, no, Lippi! thou never canst have seen her: the face proves it; but those limbs! thou hast divined them aright; thou hast had sweet dreams then! Dreams are large possessions; in them the possessor may cease to possess his own. To the slave, O Allah! to the slave is permitted what is not his! — I burn with anguish to think how much — yea, at that very hour. I would not another should, even in a dream — But, Lippi! thou never canst have seen above the

sandal?" To which I answered, "I never have allowed my eyes to look even on that. But if any one of my lord Abdul's fair slaves resembles, as they surely must all do, in duty and docility, the figure I have represented, let it express to him my congratulation on his happiness." "I believe," said he, "such representations are forbidden by the Koran; but, as I do not remember it, I do not sin. There it shall stay, unless the angel Gabriel comes to forbid it." He smiled in saying so.

Eugenius. There is hope of this Abdul. His faith hangs about him more like oil than pitch.

Filippo. He inquired of me whether I often thought of those I loved in Italy, and whether I could bring them before my eyes at will. To remove all suspicion from him, I declared I always could, and that one beautiful object occupied all the cells of my brain by night and day. He paused and pondered, and then said, "Thou dost not love deeply." I thought I had given the true signs. "No, Lippi! we who love ardently, we, with all our wishes, all the efforts of our souls, cannot bring before us the features which, while they were present, we thought it impossible we ever could forget. Alas! when we most love the absent, when we most desire to see her, we try in vain to bring her image back to us. The troubled heart shakes and confounds it, even as ruffled waters do with shadows. Hateful things are more hateful when they haunt our sleep: the lovely flee away, or are changed into less lovely."

Eugenius. What figures now have these unbelievers?

Filippo. Various in their combinations as the letters or the numerals; but they all, like these, signify something. Almeida (did I not inform your Holiness?) has large hazel eyes —

Eugenius. Has she? thou never toldest me that. Well, well! and what else has she? Mind! be cautious! use decent terms.

Filippo. Somewhat pouting lips.

Eugenius. Ha! ha! What did they pout at?

Filippo. And she is rather plump than otherwise.

Eugenius. No harm in that.

Filippo. And moreover is cool, smooth, and firm as a nectarine gathered before sunrise.

Eugenius. Ha! ha! do not remind me of nectarines. I am very fond of them; and this is not the season! Such females as thou describest are said to be among the likeliest to give reasonable cause for suspicion. I would not judge harshly, I would not think uncharitably; but, unhappily, being at so great a distance from spiritual aid, peradventure a desire, a suggestion, an inkling — ay? If she, the lost Almeida, came before thee when her master was absent — which I trust she never did — But those flowers and shrubs and odors and alleys and long grass and alcoves might strangely hold, perplex, and entangle two incautious young persons — ay?

Filippo. I confessed all I had to confess in this matter, the evening I landed.

Eugenius. Ho! I am no candidate for a seat at the rehearsal of confessions; but perhaps my absolution might be somewhat more pleasing and unconditional. Well! well! since I am unworthy of such confidence, go about thy business — paint! paint!

Filippo. Am I so unfortunate as to have offended your Beatitude?

Eugenius. Offend *me*, man! who offends *me?* I took an interest in thy adventures, and was concerned lest thou mightest have sinned; for, by my soul! Filippo! those are the women that the devil hath set his mark on.

Filippo. It would do your Holiness's heart good to rub it out again, wherever he may have had the cunning to make it.

Eugenius. Deep! deep!

Filippo. Yet it may be got at; she being a Biscayan by birth, as she told me, and not only baptized, but going by sea along the coast for confirmation, when she was captured.

Eugenius. Alas! to what an imposition of hands was this tender young thing devoted! Poor soul!

Filippo. I sigh for her myself when I think of her.

Eugenius. Beware lest the sigh be mundane, and lest the thought recur too often. I wish it were presently in my power to examine her myself on her condition. What thinkest thou? Speak.

Filippo. Holy Father! she would laugh in your face.

Eugenius. So lost!

Filippo. She declared to me she thought she should have died, from the instant she was captured until she was com-

forted by Abdul ; but that she was quite sure she should if she were ransomed.

Eugenius. Has the wretch then shaken her faith ?

Filippo. The very last thing he would think of doing. Never did I see the virtue of resignation in higher perfection than in the laughing, light-hearted Almeida.

Eugenius. Lamentable ! Poor lost creature ! lost in this world and in the next.

Filippo. What could she do ? how could she help herself ?

Eugenius. She might have torn his eyes out, and have died a martyr.

Filippo. Or have been bastinadoed, whipped, and given up to the cooks and scullions for it.

Eugenius. Martyrdom is the more glorious the greater the indignities it endures.

Filippo. Almeida seems unambitious. There are many in our Tuscany who would jump at the crown over those sloughs and briers, rather than perish without them : she never sighs after the like.

Eugenius. Nevertheless, what must she witness ! what abominations ! what superstitions !

Filippo. Abdul neither practises nor exacts any other superstition than ablutions.

Eugenius. Detestable rites ! without our authority. I venture to affirm that, in the whole of Italy and Spain, no convent of monks or nuns contains a bath ; and that the worst inmate of either would shudder at the idea of observing such a practice in common with the unbeliever. For the washing of the feet indeed we have the authority of the earlier Christians ; and it may be done, but solemnly and sparingly. Thy residence among the Mahometans, I am afraid, hath rendered thee more favorable to them than beseems a Catholic, and thy mind, I do suspect, sometimes goes back into Barbary unreluctantly.

Filippo. While I continued in that country, although I was well treated, I often wished myself away, thinking of my friends in Florence, — of music, of painting, of our villegiatura at the vintage-time ; whether in the green and narrow glades of Pratolino, with lofty trees above us, and little rills unseen, and little bells about the necks of sheep and goats, tinkling together ambiguously ; or amid the gray quarries, or under the majestic walls of ancient Fiesole ; or down in the woods of

the Doccia, where the cypresses are of such a girth that, when a youth stands against one of them, and a maiden stands opposite, and they clasp it, their hands at the time do little more than meet. Beautiful scenes, on which Heaven smiles eternally, how often has my heart ached for you! He who hath lived in this country can enjoy no distant one. He breathes here another air; he lives more life; a brighter sun invigorates his studies, and serener stars influence his repose. Barbary hath also the blessing of climate; and, although I do not desire to be there again, I feel sometimes a kind of regret at leaving it. A bell warbles the more mellifluously in the air when the sound of the stroke is over, and when another swims out from underneath it, and pants upon the element that gave it birth. In like manner, the recollection of a thing is frequently more pleasing than the actuality: what is harsh is dropped in the space between. There is in Abdul a nobility of soul on which I often have reflected with admiration. I have seen many of the highest rank and distinction, in whom I could find nothing of the great man, excepting a fondness for low company, and an aptitude to shy and start at every spark of genius or virtue that sprang up above or before them. Abdul was solitary, but affable; he was proud, but patient and complacent. I ventured once to ask him, how the master of so rich a house in the city, of so many slaves, of so many horses and mules, of such cornfields, of such pastures, of such gardens, woods, and fountains, should experience any delight or satisfaction in infesting the open sea, the high-road of nations? Instead of answering my question, he asked me in return, whether I would not respect any relative of mine who avenged his country, enriched himself by his bravery, and endeared to him his friends and relatives by his bounty? On my reply in the affirmative, he said that his family had been deprived of possessions in Spain, much more valuable than all the ships and cargoes he could ever hope to capture, and that the remains of his nation were threatened with ruin and expulsion.

"I do not fight," said he, "whenever it suits the convenience, or gratifies the malignity or the caprice, of two silly, quarrelsome princes; drawing my sword in perfectly good-humor, and sheathing it again at word of command, just when I begin to get into a passion. No: I fight on my own account; not as a hired assassin, or still baser journeyman."

Eugenius. It appears, then, really that the infidels have some semblances of magnanimity and generosity?

Filippo. I thought so when I turned over the many changes of fine linen; and I was little short of conviction when I found at the bottom of my chest two hundred Venetian zecchins.

Eugenius. Corpo di Bacco! Better things, far better things, I would fain do for thee, not exactly of this description; it would excite many heart-burnings. Information has been laid before me, Filippo, that thou art attached to a certain young person, by name, Lucrezia, daughter of Francesco Buti, a citizen of Prato.

Filippo. I acknowledge my attachment: it continues.

Eugenius. Furthermore, that thou hast offspring by her.

Filippo. Alas! 'tis undeniable.

Eugenius. I will not only legitimatize the said offspring by *motu proprio* and rescript to consistory and chancery —

Filippo. Holy Father! Holy Father! For the love of the Virgin, not a word to consistory or chancery, of the two hundred zecchins. As I hope for salvation, I have but forty left; and thirty-nine would not serve them.

Eugenius. Fear nothing. Not only will I perform what I have promised, not only will I give the strictest order that no money be demanded by any officer of my courts, but, under the seal of Saint Peter, I will declare thee and Lucrezia Buti man and wife.

Filippo. Man and wife!

Eugenius. Moderate thy transport.

Filippo. O Holy Father! may I speak?

Eugenius. Surely, she is not the wife of another?

Filippo. No indeed.

Eugenius. Nor within the degrees of consanguinity and affinity?

Filippo. No, no, no. But — man and wife! Consistory and chancery are nothing to this fulmination.

Eugenius. How so?

Filippo. It is man and wife the first fortnight, but wife and man ever after. The two figures change places: the unit is the decimal, and the decimal is the unit.

Eugenius. What then can I do for thee?

Filippo. I love Lucrezia: let me love her; let her love me. I can make her at any time what she is not: I could never make her again what she is.

Eugenius. The only thing I can do, then, is to promise I will forget that I have heard any thing about the matter. But, to forget it, I must hear it first.

Filippo. In the beautiful little town of Prato, reposing in its idleness against the hill that protects it from the north, and looking over fertile meadows, southward to Poggio Cajano, westward to Pistoja, there is the convent of Santa Margarita. I was invited by the sisters to paint an altar-piece for the chapel. A novice of fifteen, my own sweet Lucrezia, came one day alone to see me work at my Madonna. Her blessed countenance had already looked down on every beholder lower by the knees. I myself, who made her, could almost have worshipped her.

Eugenius. Not while incomplete: no half-virgin will do.

Filippo. But there knelt Lucrezia! there she knelt! first looking with devotion at the Madonna, then with admiring wonder and grateful delight at the artist. Could so little a heart be divided? 'Twere a pity! There was enough for me: there is never enough for the Madonna. Resolving on a sudden that the object of my love should be the object of adoration to thousands, born and unborn, I swept my brush across the maternal face, and left a blank in heaven. The little girl screamed: I pressed her to my bosom.

Eugenius. In the chapel?

Filippo. I knew not where I was: I thought I was in Paradise.

Eugenius. If it was not in the chapel, the sin is venial. But a brush against a Madonna's mouth is worse than a beard against her votary's.

Filippo. I thought so too, Holy Father!

Eugenius. Thou sayest thou hast forty zecchins: I will try in due season to add forty more. The fisherman must not venture to measure forces with the pirate. Farewell! I pray God, my son Filippo, to have thee alway in his holy keeping.

XIX. WILLIAM WALLACE AND KING EDWARD I.

Edward. Whom seest thou here?

Wallace. The King of England.

Edward. And thou abasest not thy head before the majesty of the sceptre!

Wallace. I did.

Edward. I marked it not.

Wallace. God beheld it when I did it; and he knoweth, as doth king Edward, how devoutly in my heart's strength I fought for it.

Edward. Robber! for what sceptre? Who commissioned thee?

Wallace. My country.

Edward. Thou liest: there is no country where there is no king.

Wallace. Sir, it were unbecoming to ask in this palace, why there is no king in my country.

Edward. To spare thy modesty, then, I will inform thee. Because the kingdom is mine. Thou hast rebelled against me; thou hast presumed even to carry arms against both of those nobles, Bruce and Cummin, who contended for the Scottish throne, and with somewhat indeed of lawyer's likelihood.

Wallace. They placed the Scottish throne under the English.

Edward. Audacious churl! is it not meet?

Wallace. In Scotland we think otherwise.

Edward. Rebels do, subverters of order, low ignorant knaves, without any stake in the country. It hath pleased God to bless my arms; what further manifestation of our just claims demandest thou? Silence becomes thee.

Wallace. Where God is named. What is now to the right bank of a river, is to the left when we have crossed it and look round.

Edward. Thou wouldst be witty truly! Who was wittiest, thou or I, when thy companion Menteith delivered thee into my hands?

Wallace. Unworthy companions are not the peculiar curse of private men. I chose not Menteith for his treachery, nor rewarded him for it. Sir, I have contended with you face to face; but would not here: your glory eclipses mine, if this be glory.

Edward. So, thou wouldst place thyself on a level with princes!

Wallace. Willingly, if they attacked my country; and above them.

Edward. Dost thou remember the Carron-side, when your army was beaten and dispersed?

Wallace. By the defection of Cummin and the arrogance of Stuart.

Edward. Recollectest thou the colloquy that Bruce condescended to hold with thee across the river?

Wallace. I do, sir. Why would not he, being your soldier, and fighting loyally against his native land, pass the water, and exterminate an army so beaten and dispersed? The saddle-skirts had been rather the stiffer on the morrow, but he might have never felt them. Why not finish the business at once?

Edward. He wished to persuade thee, loose reviler, that thy resistance was useless.

Wallace. He might have made himself heard better if he had come across.

Edward. No trifling; no arguing with me; no remarks here, caitiff! Thou canst not any longer be ignorant that he hath slain his competitor, Cummin; that my troops surround him; and that he perhaps may now repent the levity of his reproaches against thee. I may myself have said a hasty word or two; but thou hast nettled me. My anger soon passes. I never punish in an enemy any thing else than obstinacy. I did not counsel the accusations and malignant taunts of Bruce.

Wallace. Sir, I do not bear them in mind.

Edward. No?

Wallace. Indeed, I neither do nor would.

Edward. Dull wretch! I should never forget such. I can make allowances; I am a king. I would flay him alive for half of them, and make him swallow back the other half without his skin.

Wallace. Few have a right to punish; all to pardon.

Edward. I perceive thou hast at last some glimmering of shame; and adversity makes thee Christian-like.

Wallace. Adversity, then, in exercising her power, loses her name and features. King Edward! thou hast raised me among men. Without thy banners and bows in array against me, I had sunk into utter forgetfulness. Thanks to thee for placing me, eternally, where no strength of mine could otherwise have borne me! Thanks to thee for bathing my spirit in deep thoughts, in refreshing calm, in sacred stillness! This, O King! is the bath for knighthood: after this it may feast, and hear bold and sweet voices, and mount to its repose.

I thought it hard to be seized and bound and betrayed by those in whom I trusted. I grieved that a valiant soldier (such is Menteith) should act so. Unhappily! he must now avoid all men's discourses. 'Twill pierce his heart to hear censures on the disloyal; and praises on the loyal will dry up its innermost drop. Two friends can never more embrace in his presence but he shall curse them in the bitterness of his soul, and his sword shall spring up to cleave them. "Alas!" will he say to himself, "is it thus? was it thus when I drew it for my country?"

Edward. Think now of other matters: think, what I suggested, of thy reproaches.

Wallace. I have none to make myself.

Edward. Be it so: I did not talk about that any longer.

Wallace. What others, then, can touch or reach me?

Edward. Such as Bruce's.

Wallace. Reproaches they were not; for none were ever cast against me: but taunts they were, not unmingled with invitations.

Edward. The same invitations, and much greater, I now repeat. Thou shalt govern Scotland for me.

Wallace. Scotland, sir, shall be governed for none: she is old enough to stand by herself, and to stand upright; the blows she hath received have not broken her loins.

Edward. Come, come, Wallace! thou hast sense and spirit: confess to me fairly that, if thou wert at liberty, thou wouldst gladly make Bruce regret his ill-treatment of thee.

Wallace. Well, then, I do confess it.

Edward. Something would I myself hazard, — not too much ; but prudently and handsomely. Tell me now plainly — for I love plain-speaking and every thing free and open — in what manner thou wouldst set about it ; and perhaps, God willing, I may provide the means.

Wallace. Sir, you certainly would not: it little suits your temper and disposition.

Edward. Faith! not so little as thou supposest. Magnanimity and long-suffering have grown upon me, and well become me ; but they have not produced all the good I might have expected from them. Joyfully as I would try them again, at any proper opportunity, there is nothing I am not bound to do, in dearness to my people, to rid myself of an enemy.

In my mind no expressions could be more insulting than Bruce's, when he accused thee, a low and vulgar man (how canst thou help that?), of wishing to possess the crown.

Wallace. He was right.

Edward. How! astonishment! Thou wouldst then have usurped the sovereignty!

Wallace. I possessed a greater power by war than peace could ever give me ; yet I invited and exhorted the legitimate heir of the throne to fight for it and receive it. If there is any satisfaction or gratification in being the envy of men, I had enough and greatly more than enough of it, when even those I love envied me: what would have been my portion of it, had I possessed that which never should have been mine?

Edward. Why, then, sayest thou that Bruce was right?

Wallace. He judged, as most men do, from his own feelings. Many have worn crowns ; some have deserved them: I have done neither.

Edward. Return to Scotland ; bring me Bruce's head back ; and rule the kingdom as viceroy.

Wallace. I would rather make him rue his words against me, and hear him.

Edward. Thou shalt.

Wallace. Believe me, sir, you would repent of your permission.

Edward. No, by the saints!

Wallace. You would indeed, sir.

Edward. Go, and try me ; do not hesitate : I see thou art half inclined ; I may never make the same offer again.

Wallace. I will not go.

Edward. Weak, wavering man! hath imprisonment in one day or two wrought such a change in thee?

Wallace. Slavery soon does it; but I am, and will ever be, unchanged.

Edward. It was not well, nor by my order, that thou wert dragged along the road, barefooted and bareheaded, while it snowed throughout all the journey.

Wallace. Certainly, sir, you did not order it to snow from the latter days of December till the middle of January; but whatever else was done, if my guard spake the truth —

Edward. He lied, he lied, he lied —

Wallace. — or the warrant he showed me is authentic, was done according to your royal order.

Edward. What! are my officers turned into constables? base varlets! It must have seemed hard, Wallace!

Wallace. Not that, indeed; for I went barefooted in my youth, and have mostly been bareheaded when I have not been in battle. But to be thrust and shoven into the court-yard; to shiver under the pent-house from which the wind had blown the thatch, while the blazing fire within made the snow upon the opposite roof redden like the dawn; to wax faint, ahungered, and athirst, when, within arm's length of me, men pushed the full cup away, and would drink no more, — to that I had never been accustomed in my country. The dogs, honester and kinder folks than most, but rather dull in the love of hospitality, unless in the beginning some pains are taken with them by their masters, tore my scant gear; and then your soldiers felt their contempt more natural and easy. The poor curs had done for them what their betters could not do; and the bolder of the company looked hard in my face, to see if I were really the same man.

Edward. O the rude rogues! that was too bad.

Wallace. The worst was this. Children and women, fathers and sons, came running down the hills — some sinking knee-deep in the incrusted snow, others tripping lightly over it — to celebrate the nativity of our blessed Lord. They entreated, and the good priest likewise, that I might be led forth into the church, and might kneel down amid them. "Off," cried the guard; "would ye plead for Wallace the traitor?" I saw them tremble, for it was treason in them; and then came my

grief upon me, and bore hard. They lifted up their eyes to heaven, and it gave me strength.

Edward. Thou shalt not, I swear to thee, march back in such plight.

Wallace. I will not, I swear to thee, march a traitor.

Edward. Right! right! I can trust thee — more than half already. Bruce is the traitor, the worst of the two: he raises the country against me. Go; encompass him; entrap him, quell him.

Sweetheart! thou hast a rare fancy, a youth's love at first sight, for thy chains: unwilling to barter them for liberty, for country, for revenge, for honor.

Wallace. Honor and revenge, such as I have carried in my bosom, are very dear to me! For liberty and country I have often shed my blood, and, if more is wanting, take it. My heart is no better than a wooden cup, whereof the homely liquor a royal hand would cast away indifferently. There once were those who pledged it! where are they? Forgive my repining, O God! Enough, if they are not here.

Edward. Nay, nay, Wallace! thou wrongest me. Thou art a brave man. I do not like to see those irons about thy wrists: they are too broad and tight; they have bruised thee cruelly.

Wallace. Methinks there was no necessity to have hammered the rivets on quite so hard; and the fellow who did it needed not to look over his shoulder so often while he was about it, telling the people, "This is Wallace." Wrist or iron, he and his hammer cared not.

Edward. I am mightily taken with the fancy of seeing thee mortify Bruce. Thou shalt do it: let me have thy plan.

XX. WILLIAM PENN AND LORD PETERBOROUGH.*

Penn. Friend Mordaunt, thou hast been silent the whole course of our ride hither; and I should not even now in-

* In Spence's *Anecdotes*, he says "I took a trip once with Penn to his colony of Pennsylvania. The laws there are contained in a small volume, and are so extremely good that there has been no alteration wanted

terrupt thy cogitations, if the wood before us were not equally uncivil.

Peterborough. Cannot we push straight through it?

Penn. Verily the thing may be done, after a time: but at present we have no direct business with the Pacific Ocean; and I doubt whether the woodland terminates till those waters bid it.

Peterborough. And, in this manner, for the sake of liberty you run into a prison. I would not live in a country that does not open to me in all directions, and that I could not go through when I wish.

Penn. Where is such a country on earth?

Peterborough. England or France.

Penn. Property lays those restrictions there which here are laid by Nature. Now it is right and proper to bow before each of them; but Nature is the more worthy of obedience, as being the elder, the more beauteous, the more powerful, and the more kindly. Thou couldst no sooner ride through thy neighbor's park, unless he permitted it, than through this forest; and even a raspberry-bush in some ten feet border at Southampton would be an impediment for a time to thy free-will.

Peterborough. I should like rather more elbow-room than this, having gone so far for it.

Penn. Here we are stopped *before* we are tired; and in thy *rather more elbow-room* we should be stopped *when* we are, — a mighty advantage truly! We run, thou sayest, into a prison, for the sake of liberty. Alas, my friend! such hath ever been the shortsightedness of mortals. The liberty they have pursued is indeed the very worst of thraldom. But neither am I disposed to preach nor thou to hear a preacher.

Here at least we are liberated from the habitudes and injunctions of semi-barbarous society. We may cultivate, we may manipulate, we may manufacture, what we choose. Industry and thought, and the produce of both, are unrestricted. We may open our hearts to God without offence to man: our

in any one of them. There are no lawyers; every one is to tell his own case, or some friend for him. There are four persons as judges on the bench; and, after the case has been fairly laid down on both sides, all the four draw lots, and he upon whom the lot falls decides the question." p. 155.

brothers, we may call our brothers, and without a mockery. If we are studious of wisdom, we may procure it at the maker's, and at prime cost; if we are ambitious of learning, we may gather it fresh and sound, slowly indeed, but surely and richly, and without holding out our beavers for it, in a beaten and dusty road, to some half-dozen old chatterers and dotards, who, by their quarrelsomeness and pertinacity, testify that they have little of a good quality to impart!

Peterborough. All this is very well; but we cannot enlighten men if we shock their prejudices too violently.

Penn. The shock comes first, the light follows.

Peterborough. Most people will run away from both. Children are afraid of being left in the dark; men are afraid of *not* being left in it.

Penn. Well, then, let them stay where they are. We will go forward, and hope to find the road of life easier and better. In which hope, if we are disappointed, we will at least contribute our share of materials for mending it, and of labor in laying them where they are most wanted.

Prythee now, setting aside thy prepossessions, what thinkest thou, in regard to appearance and aspect, of our Pennsylvania?

Peterborough. Even in this country, like every one I have visited, there are some places where I fancy I could fix myself for life. True, such a fancy lasts but for a moment: the wonder is that it should ever have arisen in me.

Penn. Certainly in thee it is less to be expected than in another; but, as in the earth there is (we have lately been informed) both a centrifugal and a centripetal motion, so in man there is at once a desire of wandering and a tendency to repose.

Peterborough. The scenery does not altogether please me, I acknowledge, quite so well as Bevis-Mount and its vicinity. I love variety in every thing: hill and dale, woodland and pasture, — even hedge-rows please me, if they are old.

Penn. Why the rather for being old? they must be the less perfect in their kind, the less neat in appearance.

Peterborough. You give two reasons why new hedges should please rather than older; one derived from vision, the other from judgment. The neatness is produced by regularity and symmetry, which are becoming and desirable in our habili-

ments, in our furniture, and in our houses, but which little accord with external Nature. At home and about ourselves we wish for propriety, as we call it: out of doors we desire to leave and to forget the idea of what is within; and there is something in the open air which renders us abhorrent from the very name of this propriety. Your argument, that old hedges are less perfect, and should therefore please us less, is very good, since pleasure comes from fitness; but surely a higher pleasure may arise and meet us in a higher region of the mind. Instead of arguing that a stout young hedge is the best to keep a calf or a galloway within it; we may imagine, on seeing an ancient one, composed of its variety of plants, differing in size, form, and color, that these were collected from the unserviceable wild which they deformed, and, after overrunning it for ages, were obliged by a just dispensation to protect it. We may imagine the many happy generations that have enjoyed the beautiful seasons there, under the elder and hawthorn and hickory and maple, under the hazel and dog-rose, clematis and honeysuckle, and other flowering shrubs, surpassing their knowledge and mine. It gives us also the idea, though a vague and incorrect one, of the stability and antiquity of property and possession, and of that negligence which we are fond of considering as akin to liberality. The waving and irregular line in itself is beautiful; and perhaps I like it the better, as varying from the column and platoon, and every thing else connected with my profession.

Penn. Yet thou pursuest thy wicked profession with enthusiasm.

Peterborough. I pursue it, because it leads to distinction and glory.

Penn. Soldiers, it is said in ancient mythology, sprang from dragons' teeth, sown by Cadmus, who introduced letters; and, when I consider to what purposes these also have latterly been applied, it would appear that they surely came from the same sack as the soldiers, and were only the rottenest of the fangs kept till the last.

Art thou not contented with the distinction of the peerage?

Peterborough. The peerage hides its little men under the robes of its greater. I do confess to you plainly, I am not contented with it: I will stand alone while I stand at all; and it is only by my profession that I can expect it.

Why groan so?

Penn. Because millions groan, and millions must groan still; because Crime and Genius, like the wild swans in their wintry course, accommodate one another, preceding and following by turns, and changing their line, but never losing it. In printing and writing the mark of admiration and of horror is the same: oftentimes in life, what we abhor we should admire, and what we admire, abhor. The signs are identified, the things confounded.

I do not wonder that light and trivial minds should look for honor in the army; and indeed if armies were constituted, as they were among the ancients, of citizens for the defence of citizens, then indeed, although one might lament their existence, there would be something at least to mitigate the lamentation. But when I hear one gentleman ask another, "How long have you served?" or, "How do you like the service?" and when I discover glee lighted up on both sides at the name of *servitude*, the least painful of my thoughts is a very painful one, — that names and things lose their enormity by habit.

If the wiser and better of every country were its governors, there would be few wars, few wants, few vices, few miseries; and this would certainly be the case were people well instructed, which they easily might be, in their rights and duties. These are plain and simple, easy and pleasant: men would learn them one from another by daily conversation, had they not been seized upon from the moment when they begin to speak, and had no pains been taken to amaze them with marvels, and to bend into one circle their infancy and decrepitude. Nothing can enter this enchanted circle; nor can any one straighten it, so hard is the temper it hath acquired from the dust and bellowing fires in which it sweltered, and from the cyclopean anvil on which it was turned and hammered.

Thy vanity prompts and excites in thee the idlest and the foolishest of desires, namely, to be looked at and admired by the idle and the foolish; while, with less effort and anxiety, thou mightest be esteemed and respected by the considerate and the wise.

Peterborough. I have almost every fault a man can have, excepting vanity.

Penn. That thou hast many I do verily believe, and that thou art unaware of this lying at the bottom of them; as a

feather will sink below the surface of the water when it is bemired. A sick man knoweth well enough that he is sick; but he knoweth not by what proper name to call his ailment, or whence it originated. If thou art wiser than the many, do that which thou thyself approvest, rather than what they may look for; and be assured that, when they admire thee most, thou hast done something wrong. For, if they are ignorant, as we know they are, it were superfluous and redundant to say that their judgments are incorrect. Thy own heart is the standard which thy intellect should follow, under the command of God. Vanity bears nothing: what wouldst thou from it? a public path of flinty materials, trodden on backward and forward from morning to night, and holding no particle of the dews of heaven. Thou knowest what poor, sordid creatures direct and control the counsels of those who proclaim to us aloud and confidently that they act under God, and God only.

Peterborough. And, some time ago, in the glorious reign of our late gracious king's father, if you did not give ear to them, they took it.

Penn. Whence but from the vapors of the earth appears there to be, to the uninformed vision, a tremulous motion in the stars? and whence but from the cloudiness and fluctuation of their intellects do they believe themselves the primary movers of those events, which the Almighty from the beginning willeth and disposeth, and of which they are the weakest instruments, though perhaps the only ones in sight. Pardon me, Mordaunt! either a wilderness like this, or a man like thee, would be sufficient to awaken in me the most serious thoughts, and the desire of giving them utterance. Common minds and common localities have no such influence over me. Among them, not to speak is best, and not to think is happiest. One older and more experienced than thyself will be surety for this: that, if thou lovest true glory, thou must trust her truth; that, like the Eurydice of the poet, she followeth him invariably who doth not turn and gaze after her; and slippeth irrecoverably from his embrace who, amid shadows and hellish sights, would seize her and enjoy her upon earth.

Peterborough. The oil runs to that part of a lamp where there is heat to use it; the animal spirits, in like manner, to the occupation that can absorb them. I could easily give

you my peculiar reasons for following the military profession, if this general one appears vague and idle; but I am certain you can no more wonder at it in me, than to see a larch in the upper part of a mountain: you must acknowledge it befits the place, rather than a lilac or a weeping willow. Men are little better than a row of pins, if you stick them close together; but, if you set one upright on a gate-post, the folks below stare, scratch their heads, and cry, "The squire!" or "His honor!" Set another in cap and plumes on the upper step of a portico, and he suddenly hears from beneath him an appellation which you serious men refuse to any one but God. The stars themselves are not bright by any brightness of their own. Probably they are merely dull masses, like what our horses are treading on; but from that light vapor which surrounds them, and from that vast distance at which men see them, they derive and diffuse their splendor.

Penn. Some philosopher hath said, "All's well that ends well." Pithy, but unsound. For thy words end well, but thy pins do not stick in their paper, friend Mordaunt. People who act perversely are always in readiness to defend themselves with reasons yet more distorted. When I was a youth at Oxford —

Peterborough. Ay, Oxford is the arsenal of examples. Come draw out one for me, and throw the sack down again.

Penn. There was a poacher, — and happy is it for his soul if he never was employed by the luxurious and wanton in quest of worse game than partridges. He was named Daniel Fogram. So ready was he to engage his services in any ill scheme or device, that one young collegian laid a wager with another on his promptitude to assist in the murder of his father. He requested, then, Daniel to meet him at dusk in the middle of a plain called Portmeadow. Daniel was there before the time, and, on the approach of his employer, sprang up from the turf on which, dewy as it was, he had been lying. The young gentleman took his hand in silence, and affected to look behind him, and even behind the man Daniel. At length said he, "Dan! I hope nobody can hear us. I have an affair," added he slowly and in a whisper, and then broke off.

"Out with it, master!" said Daniel, partly in a tone of impatience and partly of encouragement.

"My dear friend, Dan!" rejoined the youth, "I have a project which, if you will help me, will bring you five guineas."

"Any thing for your honor's service," cried promptly the courtly thief Daniel; "speak out ingenuously and boldly, my good young master!"

"I have, then, since the truth must be spoken, a father who is avaricious and rich; if I were not so much in debt, or if tradespeople would trust me any longer, I would not apply to you."

"No, on my conscience," cried Daniel, abruptly. "I have trusted half the gentlemen in Christchurch; and there are grave dons, too, in more than one college, who think they are grown again as young and spunky as undergraduates, when they can turn a round oath upon the catching of a poacher. I find no money forthcoming. My pheasants, o' my faith! are no golden ones. I am sorry, master, your five guineas are spent between us here in Portmeadow, and neither of us the better." Thus spake the man Daniel, as men report of him, whose worldly words (mind ye) are none of mine.

The youth laid his hand upon Daniel's shoulder, and with the other drew forth a purse, with many pieces in it, and said calmly, "You have misunderstood me, you see: I must be rid of him."

"Naturally enough! if the old dog tugs so hard with his rotten teeth, and won't let go the pudding-bag though he can't get down the pudding. But, master, five guineas for a father out of the way! methinks — you say he is very rich, and indeed I have heard as much; very rich indeed — another guinea could do nobody any hurt."

"Well, Dan, you must contrive the means."

"Six guineas, sir?"

"If it must be, we will say six guineas."

"Lay him, master, in one of my eel-trunks: the eels are running just now, and there are big ones about, and many of 'em; the old gentleman will give them a dinner, though he would not give you and me one."

"True, Dan; but he must be dead first."

"That is awkward. I don't like blood; though there is always some about my jacket — and nobody can swear whose: badger's, hare's, otter's; a young pig's now and then, if he

cries after me piteously on the road to take up a poor passenger without a fare."

"Seriously, Dan, you can surely have no objection to kill the old curmudgeon in good company."

"Hold, master; you must do that yourself."

"Why are you so shy, honest Dan?"

"Nay, nay, master, kill him I will not."

"But why, now?"

"Why? in the name o' God! why? the man is no father of mine."

Now, Mordaunt, thy reasons, I reckon, are about as reasonable as Daniel's. Prythee be sober-minded. Wilt thou always be laughing and hiccupping and hooting at mild and sidelong reproofs? Off again! screaming like a boarding-school girl when her bed-fellow tickleth her. Fie upon thee! fie upon thee! See there now! Hold! hold! thou makest my mare kick and caper and neigh. Hath Legion entered thee? trot, creature, slower. Comeliness! comeliness! Mordaunt! Hear me! There are unruly horses in the pasture: they will surely come up, and perhaps unseat me.

Peterborough. Friend Penn, prepare yourself to accept the Chiltern Hundreds, and to make room for one or other of 'em.

Penn. Of a truth now this is unseemly.

Peterborough. By my soul, if you had told the story to the late king, he would have given you the rest of America. Come, we are out of danger, I will be grave again.

Penn. God mend thee, madcap! Wilt thou come and live with us?

Peterborough. I confess I should be reluctant to exchange my native country for any other.

Penn. Are there many parts of England thou hast never seen?

Peterborough. Several: I was never in Yorkshire or Lancashire, never in Monmouthshire or Nottinghamshire, never in Lincolnshire or Rutland.

Penn. Hast thou at no time felt a strong desire to visit them?

Peterborough. Not I, indeed.

Penn. Yet thy earnestness to come over into America was great: so that America had attractions for thee, in its least

memorable parts, powerfuller than England in those that are the most. York and Lancaster have stirring sounds about them, particularly for minds easily set in motion at the fluttering of banners. Is the whole island of Britain thy native country, or only a section of it? If all Britain is, all Ireland must be too; for both are under the same crown, though not under the same laws. Perhaps not a river nor a channel, but a religion, makes the difference: then I, among millions more of English, am not thy countryman. Consider a little, what portion or parcel of soil is our native land.

Peterborough. Just as much of it as our friends stand upon.

Penn. I would say more: I would say, just as much as supports our vanity in our shire.

Peterborough. I confess, the sort of patriotism which attaches most men to their country is neither a wiser nor a better feeling than the feeling of recluses and cats. Scourges and starvation do not cure them of their stupid love for localities. Mine is different: I like to see the desperate rides I have taken in the forest, and the places where nobody dared follow me. I like to feel and to make felt my superiority, not over tradespeople and farmers in their dull debates, but over lords and archbishops, over chancellors and kings. I would no more live where they are not, than have a mansion-house without a stable, or a paddock without a leaping-bar.

Penn. Superiority in wealth is communicated to many and partaken by thousands, and therefore men pardon it; while superiority of rank is invidious, and the right to it is questioned in most instances. I would not for the world raise so many evil passions every time I walk in the street.

Peterborough. It would amuse me. I care not how much people hate me, nor how many, provided their hatred feed upon itself without a blow at me, or privation or hindrance. Great dogs fondle little dogs; but little dogs hate them mortally, and lift up their ears and tails and spinal hairs to make themselves as high. Some people are unhappy unless they can display their superiority; others are satisfied with a consciousness of it. The latter are incontestably the better; the former are infinitely the more numerous, and, I will venture to say, the more useful: their vanity, call it nothing else, sets in motion all the activity of less men, and nearly all of greater.

Penn. Prove this activity to be beneficial, prove it only to be neutral, and we meet almost near enough for discussion. Not quite; for vanity, which is called idle, is never inoperative: when it cannot by its position ramble far afield, it chokes the plant that nurtures it. Consciousness of superiority, kept at home and quiet, is the nurse of innocent meditations and of sound content.

Canst not thou feel and exhibit the same superiority at any distance?

Peterborough. I cannot make *them* feel it nor see it. What is it to be any thing, unless we enjoy the faculty of impressing our image at full length on the breast of others, and strongly too and deeply and (when we wish it) painfully; but mostly on those who, because their rank in court-calendars is the same or higher, imagine they are like me, equal to me, over me? I thank God that there are kings and princes: remove them, and you may leave me alone with swine and sheep.

Penn. I would not draw thee aside from bad company into worse: if indeed that may reasonably be called so, which allows thee greater room and more leisure for reflection, and which imparts to thee purer innocence and engages thee in usefuller occupations. That such is the case is evident. The poets, to whom thou often appealest for sound philosophy and right feeling, never lead shepherds into courts, but often lead the great among shepherds. If it were allowable for me to disdain or despise even the wickedest and vilest of God's creatures, in which condition a king peradventure as easily as any other may be, I think I could, without much perplexity or inquiry, find something in the multitude of his blessings quite as reasonable and proper to thank him for. With all thy contemptuousness, thou placest thy fortune and the means of thy advancement in the hands of such persons; and they may ruin thee.

Peterborough. You place your money in the hands of bankers; and they may ruin you. The difference is, your ruiner may gain a good deal by it, and may run off; mine has no such temptation, and should not run far. All titulars else must be produced by others, — a knight by a knight, a peer by a king, — while a gentleman is self-existent. Our country exhibits in every part of it what none in the world beside can do, — men at once of elegant manners, ripe and sound

learning, unostentatious honor, unprofessional courage, confiding hospitality, courteous independence. If a Frenchman saw, as he might do any week in the winter, a hundred or two of our fox-hunters in velvet caps and scarlet coats, he would imagine he saw only a company of the rich and idle.

Penn. He would think rightly. Such gentlemen ought, willing or loath, to serve an apprenticeship of seven years to a rat-catcher.

Peterborough. It would be no unwise thing to teach, if not gentlemen, at least the poor, in what manner to catch and exterminate every kind of noxious animal. In our island it is not enough to have exterminated the wolves: we are liable to the censure of idleness and ill husbandry while an otter, a weasel, a rat, or a snake is upon it. Zoölogists may affirm that these and other vermin were created for some peculiar use. Voracious and venomous animals may be highly respectable in their own society; and whenever it is proved that their service to the community is greater than the disadvantage, I will propose in parliament to import them again duty-free.

Penn. Rats come among us with almost every vessel; and nothing is easier than to entice them to a particular spot, either for the purpose of conservation or destruction, as may seem fittest.

Peterborough. Release me from the traps, and permit me to follow the hounds again; but previously to remark that probably a third of these fox-hunters is composed of well-educated men. Joining in the amusements of others is, in our social state, the next thing to sympathy in their distresses; and even the slenderest bond that holds society together should rather be strengthened than snapped. I feel no horror at seeing the young clergyman in the field, by the side of his patron the squire and his parishioner the yeoman. Interests, falsely calculated, would keep men and classes separate, if amusements and recreations did not insensibly bring them close. If conviviality (which by your leave I call a virtue) is promoted by fox-hunting, I will drink to its success, whatever word in the formulary may follow or go before it. Nations have fallen by wanting, not unanimity in the hour of danger, so much as union in the hours preceding it. Our national feelings are healthy and strong by the closeness of their inter-

texture. What touches one rank is felt by another: it sounds on the rim of the glass, the hall rings with it, and it is well (you will say) if the drum and the trumpet do not catch it. Feelings are more easily communicated among us than manners. Every one disdains to imitate another: a grace is a peculiarity. Yet in a ride no longer than what we have been taking, how many objects excite our interest! By how many old mansion-houses should we have passed, within which there are lodged those virtues that constitute the power, stability, and dignity of a people! We never see a flight of rooks or wood-pigeons without the certainty that in a few minutes they will alight on some grove where a brave man has been at his walk, or a wise man at his meditations. North America may one day be very rich and powerful; she cannot be otherwise: but she never will gratify the imagination as Europe does. Her history will interest her inhabitants; but there never will be another page in it so interesting as that which you yourself have left open for unadorned and simple narrative. The poet, the painter, the statuary, will awaken no enthusiasm in it; not a ballad can be written on a *bale of goods:* and not only no artist, but no gentleman, is it likely that America will produce in many generations.

Penn. She does not feel the need of them: she can do without 'em.

Peterborough. Those who have corn may not care for roses; and those who have dog-roses may not care for double ones. I have a buttonhole that wants a posy.

Penn. I do not conceal from thee my opinion of thy abilities, which probably is not a more favorable one than thy own; since, however the vices that accompany them rather than the virtues, thy ambition rather than thy honesty, thy violence rather than thy prudence, may push thee forward to the first station, it is my duty as a friend to forewarn thee that such promotion will render thee, and probably thy countrymen, less happy.

Peterborough. I will not permit any thing to produce that effect on me: the moment it begins the operation, I resign it. Happiness would overflow my heart, to see reduced to the condition of my lackeys the proudest of our priesthood and our peerage. I should only have to regret that, my condition being equal to theirs. I could not so much enjoy their humili-

ation, as if my family and my connections were inferior. When I discover men of high birth condescending to perform the petty tricks of party for the sake of obtaining a favor at court, I wish it were possible, by the usages of our country and the feelings of Englishmen, to elevate to the rank of prime minister some wrangling barrister, some impudent buffoon, some lampooner from the cockpit, some zany from the theatre, that their backs might serve for his footstool.

Penn. Was there ever in a Christian land a wish more irrational or more impious!

Peterborough. The very kind of wish that we oftenest see accomplished.

Penn. Never wilt thou see this.

Peterborough. Be not over certain.

Penn. Charles, whose pleasures were low and vulgar, whose parliaments were corrupt and traitorous, chose ministers of some authority. The mob itself, that is amused by dancing dogs, is loath to be ridden by them. The hand that writeth songs on our street-walls ought never to subscribe to the signature of our kings.

Peterborough. I speak of parliament.

Penn. Thou speakest then worse still. A king wears its livery and eats its bread. Without a parliament he is but as the slough of a snake, hanging in a hedge: it retains the form and colors, but it wants the force of the creature; it waves idly in the wind, and is fit only to frighten wrens and mice.

Thy opinions are aristocratical: yet never did I behold a man who despised the body and members of the aristocracy more haughtily and scornfully than thou dost.

Peterborough. Few have had better opportunities of knowing its composition.

Penn. Those who are older must have had better.

Peterborough. Say rather, may have had more: yet I have omitted few, unless the lady's choice lay below the chaplain; for I was always select in my rivals. How many do you imagine of our nobility are not bastards, or sons or grandsons of bastards? If you believe there are a few, I will send the titheman into the enclosure, and he shall levy his proportion in spite of you.

Aristocracy is not contemptible as a system of government;

in fact, it is the only one a true gentleman can acquiesce in. Give me any thing rather than the caldron, eternally bubbling and hissing, in which the scum of the sugar-baker has nought at the bottom of it but the poison of the lawyer's tongue and the bones of the poor reptiles he hath starved.

Enough for aristocracy; now for aristocrats. Let me hold my hat before my face and look demurely while I say, and apply the saying to myself, that, to him whose survey is from any great elevation, all men below are of an equal size. Aristocrats and democrats, kings and scullions, present one form, one stature, one color, and one gait. I see but two classes of men, — those whose names are immortal, and those whose names are perishable. Of the immortal there is but one body; all in it are so high as to seem on an equality, inasmuch as immortality admits of no degree: of the perishable there are several sets and classes, — kings and chamberlains, trumpeters and heralds, take up half their time in cutting them out and sticking them on blank paper. If I by fighting or writing could throw myself forward and gain futurity, I should think myself as much superior to our sovereign lord the king, as our sovereign lord the king is to any bell-wether in his park at Windsor.

Penn. Strange that men should toil for earthly glory, when the only difference between the lowest and highest is comprised in two letters: the one *in* a thousand, and the one *of* a thousand, — an atom in the midst of atoms, take which thou wilt! For the sake of peace and quiet, I would avoid in public too nice inquiries into those dignities, as they are called, which arise fortuitously or spring from favor. Ever since the abolition of the Commonwealth, we have been deafened by exclamations of *Church and King*, and stupefied by homilies on *throne and altar;* by which latter the more pious and more intelligent mean *buttery-hatch and cellar*. They indeed declare that by "*throne*" they would signify the *will of one*, and by "*altar*" the *word of the Lord*. Now if the will of one is the degradation of millions; if the will of one is for strumpets and gamesters and ruinous expenditure in idle recreations; if the altar is the market-place whereto every man is forced to bring a tenth of his corn and cattle, and must be taught by a hireling and extortioner what Jesus and his disciples and apostles, by commanding and preaching and writ-

ing, could not teach him, — then indeed must I be confirmed in my opinion, formed after many years from all I have experienced and seen, from the honester part of the reasoners I have heard, and from the wiser of the books I have perused, that, until these encumbrances and curses, this throne and altar, are removed from the earth, man never can attain, and unworthily will aspire to, the happiness and dignity of his destination.

Peterborough. I know not to what books you refer. Learned men may be mistaken in their reasonings, and are likely to be: they start with more prejudices than the unlearned, and throw them off with more difficulty. I may differ from Cicero and Sydney —

Penn. Thou mayest; but, if they are wiser than thou art, might we not surmise that they think more rightly on what hath more fully occupied their thoughts?

Peterborough. That follows necessarily.

Penn. When a man on any occasion saith, "I do not think so," we might ask him, if civility allowed it, "Hast thou thought enough upon it? Or in truth hast thou thought at all?" In our case we need not run back to Cicero, we need not invoke the name of Sydney, if in the heaviness of our hearts at the violence of his separation from us it were audible on our lips; it suffices to look into our farm-yards in the morning, and at midnight to mingle with the groom-porters at the palace. The matter of religion is quite indifferent to thee, as far as the heart is concerned; and in my opinion it is here that the heart alone is in question. I am grieved to find it insisted on that the *Word of God* requires more explanation than the *Statutes at Large;* that men are appointed and paid to expound it; that we must give them money for words, and finally must take their words at their own price. We may know the very thing they do, we may know it better, we may have learned it before they learned it; there is no appeal: we must take it after their chewing, and keep it in our mouths and swallow it just as we received it out of theirs. No man whatever is salaried for teaching the laws of the land to the simple, which laws are mostly dark and intricate, although by ignorance or mistake of them a poor creature may be hanged; yet thousands are salaried for teaching what Christ taught better, what is plain to every one, and what the divine and

merciful lawgiver would certainly not hang us for misinterpreting. Indeed, He left us no power of doing so: He found a tablet on our bosoms fit for the reception of His precepts, and there is nothing in them which we can erase without a violence to our conscience, nothing which we can neglect without a detriment to our interests. If none traded in the expounding of His laws, none would be called heretics, none would be burned alive, none persecuted. Toleration is in itself the essence of Christianity, and the very point which the founder of it most peculiarly enjoined. It is for God to regard our motives; it is for man to regard our acts: and when an act is proved to be against the law, then, and then only, is it our business to inquire into the motive, and whether it aggravates or extenuates the offence.

Peterborough. Now answer me: would you permit any, whatsoever body of men, to act systematically against the laws?

Penn. If the laws were iniquitous, or forced upon them, there are some who might.

Peterborough. What, if equitable; what, if conservative of peace?

Penn. Thou knowest my mind on this.

Peterborough. The popish priesthood must always be opposed to the civil magistrate.

Penn. In what must it, and by what necessity?

Peterborough. By its institution, by its interests and its vows. Laymen are commanded, by the statutes of every nation in Europe, to denounce a murderer or whoever is guilty of a capital crime. The popish priest, in quality of confessor, is commanded by other edicts, by edicts issued from without the country, not to denounce any such: so that, by the institutions even of Catholic States, he becomes a partaker of the crime.

Penn. There are contradictory laws that protect them.

Peterborough. Surely that country cannot be well governed, which has one body of laws for one body of men, another for another; which says, "This crime shall make those amends," and yet allows a priest or friar, a thousand miles off, to whisper by proxy in another's ear, "If you hear of it in confession, oblige the criminal to eat a pound of stale sprats and a bundle of stiff radishes; and, when you three divine agents

have touched his entrails, take out your whittle and cut the halter." Nevertheless the papists have a strong argument in favor of their religion, disobedient as it is to the command of Jesus Christ, in rising up against the civil magistrate and claiming a superiority of power.

Penn. What argument?

Peterborough. Its duration.

Penn. I never knew any thing good remain so long: and other paganisms may boast the same advantage as this. Whatever is equally well contrived to flatter the vices of men will exist while the vices themselves do. The little there was of learning in the world, and the much there was of craft and violence, were employed for many centuries in the construction of this vast fabric, where, as is reported of a temple in Babylon, every comer was invited to the mysteries of prostitution. But in Babylon we do not read that people were slain for abstaining therefrom, or for preferring fresh water to salt, and cleanliness to perfumes.

Peterborough. Perhaps the greatest harm of the religion does not consist in the domination, in the fallacy, in the fraud, in the cruelty it exercises, but in rendering man selfish and ungrateful. The worst ingratitude lies not in the ossified heart of him who commits it; but we find it in the effect it produces on him against whom it is committed. As water containing stony particles encrusts with them the ferns and mosses it drops on, so the human breast hardens under ingratitude in proportion to its openness, its softness, and its aptitude to receive impressions. Envy and revenge and lust and tyranny befall the ill-disposed in common with the better; but ingratitude befalls the better only, and curdles the sweetest drop in the gentlest heart. Alms-giving, that is, the giving of money to the idle hangers-on of popery, is among the private duties she inculcates, we know for what ends: let us consider with what arguments and incentives. She assures the alms-giver that he will be richly repaid, and indeed that he can nowhere else find such interest for his money. When he hath given it, he not only is quit of old sins in an exact ratio to the sum deposited, but he may run up a fresh account, and always stand on the creditor side. And here I come to the point of gratitude, at the mention of which you looked on me interrogatively. The ragged receiver knows the motive,

counts the coin, thanks the Virgin, rubs his shoulder against the angle of some pedestal, or the fret-work of some shrine, consults his confessor what number is most lucky in the lottery, tries his fortune, loses, blasphemes, crosses his bosom, and returns to Mass.

Penn. Poor, benighted soul! The old serpent putteth out his tongue to belime and catch thee.

Peterborough. Whoever has given the value of a few shillings carries back with him a ticket for Paradise, delivered at the counter, and the promise of recommendation to the servants of a garden where every bush is hung with coronals, and every alley rings with hallelujahs; but no signification that he might possibly have been actuated by compassion, by a spirit of benevolence, or by a sense of duty. It would be thought un-Christian and ungentlemanly to make inquiries into the causes of a poor man's sufferings: you have no business with sympathy, none with expostulation, none with admonition, none with advice; you must give because you are commanded by the Church; you must abstain from interference because the Church has already appointed to that office. Open your purse to the idle, and you may kiss the first woman you fancy, and stab the first man that interrupts you.

Penn. Wilt thou not stay thee, Mordaunt? What slough art thou sinking into?

Peterborough. I ought to have qualified the expression, by adding so as not to give scandal, but sagely and discreetly. Well may you groan, friend Penn, if ever you dreamed that a religion like this could be eradicated. It needs not the word of God to assure us of its perpetuity; it needs but the vices of man: in other words, man's nature. Here couches the serpent that hath swallowed up all the rest; here stands the Temple, with its spacious dome and innumerable pinnacles, where Crime, shaking off Despondency, sits side by side with Virtue.

Penn. Where nothing is divine but mystery, and nothing is damnable but doubt. Nevertheless, the sun of righteousness shall arise —

Peterborough. To show the vapor, not to scatter it. Wisdom and Folly, Patience and Violence, have alike and equally lent a hand to this resplendent and indestructible pantheon.

Penn. Have Justice and Truth ever ordered it? Hath

Religion, through the clouds of incense that are wafted under her, ever seen there or sought Humanity? Nowhere in turning over the leaves of the New Testament do I find the ordinance of cutting and searing in conversions: which therefore I must attribute to some holy father, whose notion of bringing up his children makes me wish he had fewer; or to some pastor who would rather superintend the gelding of his flock than the washing.

Peterborough. Your popish friends in England will be very angry at you, if they ever hear you speak in this manner.

Penn. They are the persons who ought to thank me, if any ought. I do not cry at the portcullis of a castle that a fox is under it: I cry at the cottage-door that I saw him steal into the hen-roost. Men hate us worse for trying to set them right than for trying to set them wrong, and have no more fondness for plain truths than for plain clothes. The popish priest hath grounds for disliking me: the popish gentleman hath no better reason for it than for disliking the man who has liberated him from a madhouse, has cured him of a malady caught by seeing others in it, has allowed him to order his own dinner, has kept his daughters from the defilement of foul questions and suggestions, and his wife's tongue from betraying the secrets of the family. These are only a few of the benefits I should confer on him, if he would be warned by me against that worst of falsehood and impiety, which persuades him that any mortal can stand between God and himself, or aid him in his salvation by other means than good counsel. He may swallow a goatskin of the richest *tinta de Rota* through the channel of his teacher, and his forehead may be smeared with Provence oil till it shine like a brazen warming-pan: 'twill be in vain.

Peterborough. Really, to speak my mind, a religion to be sound and wholesome must be home-brewed. In running across the way with it, you lose almost all but the froth. To force men into public houses of worship is as unjust and unreasonable as to force them into public houses of carousal. If you will insist upon it, the least you can do is to pay the reckoning.

Penn. This varieth from thy former fantasies.

Peterborough. It is my custom to say and do whatever

occurs to me at the moment. I may be called inconsistent for it, but I cannot be called unfair.

Penn. Fairness and consistency are not indeed always the same. Nothing is more consistent with an honest character than to acknowledge a corrected inconsistency.

Peterborough. If I give several sets of opinions while another gives one opinion only, I give what may be received and what may be rejected, which he does not: and the choice between two things is often as good as either.

Penn. And the escape from both of them is often as good as the choice.

Peterborough. In any set speech, in addressing the parliament or the soldiers, you never will find me contradictory or wavering; whereas among my friends I throw out what comes uppermost, and find a pleasure not only in my versatility, but in the watchfulness it excites among those who purchase from me, at an easy price, the titles of wariness and acuteness. Nothing is so agreeable both to children and men as to let them catch you tripping, and particularly if you are strong and usually walk upright and with stateliness: and to connive at them is the most economical of pleasures.

Penn. It may hinder thy rise in the State; which would fret thee.

Peterborough. What man ever rose in it by his intellects, until he had perverted or contracted or covered them? The wide and abundant and impetuous stream bears pleasure and wonder on its bosom: wealth rises from the narrow and factitious. What is that to me? Let us spur on.

You have already proved that what we call patriotism is very different from what rhetoricians and orators represent it. A man's own glory rests well upon the glory of his country; but how few can claim any for their own! Great generals, great writers, — have we in existence or on record half a dozen of either? We are apt, I know not with what reason, to ridicule the French for their proneness to servitude and their adulation to princes: yet is there another man in the world so proud of his country as a Frenchman is of France? We consider no part of God's creation so cringing, so insatiable, so ungrateful, as the Scotch: nevertheless, we see them hang together by the claws like bats; and they bite and scratch you to the bone if you attempt to put an Englishman

in the midst of them. Although they tell you they are the most loyal of mankind, yet they are ready at any time to sell their king and abjure their principles, and will haggle less with you about the price of them than about a bale of linen, or a barrel of haddock.

Penn. How is this? We never gained so much by Charles as we paid for him.

Peterborough. That bargain was driven hard with us: but if *we* could make little of him, what could *they* do?

A story comes into my mind, which I heard at Portsmouth just before I left England. It exhibits no unfavorable specimen of a Scot: and it proves to us that there is a certain Patriotism loath to let Truth stand in her way, or Nature herself do any thing disagreeable to her. The Lord Halifax, you may have heard perhaps, is the chief patron of our poets. A Scotchman one day came before him, bowing to the earth, and holding out a piece of rumpled paper. His lordship smiled with his usual affability, thanked him, and told him that, being a disciple of Mr. Locke's, he had no occasion for such an offering so long after breakfast. "Hauld! hauld! it's poesy, it's poesy, my laird! written on the scaith of a maiden in Dundalk, and ane of very guid connaxions."

"Well, then, my dear sir, let me see it."

The rhymes are in a kind of step like that of Catiline as described by Sallust: *modo citus modo tardus incessus;* the best invention that poetry ever made: never was there one so serviceable to the memory, for you must read them several times over before you can find out whether there are any verses in them. I should not be surprised if they shortly come supported by such a powerful host of partisans, on our side of the Tweed, as to rout the united forces of Milton and Shakspeare. Listen: —

> The southern blast was so bitter cold,
> It almost sheared the sheep in our fold,
> And made the young maiden look like the old,
> Blue as baboon is, where he is bluest —
> Mind thy steps, Meggie! mind, or thou ruest.

"How!" cried Lord Halifax, "can Scotchmen then come so near the English border in their phraseology?" Nevertheless he suspected a mistake, and soon apprehended it. "The southern blast! you must mean the northern."

"Faith and troth! and I did mean the northern, and did e'en write it, my laird! But I thought i' my conscience it ill beseemed me to leave an immortal reflaxion on my ain maither country."

Halifax gave him a guinea, ordered his groom to bring him a sack of oats from the stable, and told him at parting he ought to be made a doctor of laws for his poetry, and a knight-banneret for his patriotism. The Scotchman looked at his guinea, and said, in the despondency of ambition, "'T wou'd tak anither to bring't aboot."

Penn. Yet perhaps this very man, so zealous for the honor of his country that he would lie for her all day long, would be heartily glad to abandon her, might he thereby be made an officer of excise in Muscovy or Poland. By my removal from England to America, I do not think I any more change my country than my father did when he left Bristol for London. We relinquish her when we relinquish her purer habits, her juster laws, her wiser conversations; not when we abandon the dissidence and dishonesty of her parties, her political craft, her theological intolerance. That is properly the land of our fathers in which we may venerate the image of their virtues; in which we may follow their steps, and leave our own not unworthy to be followed. We want animation, ye tell us; we want liberality. O Mordaunt! in the eyes of men those want every thing who want imposture. How many are there in high places who cry aloud to clear the way for the conscience! — who shout, "Give the poor creatures corn, give the poor creatures liberty;" yet who blink their eyes upon Christian blood flowing forth under the sword of persecution! Cromwell, at whose frown their rotten hearts would have melted away, is now a subject of derision to them. He stretched out his hand over the Alps, and cried, "Defend thy brother! preserve the creature that God made! loose the bondman that Christ redeemed!" Can I think it the most rational of happiness, the most obligatory of duties, to reside in a country at the head of whose councils are the silent associates of thieves and murderers? Doubtless I must lose sight of them in it; I must cherish it, I must love it, because it is the country where I broke my head seven years ago by forcing my horse over a gate! Is it any thing for such as thou art, or (I would say it with humility) for such as I am, to

be greater in soul and intellect than a king, or chancellor, or archbishop? Have we the same temptation as they have, for violence, disingenuousness, and falsehood? Let us praise God that we have not, and let us keep where we never may catch it.

Peterborough. Then let us think of the country, the only true comforter; or, if you dispute this point, the only general one. Could not you have left standing in these meadows a few of the shadier and larger trees? It appears to me, friend Penn, that you are like a father who strips two or three of his infants stark-naked, and encourages his elder son to wear several great-coats.

Penn. Why, perhaps it might have been as well to leave here and there a tree, for the sake of the cattle.

Peterborough. And for the sake of ornament.

Penn. I cannot see any great ornament in trees, until the carpenter hath had them under his hand. They are dull in summer and ragged in winter, the very best of them, trim them and contrive them as you will. The ornament of a country is the sight of creatures enjoying their existence.

Peterborough. And yet you would not let people dance.

Penn. I would not call them together for that purpose: but when countryfolks have done the business of the day, I might not reprove them for an innocent relaxation.

Peterborough. Really, I fancied that even the sound of a fiddle was an abomination to you!

Penn. I was never given to capering; but there is something in a violin, if played discreetly, that appeareth to make hot weather cool, and cold weather warm and temperate: not however when its chords have young maidens tied invisibly to the end of them, jerking them up and down in a strange fashion before one's eyes, and, unless one taketh due caution, wafting their hair upon one's face and bosom, and their very breath too between one's lips, if peradventure one omitteth to shut them bitterly and hold tight.

Peterborough. Egad, friend William, I have talked with dancing masters in my day, who knew less about their business than you do.

Penn. If they knew but half of it, they would change it for a better. They do not see where it finishes.

Peterborough. Impudent dogs, they would see that too, if they could!

Penn. We must accommodate things and practices to their country. Hot-beds do not want stoves, and stoves do not want furnaces, and furnaces do not want blow-pipes. In cities the youth has pastime enough, without incentives to frowardness and lust; but the laborer of the fields may perhaps dance in the evening with the young woman he has worked with in the noon, and do it irreproachably. His truly is a kind of labor that will not whet his appetite for wanton things; and the motion of the limbs, being different from that wherein they had been exercised many hours, would rather tend to refresh than to weary him. Among the idle, by the presence of what is pleasant to the senses, thoughts swell into wishes, and wishes ripen into deeds.

Peterborough. Why should not they?

Penn. Because our destination is higher, if we consent to it; and because we can do good in as little time and with as little trouble as we can do evil. As all parts of the world are equally nigh to the heavens, so by their primary position are all men equally nigh to God; but many rational creatures, as we call them, do by their vices draw back from the Creator, while brute matter stands consistently where he placed it.

Peterborough. I would rather hear a sermon from you than from anybody else: you pluck me for the sake of cooling and cleansing me; the old women who have laid hands on me from the pulpit plucked me only to get something by my feathers.

Penn. Nobody can lie easily upon such feathers as thine; and the housewife doth well who singes them all round. The powers bestowed on thee by thy Maker are perverted by thy passions, and, instead of serving thee, bear against thee; as guns on shipboard, loosened by foul weather, run ruinously back against those who were appointed to direct them. The trees, the blades of grass, the weakest herbs, assume by degrees the consistency they ought to have, and grow to the uttermost height the climate and soil allow to them: we alone droop when our strength should be at its full; and the strongest man in England sees no reason why we should not. Mordaunt, it would afflict thee to blush at thee: against that fire thou couldst not stand; beware then.

Many in every age have been the hypocrites of Virtue: ours is the only one, I imagine, that ever saw the hypocrites of Vice. Persons of your condition found a difficulty in becoming profligate to their heart's content. It was a point of conscience with them (when every other point of it was blunted or broken) to seem worse than they really were, and to make their intimates worse, if possible, than themselves. This in great measure was done from a spirit of obstinacy and contradiction; for, although on the opposite side there were numbers of strict and holy men, there were certainly more of those who were only so in appearance. Thousands were, heart and soul, devoted to the cause of liberty; tens of thousands pretended a love of it, merely to obtain a portion of fines and confiscations. Would you wish to have before you any objects more odious?

Peterborough. The wish would be fruitless.

Penn. And yet there were those who tried whether they could not become so: and as they had opposed real licentiousness to false religion, so they carried what they called loyalty to such a degree of subserviency as would disgrace a troop of Asiatic slaves; and adored the most reprehensible of kings, not only in the language but with the rites of their church-worship, drinking to his health in the same posture as when they celebrate the most awful event in the ministry of their Redeemer, and devoting their lives to him with the same formality.

Peterborough. And the same faith.

Every man would rather eat a good dinner than a bad one; and when it is easier to get it by kneeling and drinking than by laboring and thirsting, I can not call them fools for it.

Penn. Verily I did not designate them by that name, although some of them have seen reason to bestow it on themselves.

Peterborough. Poverty gives a man of family great privileges: I do not make use of mine, and care little about those who have stolen a march of me, and rest in oblivion. Yet I am poor enough for any pretensions, and am likely to remain so in spite of contingencies; for I have rather a large family of vices, and am resolved, as becomes a good parent, to cherish and maintain them.

Penn. Inconsiderate young man! Know, for thy comfort

and encouragement, it is less easy in youth to extinguish vices than to convert them into virtues. Afterward we lose the power of doing either, and fancy that to whine and promise serves as well. Fit thyself to become the head and ornament of a family: love some one.

Peterborough. Easy enough, that!

Penn. Perhaps not so easy as at first it appeareth to thee. To desire is not to love; the passions are moderated by tenderness.

Peterborough. Faith! I am afraid they are among us men. Love, like canine madness, may be fairly stifled in a feather-bed, with proper assistance. Your advice reminds me of a recitative, I know not in what opera: —

> Amare una, e dall' una esser amato,
> E' il sommo ben che possa l' uom godere;
> Due mi amano; amo tré: sono infelice.

Penn. Which being Englished, what may be the import?

Peterborough.

> To love one, and to be beloved by one,
> Is the greatest good a mortal can enjoy:
> Two love me; I love three: I am unhappy.

Penn. And he deserved it, whoever he was: for truth had opened his eyes, and he would not see. The sentiment is worthy of a pagan in red boots.

Peterborough. An idle friend of mine spent an autumn and winter in Italy. Soon after his arrival in that country, he took a residence at the Lake of Como, and was particularly fond of a shady walk beside the rivulet which runs near the city. Here he saw in the old hedge of a little wood, about a mile from the Milan gate, a very beautiful green lizard. The animal looked at him as steadfastly as he looked at the animal; and, it being the first he had ever seen of that large kind, he continued to admire it for almost half an hour. On the morrow, at the same time of day, he repeated his visit to the place, and found in a few minutes the same inhabitant: and their interview was again the same. Curiosity led him a third time to the spot, but somewhat later; and he really felt a disappointment at not finding his lizard. He sat down and began to read, and after a time was about to change his posture (for the short grass hardly covered the gravel, and

he had not under him such a cushion as you have), when the lizard's eyes met his, between him and the bank. It stopped and gazed at him, and then walked slowly into the hedge, and gazed again from the very place in which it was first discovered. Confidence was now established between the parties. One day my friend was tempted to take his lizard home with him, and tried to catch it. The creature, equally swift and quicksighted, sprang away; looked once more at him from its first position, and was never seen afterward. This is the recital of my friend; a friend as foolish as any I have: but I suspect his folly will save me from a greater; and, if idleness should attract me to the side of marriage, I shall think of him and his lizard. He was not contented with all the pleasure it ever could have given him; he must forsooth catch it and keep it: had he succeeded, he would soon have been as tired of the creature as the creature would have been of him. Marriage is the first step to repentance: and there are not many to climb.

Penn. I have better hopes of thee than thou appearest to entertain of thyself. A conversion was produced in my own family through means extremely slight, and (if there be any such) upon a fortuitous occasion. My good father had once a waiting-man, whom, among other services, he employed in the pouring out of wine at the sideboard from black bottles into white, of which white there being some lack, he bade the man buy two more. The man went forthwith, and bought them; but ere dinner-time they were broken. Whereupon my father said to him, "Hast thou broken the two bottles?"

"Yea," said he.

"How? thou fool!" cried my father; for he was quick and choleric.

His waiting-man then answered, and said, "I brake them by striking one against the other, to try if they were good for any thing."

The patience of my beloved parent did not hold out against this, and, rising from his seat, he would have smitten the waiting-man; but I arose also, and caught him by the sleeve, and said to him: "Father! thou art angered. I would speak to thee with all dutifulness, as becometh a young man and thy son. Bethink thee now, my good father, if thou, being a man of war, hast not done to men what thy servant hath done

to bottles ; if thou hast not been fain to try, whether, in thy estimation, being a man of war, they were good for any thing, and by the same experiment and proof ; namely, by making one of them strike the other. Pardon then this thy servant, for that he hath confessed he did it, when it may be that such confession is not yet made by thee, my honored parent, nor deemed requisite."

Peterborough. And what said the old admiral to this?

Penn. I need not tell thee ; since it aideth in nothing my discourse.

Peterborough. But do tell me.

Penn. I will, then, inasmuch as it evinceth his compliancy of temper.

" Son William," said he, " for one sally of such good sense and good nature, I could bear thy sanctification and grimaces seven years. Give me thy hand, my lad ; we are friends again for life."

Now I had angered him, by hoping and resolving to live in future more regularly and religiously than we had been accustomed to do among his nautical companions.

Peterborough. If joy, which is much less ingenious, much less argumentative, than grief, had allowed him a few moments of reflection, he might have told you that men are well tried whether they are *good for any thing*, by this process. For not only do they prove their courage, — without which, as the world is constituted, there is neither peace nor equity, the two best things of good things, as you above all people will admit, — but they promote one another's self-esteem, and superadd the delicacy of good manners to those higher and purer attributes of sound morality.

Another thing, my friend, or rather, if you will bear it, two, I must object against your system. You prohibit not dancing only, but singing and drawing. As you will perhaps make the better defence for yourself on singing, I shall speak first upon drawing, and then attack you mainly.

One would imagine that so contemplative a race of people as you are would cultivate an art of which the early shoots require shade and seclusion, and the first efforts are made in privacy. Others are *chaperons* to society and dissipation. In dancing, I concede to you, the figure of the dance is the last figure that is thought of ; and, in music, there never was a

young person of either sex who, in the softest parts, did not sigh a note higher than the flute. Drawing has no such inconvenience or aberration. This creative faculty is silent and meditative; it leads to a temperate love of Nature, to a selection of what is beautiful, and to a habit of what is correct.

In poetry, the most tender and the least tender emotions are excited. He who draws tears from me would draw his sword against me, if I tried as a poet to draw any tears from him: so fixedly is jealousy the associate of poetry. And when a woman takes up the art, as some have done among us, I would whisper in her ear, if I dared, that there never was a Sappho who would not plunge over-head for a Phaon.

Drawing here, too, is widely different. If it raises any aspirations after Fame, they are solitary and sober, and after Fame in her calmest and most quiescent hour.

Penn. Friend, we can do without both Fame and her aspirations; and what we *can* do without we *should*, or we must forfeit the name of temperate men.

Peterborough. Surrender then to me this province of Pennsylvania.

Penn. Nay, nay! I do not play at forfeits with thee: and beside, the gift would harm thee. My prudence is greater (discreetly be it spoken) than thine.

Peterborough. Faith is it!

Penn. And thou wouldst never erect such an asylum for peace and industry, as, by the blessing of God, I hope to erect herein for future generations.

Peterborough. I must attack you then on the side of singing, and argue upon it as a moralist might do.

Penn. Then verily, friend Mordaunt, thou wilt display much originality: I yearn to behold thee in that character.

Peterborough. Have you never heard soldiers and apprentices sing lewd songs?

Penn. Why, songs under that description and from those quarters have reached mine ear: and, if report speak truly, the breath of such hath tarnished the nearest gold lace on each side of them.

Peterborough. If patriotic or tender ones had been written well among us, and set to good music, they would have gained access to those persons who, for want of them, amuse their idleness and indulge their fancies with ribaldry. Nay,

had they been awakened early by them, such idleness and such fancies never would have existed: for music of this nature is a strengthener both of the mind and of the heart. I am persuaded that even the highest national character might be raised still higher by inspiring boys with a timely love of it, and by supplying them with lofty and generous sentiments in graceful and well-composed songs. The Lacedemonians were the rudest people in Greece: I doubt whether the admirable order that subsisted long among them, as citizens and as soldiers, is more owing to the laws of Lycurgus than to the elegies of Tyrtæus. The Athenians were the softest and most effeminate: yet they dashed down tyranny and strode over valor, singing the praises of Harmodius and Aristogiton.

Penn. We have no tyranny to dash down, and no valor to stride over; our voice is, "God is among us: he commands us peace." Thy observations, as applicable to the turbid state wherein it is (as thou fanciest) the interest of such as thou art to keep thy country, are not incorrect.

Peterborough. This avowal is very liberal: keep up with it in practice. Why cannot you take men as you find them? You might make a great deal of them, and spare yourselves the trouble of turning them inside-out. You resemble the Puritans too much for me.

Penn. Are we cruel, then, and intolerant, and arrogant? Are we without mercy, without forbearance, without patience? Do we look for God everywhere but where he is to be found; and are we desirous of setting up before him such another figure as ourselves?

Peterborough. No, certainly not, at present: but, if religions were not sideling in their infancy and retrograde in their maturity, one might fear it. Calmness and quietude are your darlings.

Penn. They are the things that men want most.

Peterborough. You undervalue, or rather you despise and contemn, what exalts us in the arts and sciences, and hence inhibit the growth and tendency of intellect; which surely, to speak in your own manner, God bestowed upon us for our improvement. What is worse, you allow no compromise between Vice and Virtue: by which system, if universal, men finding the impracticability of perfection, and experiencing the loss

of esteem for not bringing what you exact from them, would relapse without a struggle or an effort from the eminence they had obtained. In the large heart, the habitation of generosity and beneficence, I would leave a cell or two vacant for less worthy guests, and pass without peeping in.

Penn. But prythee shut the door, if thou findest it wide open, with the intruders at their tricks!

Peterborough. It is the privilege of man to do irrational things.

Penn. Do you people who talk of privileges, and (such is the phrase) enjoy them, exert them every day?

Peterborough. Only this one.

Penn. Mordaunt! Mordaunt! would that thy confession, frank and honest as it is, were made in another tone and with another feeling, and to a holier than I am, or than man can be!

Peterborough. You have given me leave to speak plainly and unreservedly with you, upon every question and every objection.

Penn. Else neither were I thy friend nor wert thou mine.

Peterborough. I will venture then to declare that in the opinion of the world, enemies as you profess yourselves to pride, you are no less proud than other men, though differently.

Penn. There are some among us, I wish I were confident of being one, who have twisted back and cut off many rank branches from this most poisonous plant, the roots whereof twine about the heart until they suck out the best juices, and until its wind-catching and ever-fluttering foliage overshadows and starves the brain. Self-complacency is often mistaken for pride, and stands not far from it in certain places. The consciousness of having mastered some prepotence of passion, or having rectified some obliquity of disposition, may leave the expression of disdain for the evil subdued not unmingled with gladness, perhaps too triumphant, in the subduer. I will never animadvert on thee, friend Mordaunt, at seeing a grand illumination in thy countenance after such a victory.

Peterborough. In this warfare you are among the few great captains.

Penn. Never say it. Hear the wise one: "Hope deferred

maketh the heart sick;" and mine is sick indeed, for I myself have deferred the hope I raised and cherished. Perverse as we are, we sigh for happiness; we know where to find it, and we will not go for it one step. Would we increase it, we must do with it as we do with money: we must put it out. Whatever of it we place in the hands of another, let him be improvident, let him be thankless, is sure to return to us, and without delay: whatever we keep to ourselves lies dead the moment we have thus settled it, and cannot be lifted from the chest. I have begun to do good late, and can hope, alas! now to do but little.

Peterborough. A truce with sighing, friend Penn; for that is a thing in which I never can join with you, unless I find you in debt, or with bad wine before you: these being two evils beyond my mending, and growing no better for waiting.

You have turned me aside from the conversation I would have holden with you about pride.

Penn. Dost thou find any growing in this wilderness; or dost thou fancy I have chosen a fit spot for the cultivation of it?

Peterborough. No, no; but tell me whether you do not believe there are some kinds of it useful and beneficial to society?

Penn. I do not.

Peterborough. I would by no means advert to that which arises from antiquity of family, unless I were fully confident of surpassing one day, in services to my country, the foremost of my ancestors.

Penn. In regard to antiquity of family, the hedgehog and sloth fairly beat the best of us, by a good day's run.

Peterborough. So says Moses.

Penn. And, friend, art thou wiser than he?

Peterborough. I do not speak of the creature man; I do not speak of our commoners or peers. The only claim to distinction in the generality of the better is, that their ancestors have lived upon the same spot for several ages: so have their groves and avenues; so have their pigs and poultry. Among us of the peerage, there are only ten or eleven whose best forefather rendered any remarkable service to his country, or distinguished his name by valor or by genius. Supposing a peer or gentleman, descended not from one who

crouched or courtesied to a frivolous fantastic Scotch schoolman, or those lying varlets his son and grandsons; but from one who clinked his mail in close array with a Plantagenet's, or, what is more, bade him respect his equals and reverence the laws, — shall not that man look back with pride upon the glorious shade gone past, and shall not he become the better for the retrospect?

Penn. With veneration he may indeed look back, but not with pride, which ought to be humbled to the dust before such an apparition. Pride it would be, and folly too in the extreme, if he preferred the dead man who had once done these things, to the living one who does the same at the same hazard.

Peterborough. The rarity of those who acted and thought generously in times of ignorance and violence renders a single one such equal in value to some thousands of the foremost who act and think so now.

Penn. It is easy to look down on others; to look down on ourselves is the difficulty. Of all pride however, and all folly, the grossest is where a man who possesses no merit in himself shall pretend to an equality with one who does possess it; and shall found this pretension on no better plea or title than that, although he hath it not, his grandfather had. I would use no violence or coercion with any rational creature; but, rather than such a bestiality in a human form should run about the streets uncured, I would shout like a stripling for the farrier at his furnace, and unthong the drenching-horn from my stable-door.

Peterborough. After all you have said, I am but the more confirmed in the sentence of a poet, whose name I have forgotten, that Pride is

> Mother of Virtues to the virtuous man,
> And only hateful with her arm round Vice.

Penn. Thou mistakest another for her; she is verily an unsober jade, who in her gravest humor will lead thee into quarrels, and in her gayest will pick thy pocket. Turn away from this foul obscure vision, and discourse again about the land before us, which may constitute hereafter many States, prosperous and independent.

Peterborough. I have an insuperable objection to small

States, because of their inability to defend themselves. If some day America should form herself into a republic, as it is evident she will from the political and theological tenets of the settlers, one portion must drop off after another, like noses and ears in such a climate, and every thing soon be rotten and at last diminutive.

Penn. Families themselves do not hold together longer than is consistent with the welfare of the members; yet, although they may not hold together, they may abstain from fighting and quarrelling. In vain wilt thou devise new forms of government, until thou hast erected something for those forms to stand upon. Until thou hast broken in the horse, do not trouble thy head about the color or quantity of the trappings; for peradventure thou mayest not sit easily on them, nor long. Small republics have usually been happier than extensive ones, while small principalities serve only as seraglios for the masters of greater, out of which to take their wives: otherwise it would be expedient for them to putty up such bugholes.

Suppose an Italian wishes to commit a murder, and he hath no cardinal at Rome to protect him, nor any friend among the domestics of the most Christian or most Catholic majesties, whose ambassadors' houses are inviolable asylums for assassins, — he hath only to waylay his enemy in such a State as Piombino or Massa, out of which, if he catcheth a cow by the tail and she gallopeth, he shall be carried in twenty minutes.

Peterborough. This reminds me that there is prevalent through the whole of Europe a most injudicious, injurious, and iniquitous practice: the custom of protecting, I do not say murderers, for that is not universal, but fraudulent debtors and other fugitive malefactors. One would imagine that common interest and common courtesy should admit, should indicate, should dictate, the pursuit of them, even by an armed force if necessary passing the boundaries. No prince ought to be the patron or the protector of lawless men. In private life we not only refuse to receive such characters, but we dismiss from our service those who have given a slight offence to our equals. I am not so visionary as to expect that princes should be gentlemen; but, as they often have gentlemen about them, some one it may be hoped, at some

time or other, will have courage and influence enough to persuade them that such a conduct is at once dishonorable and disadvantageous.

Penn. Every government should provide for every subject the means of living both honestly and at ease. We should bring out of every man and every creature as much utility as we may: now much utility will never be produced, unless we render life easy and comfortable. If all men and women would labor six hours in the twenty-four, some mentally, some corporeally, setting apart one day in the seven, all the work would be completed that is requisite for our innocent and rational desires. Dost thou believe that God beholds with pleasure any poor wretch working three-fourths of his whole lifetime, reckoned from childhood?

Peterborough. No, nor is the thing possible.

Penn. I tell thee, Mordaunt, the thing is possible, and is done.* Thou countest not the hours when thy horse is at his manger as those of his course; not the hours when our common nature casteth him down into sleep: why then treat thy fellow man more harshly? He too must sleep, whether he will or no; he too must replenish his veins with food and sustenance. These are as requisite to his labor, are in fact as much the implements and tackle of it, as the spade and plough. When Nature hath demanded so much for herself, what remaineth to the creature? Allow six hours for rest in cold climates, eight in hotter, and one in each for refreshment by food; thou wilt then find that not only three-fourths, but nearly the whole of life is hard labor. This ought not to be: and I verily do believe that God hath opened to us our new continent that it may be no longer.

Peterborough. The whole world is not in the condition you represent.

Penn. True, the whole world is not; but only that part of it which is policied and civilized: in other words, that very part which, possessing the experience of ages, ought to lib-

* The House of Commons lately passed an Act that children under *nine* years of age shall not be obliged to work longer than *twelve* hours in the day. Do not the wretches deserve to be stoned to death, who authorize the infliction of such labor on creatures so incapable of enduring it? No animal, though full-grown and vigorous, should labor twelve hours, with all the benefit of open air, refreshment more regular, cessation more frequent, change of position, and variety of motion.

erate itself from its trammels, and to enjoy the refreshing sweetness of well-ripened society.

What art thou musing upon with such complacency?

Peterborough. I know that you rise early, and I cannot see why you allow to others quite so many hours of sleep. I myself sleep only four.

Penn. I could make thee sleep six, and soundly as a Board of Inquiry in the committee-room, and quarrel with him who wakened thee, swearing (for thou dost swear now and then, friend Mordaunt — God mend thee!) that thou wert already upon thy legs, and wantedst no fool to call thee, and rubbing thine eyes meanwhile with nightcap between them and forefinger.

Peterborough. Indeed could you, friend William, and without a march up the garret-stairs, to the little snug room with a square white curtain at the window, and overlooking the poultry?

Penn. Oh, fie! thou wanton!

Peterborough. That indeed would make a man pant, and desire to rest himself, and take rest therein, though he were as the young cedar, even like unto the cedar that hath not many years.

Penn. Who touched thy lips with flame, that thou speakest thus?

Peterborough. Not she, upon my honor! not that bright cynosure with the eye of steel and bosom of snowy-cloud, that the cocks crow to, and waken me.

Penn. Be discreet; and ponder not upon the hand-maiden.

Peterborough. In earnest then, do not you think that eight hours' sleep would be excessive for a laborer, in any climate?

Penn. I do not. I would divide his sleep, in some countries; four hours in the hottest part of the day, four at night. I sleep seven, and am convinced that many, and those too who do not labor, may sleep eight without ill consequences.

Peterborough. Yet those who have slept long have mostly been short-lived.

Penn. Not because they slept long, but because they ate and drank immoderately and late, and slept in consequence both long and badly. Long sleep in itself, I conceive, is far from unwholesome, though it is almost always followed by debility.

Peterborough. How can it be other than unwholesome, if followed, as you acknowledge, by debility?

Penn. This proceeds not from the relaxation caused by its continuance, but from breathing the same air the whole time, and losing that which refreshes the earth, and every thing alive, animal and vegetable, soon after sunrise. If we arose when we ought to do, we should be the better for a brief and gentle sleep in the middle of the day: a thing which very active and very studious men are improvident in neglecting. Neither love nor poetry hath imagined aught more precious than the eyes: insomuch that the poet and lover, when he hath made some idle girl believe every thing else, comes hither at last as to the highest pitch of all, telling her that she is dearer to him than they are; and, if she swallows this wafer, her faith is catholic. The eyes would remain much longer unimpaired, by dividing (I do not say equally) the hours of their employment and their repose.

Peterborough. The Society of Friends enjoys eyesight in perfection, and with the clearest title; by rejecting with other pleasures those of literature. I never have heard of one, beside yourself and Barclay, who pursued any science or was occupied in any study.

Penn. The knowledge that conduces to practical good is not restricted or undervalued by us: whatever leads away from that direction seems to us reprovable and amiss.

Peterborough. My dear Penn, you are too speculative; too visionary for this world of matter and realities.

Penn. Friend, that which thou callest matter is indeed such; but that which thou callest reality is not. There is nothing so visionary as what the world esteems real; nothing so baseless, nothing so untrue.

Peterborough. Men, it appears to me, are incapable of that perfection to which you would, with whatever gentleness, bring them on.

Penn. We do not hope to conduct them further in the way than our blessed guide and master hath commanded. They are no worse generally in our day than they were in his, although the best governments in these ages are more degrading than Roman or Greek would suffer, until utterly subdued. It is impossible to rescue the human race from the abyss of sin and slavery, unless we can induce our brethren to look on Christianity in its purity.

Peterborough. Ah, my friend! nothing on earth has been or ever will be of long continuance, and least so purity.

Penn. Thou speakest untruly, Mordaunt! Of long continuance have been folly and wickedness: shall wisdom, then, and righteousness be transitory or illusive? Is that which is inconsistent and wrong of a nature more stable than that which is consistent and right? Is there singleness in falsehood? is there duplicity in truth? Why then shall corruption stand, and incorruption sink? Or why shall the good bend voluntarily to drink from the cup of the damned the last and bitterest of its dregs, despair? Let us raise up our heads unto the God who made us: even as He made us let us raise them up; and let us hope and believe that He will help us in our endeavors to render one another free and happy. We take man such as His hand hath formed him; we lead man whither His voice hath called. Is this visionary? is this speculative?

Peterborough. Enthusiasm will cool gradually. Within half a century, I presume to prophesy, the Society will dissolve from its very purity.

Penn. Let it continue but that period; and it will contain, in so brief a span as the half-century thou allowest to it, a greater portion of true Christianity and solid happiness than the sixteen whole ones passed over us have contained. After which, supposing that religion may have grown much cooler, habits of industry and feelings of gentleness will have sprung up widely, and have spread far beyond the enclosures of our brotherhood.

Peterborough. Nations, like individuals, interest us in their birth and early growth: every motion, however irregular, seems to us natural, graceful, an indication of vigor or intelligence. For some time afterward the sallies of frowardness and of passion are not only forgiven in them, but applauded and admired. Soon, however, what we fancied a pleasing peculiarity becomes an awkwardness and uncouthness; what was spirit is petulance; and we confess we were disappointed in our hopes and calculations. In fact, the hopes were foolish, and the calculations were traced by a clumsy finger on a moving sand.

Against our expectations and auguries, America may produce boors without the honesty, the simplicity, the frugality of boors; and merchants not only without the quiet industry and

expectant patience of merchants, but with scarcely the steadiness of the elements that waft and convey their merchandise. Do not accuse me of rashness or of incivility, when I declare to you my suspicion that you, however unconsciously, tend toward this mischief. Whenever a part of society secedes from the general mass under whatever pretext, it grows distrustful, and renders others so: hence moroseness, and the resolution of indemnity by the acquisition of wealth, to gratify a secluded vanity and enforce an ungracious consequence.

Penn. The ancients were of opinion that every man hath his good and evil genius. They would have believed more wisely that every thing human hath about it, near or remotely, somewhat of good and somewhat of evil. There is truth, and perhaps more of it than can unfold itself at present, in thy observation. We will strive, by mutual admonition and encouragement, to make straight and even and pleasant, and to break off and to bend aside as many thorns as we can from, the path we have chosen to pursue. One would think it requireth but little exhortation to warn men against the two mischiefs thou hast pointed out: whereupon I would ask the grossest fool and sensualist whether he doth not eat a heartier dinner and digest it better by keeping in good humor; and I would ask the most dishonest rogue that ever touched a fleece whether he gaineth not more by being trusted than by being distrusted, and whether he hath not a better chance of being trusted for honesty than for dishonesty? Teach men to calculate rightly, and thou wilt have taught them to live religiously.

Peterborough. Pious and contented as your people seem, they are not indifferent to the good things of this world; indeed none look more attentively to what we call the main chance.

Penn. Honest occupation is favorable to that piety and content which thou attributest to us.

Peterborough. Religious men, in other new sects, have generally placed their reliance more undividedly on Providence.

Penn. Providence uses earthly means. We rely on Providence for blessing us in our endeavors to benefit one another; which we would do by giving employment to the needy, and aiding the laborious.

Peterborough. Fortune has favored you above others. Industry often fails with them ; with you rarely.

Penn. Allegorically speaking, as thou hast done, of Fortune, if we hope to be gainers from her wheel we must now and then drive a spoke into it ourselves ; and we must take what precaution we can that it do not fire by its velocity. Industry has never failed while she has kept both eyes upon one object, nor until she has risen from her business and gone into partnership with Speculation. Afterward she hath no better right to the name of Industry than Thievery hath, or Gaming.

Peterborough. The world will turn round still. Industry is produced by Want, Wealth is produced by Industry, Idleness is produced by Wealth, Poverty is produced by Idleness. Here Poverty finds herself at the side of her sister Want. They agree to go in search of Industry before it is too late, being sure of finding her, since she may be heard of in every field and traced in every gateway : and the great year proceeds again through the same zodiac. We may calculate in like manner on the order of the political globe, which is destined in all its divisions of country to one series of risings and settings. Barbarians must have a chieftain ; the chieftain must have favorites : these are jealous, and quarrel, and stand apart. Each promises what great things he will do for such as espouse his cause. A part of these benefits is granted, a part extorted. Hence the higher power by degrees is subdivided ; but the principal holder of it is never quiet, until he can recover, by force or stratagem, what his interest led him to compromise, or his weakness to concede. That which is balanced can never long be stable ; for a time it nods to the one side, for a time to the other ; but at last it falls to that where there are the most hands to drag it down : hence Democracy. The exaltation of spirits which Democracy produces in the body politic, and the envy and hatred which every king in its vicinity bears against it, are the causes of eloquence and of war. Popular chiefs are recommended for the army by popular orators : in these chiefs the habit of command abroad is succeeded by the flagrant lust of it at home. Clamors are raised ; advantage is taken of great abuses for the entrance of greater ; and from the slips of the theatre, thus thrown into confusion, comes Monarchy again in full plumage, sometimes alone and straightforward, sometimes in slower and statelier pro-

cession, through the yielding files of a bought and bowing aristocracy.

Penn. Thy wand, friend Mordaunt, hath well pointed out those monstrous signs under which the industry and felicity of mankind have regularly been blasted.

As the arrow of Paris was directed from behind the brightest and most glorious of the heathen gods, and occasioned the downfall of his native city, so hath ever that of Policy in later times from behind the fairer image of Christianity; and hath likewise caused the prostration, not of a city, not of a country, not of an empire, not of a continent, but of all God's higher creatures in every quarter of the civilized world. For, without these corruptions and abominations, can we believe that Mahometanism would have risen up, like the Simoom from the Desert, and have thrown Truth upon her face, and stifled Wisdom, in their fairest regions, in their most ancient residences? Or that the Gospel would not have penetrated long ago into the farthest recesses of this half-illumined Earth? Half-illumined do I call it? Long will it be, I fear, before a few scanty rays are to fall upon a fourth or fifth of it.

This we owe to Popery; to her turbulence, her insolence, her fraudulence; to her rapacity, her persecutions, her lusts; to her contempt of good faith, of equitable government, of authority both divine and human. Now every establishment of a political church is Popery: every church having a head, which head is not Christ. So long as the pure is dipped in the impure and left in it, so long as what ought to be the most simple is made the most splendid, and what belongs to the house of God is transferred to the house of Parliament, there cannot be true Christianity among the people.

The religion of Christ is peace and good-will; the religion of Christendom is war and ill-will. Popery hath set the worst examples, and hath maintained them the longest.

Peterborough. You appear to dislike the religion of Rome worse than any other modification of Christianity.

Penn. As being more remote from the simplicity of the Gospel, and as violating more of Christ's ordinances. Popery lives on the offal of men's vices.

Peterborough. Not she, indeed: she has better dishes; though these, if well dressed, are not amiss.

Penn. For shame! for shame!

Peterborough. Be generous; be just! If the pope has a couch for Vice, he has also one for Virtue.

Penn. He is fraudulent to be domineering, and liberal to be enslaving.

Can any thing be so insulting to equity and common-sense, as that a gang of priests and friars should be the absolute and self-elected potentates of enough territory and population to constitute a mighty Commonwealth? Alas! and such was it! With less than one-half of its present extent, it was the most potent, the most free, upon the earth. Let those who doubt, or rather who profess to doubt, which is best, arbitrary power or republican freedom, lift up their eyes, if their eyes can indeed be lifted up, to the contemplation on the one side of equal laws, of magistrates elected by the people, of frugal habits, of voluntary industry and adequate recompense: on the other, of insolent domination, of rulers imposed by force and maintained by terror, of dissolute manners no less in the lowest than in the highest, not springing from abundance, but permitted and thrown out as a covering and contentment for privations, a narcotic that at once assuages and destroys the appetite; then of gaming and beggary, which follow; of dilapidated cities, of religious perjuries in the creating of saints to people them; and the triple pestilence of priests, monks, and marshes, of which the last only ever intermits its ravages.

Peterborough. Vigorous description! irresistible truth! The Father of Lies himself cannot find a stone to throw against it: nevertheless I doubt whether you would bring over one convert, though you were permitted to preach it in the *Piazza di Spagna.*

Penn. I doubt it equally. Both in hearing and reading, men rather look for what suits their notions and opinions, than for what may alter and correct them. By which perversity they often lose much advantage and much pleasure; since nothing is gained by taking up that which is already theirs, no more than by sitting astride their own horses in their own stable yards. They remain there without progression, though they fume, and chafe, and bounce as high on the saddle as if they galloped.

Peterborough. According to most systems of religion, it seems that the original design, and every botch made upon it,

was to leave the greater part in shade, requiring glosses and interpretations, and consequently those who should be paid for making them and for keeping them in repair.

Penn. We have a God who is called the Prince of Peace; but we seem disposed to keep him in a long minority: and we are turning our eyes more fondly on another, whom we denominate the "Lord of Hosts."

O God of peace, Emmanuel! make us forgiving as thou wert forgiving, even on the cross! Make us tolerant, equitable, and humane!

Peterborough. I am glad you have stopped, William! If you had gone on, I should have prayed myself: for prayers and gaping are contagious. Beside, in all likelihood, you would have prayed that no hirelings should enter the temple, as being contrary to the ordinances of Christianity: and then what the devil would become of our younger children, and chaplains, and college-tutors? Knock down the peerage at once, or keep its props fast in the ground. I will never quarrel with any man about the Church; but we may have a word or two, and a blow or two, about the Church establishment.

Penn. Not with me, I promise thee. What I think it wrong to hold I give up readily. Let us return to our discourse on Rome again. Such is the pertinacity of popes to the system from which they and their closer adherents draw their sustenance, that they never abandon a proven falsehood or an iniquitous demand, nor ever resign a pretension once acted on, nor pardon a reclamation made on any side for redress. Hence bishops are still nominated for villages and ruins and rocks *in partibus infidelium;* and hence the more precious privilege of holding an empire over empires. Every tie, human and divine, will be dissolved, entangled, or knotted, as suits the passions of the sitting pope, whose incubation is best warmed by ashes and blood. In the correspondence of Pius V. with Charles IX. and Mary de Medici, he orders her to combat the enemies of Popery *until they are all massacred.* Afraid that she might not understand him, or that she might think he spoke figuratively or passionately, he repeats the injunction a few lines below, and uses the words *utter extermination.* The Protestants, vanquished by the Duke of Anjou, implore his intercession with his royal brother: on hearing

which, his *Holiness* writes to his *Nobleness* that he ought through piety to be inexorable to all. Furthermore he tells the king that his Majesty will *tire God's patience* and provoke His anger. Suspecting that the gentle Charles might be influenced by the generosity of his brother, he commands him not to listen to the voice of friendship or of consanguinity. In another letter to Catherine, he says authoritatively, "Inflame the spirit of the King to annihilate the last remnant of civil war." Afterward, when peace was concluded, he writes thus to the Cardinal de Bourbon: "We expect you, in your prudence, to confound and overthrow the conditions of so pernicious a treaty. You owe this proof of zeal to God, to the King, and to the character you sustain."

No people are so deeply interested in abolishing the political power of Popery as those who believe in its religious doctrines. For where such doctrines are coupled with such perfidy and cruelty, they expose the holders of them to the worst suspicions, in many cases unjustly.

And what is the inscription on the walls and doors of Roman Catholic churches and chapels? Is it any commandment from the Decalogue, any proverb from Solomon, any precept from Jesus Christ? No: it is, "Pray for the souls;" and for what souls? Not for thy own, which 'twere easier to darn before it is turning to tinder; but for those in the fires of purgatory. *Praying* means *paying:* the substance of the prayer is a compost of pounds, shillings, and pence. The salt water at the font, into which every one dips a finger, serves for tears; and the money-box, nailed above it, for repentance. These are essential parts of the religion, and not accidents: but if they were accidents, and not essential parts, a prudent man would keep away from a labyrinth, at every turn and passage of which there is a thief to pick his pocket, to tie his hands behind him if he resists, and to gag him if he speaks a word. How long, O Lord! —

Peterborough. Ten to one, the Lord will give you no answer, friend William! And in this instance I am more pious and resigned than you are; for I never ask of him how long he will be about any thing, particularly such as these, in which I know he likes to take his time. If you wish to know it, I can answer the question, and you need not look up into the clouds for its solution. It will be just as long as the rich

can drive the poor before them, and the cunning can lead the rich. I wonder you should object to the order of priesthood, and to the quiet seizure of your property by this order, on your hesitation to deliver up as much of it as the venerable members may demand. Are they not wiser than you?

Penn. They are wise in their generation.

Peterborough. That is enough for anybody.

Penn. Thou misunderstandest me.

Peterborough. Ho! ho! if I had taken the other sense I should have replied, They ought to be, for they have a good deal of practice in it. Being wiser than you, which they tell you they are, and are ready to fight you with fists if you deny it, they know better than you do what they want, and what they are worth.

Penn. What they want they cannot tell, forasmuch as their wants increase with their possessions; but what they are worth we may well nigh guess.

Peterborough. They have texts from Scripture proving their divine right to tithes. The Jewish priesthood had them.

Penn. I do not deny their similitude to the Jews, if the old ones were like their descendants; but it pleased God to abolish this priesthood, and the law it followed.

Peterborough. It did not please God, nor the servants of God, to abolish tithes.

Penn. We must wait.

Peterborough. Indeed must you, and in the mean time count out your money. Now take another text: "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

Penn. Pay the laborer, if he *hath* labored and thou hast hired him: if he hath never labored, and if thou hast never hired him, bid him good morrow. Pay the laborer, I repeat it; but pay not the priest. If thou calledst him a clown or a hind, he would maltreat thee for miscalling him; while he is fain to call thee somewhat less: not clown or hind, but cattle. Use and custom reconcile men to any thing; otherwise there are of such tempers, that, on receiving so unseemly and rude an appellation, they would look into the hedgerow for some lithe ash-plant, and feel in their pockets for wherewithal to cut it, — that is, if no discreet friend were at their side to moderate their inclination and to withhold them.

Peterborough. Mounted on a stout contemplative black mare, with a bushy mane and tail, a broad white streak down the forehead, white likewise one fetlock and hoof.

Penn. Ay, ay, more likely to find him on such a creature, than on one opening and shutting his nostrils like a fop at a perfumer's; one as ready to snap slily at his comrade as a competitor in the cabinet; one touching the ground with the extremity of the foot whenever he stops for a moment, as though forsooth that same foot of his were a divining rod, — so important and majestical doth he appear to hold himself; a gelding with a silvery tail, and scarcely enough of it to whip a syllabub or fray a gossamer, with a body bright and flashy as a marigold, thin and bony as a Mordaunt, and just as unsteady and trickish and mettlesome, and loud in his snorting as a young patriot under the hammer.

Peterborough. Egad! if ever my gelding should be stolen, I will beg a copy of this description for an advertisement.

I see I must clap spurs again: we are off to the steeple-hunt.

Whatever may be objected to the Catholic faith, I find the members of it better-tempered people, when the pope and his *posse* do not stir them up, than other sects. Even the priests and monks, if you leave their temporals untouched and unthreatened, are jovial and rational. I have known many instances of it, for a person who has had so little to do with 'em; one of which I am certain will amuse you.

When I was in Paris, I was admitted to visit a young lady of some attractions. Going out of the door one morning, I met a Capuchin on the steps. I had seen him in the street too frequently, and, having remarked that he eyed me more curiously than I liked, I asked him somewhat fiercely what he wanted there. He bowed profoundly, and answered that he came to supplicate for relief to the necessities of the monastery.

"You Capuchins and other monks," replied I, "never enter a house where there is only an ugly woman or a poor one."

Again he bowed, and more profoundly than before. "Sir," said he, "we have ugliness and poverty enough among ourselves: I came, as I told you, to obtain what the convent wanted."

I then observed that he was a handsome man, about thirty

years of age, of a correctness in his language that indicated a good education, and of an easiness in his demeanor that mere impudence may lend for a moment, but cannot long sustain; it was such as gave me an assurance of high birth, and of excellent connections formed early. Vexed and ashamed that I had treated as a *roturier* a gentleman whom perhaps nothing but the hope of gratifying his amiable passions had cowled and frocked, I shook him cordially by the hand, dropped a louis into his hood, and apologized for offering only the yellow of the egg, having but that part remaining from my collation. He hesitated a moment; then said he never could object to partake my fast with me, and should be contented in future with a less complimentary distribution.

Penn. I have no proof before me that the Capuchin, as thou callest the man, came to the female's house with any pravity of intention: yet he sinned; forasmuch as, having made and sworn to vows of poverty expressing the rejection of money, he received thy gold knowing it to be gold, and other than what thou calledst it, the yellow of an egg. Therefore, whatever might be the placidity of his temper, and certain, as thou wilt have it, that another day he fasted on the white, I cannot in my conscience acquit him of offence.

If Popery, however, displays the dexterous filcher, the Church of England hath greatly the advantage over her in the exertion of brawny strength in the meadow and farm-yard. Neither the Catholic priesthood, nor any other that ever existed among men, even in times of ignorance and paganism, hath been so litigious and oppressive. In another age or two they may grow weary of kicking and cuffing us; but they will never cease to exhibit their agility and spirit in leaping over the palings of our corn-stacks, or their observance of the most rigid rules of right in watching our garden-gate for us, and weeding out the tithes of our beet and parsley. The Catholic priest, when he enters a family, bringeth at least a pretext of some spiritual concern, some confession to hear, or some admonition to impart; but your Church-of-England text-and-tithe collector holdeth in derision all such idle occupations, and intrudeth on your substance with a pistol in the fist, and with a curse upon the lip, as little a time in discharging.

Surely men can judge for themselves what instructor they shall place the most confidence in: as surely ought they to

take his instruction rather than a stranger's whose first step is intrusion, whose second is violence, and whose every succeeding one leaves defiance and hatred behind it. What wonder that the beneficent hand of Religion should be swollen, festered, and palsied, nailed as it hath been so long to the posts of Palace-yard! If she be spiritual, she belongeth not to the State: if she be carnal, she belongeth not to Heaven.

Is not religion, of any plain, honest, unadulterated kind, as easily taught as morality? Again, is it not taught as easily as agriculture or chemistry? Yet we have no establishment, no order of citizens set apart for teaching one or other of these, and demanding from the remainder, willing or unwilling, a tenth of the produce of their land, and another tenth of their labor upon it: though agriculture and chemistry require more study, more exertion, more attention, more precision, than the acquiring and holding forth of those dogmas, which, while they tell us to love our neighbor —

Peterborough. As ourselves: a thing impossible.

Penn. If thou findest it so, leave it a little on the way side, and let me go on. The dogmas of your gentry in lawn and purple, while they persuade us to love our neighbor, order us also to damn him everlastingly; and are slower, I opine, than the other two sciences, — those of agriculture and chemistry, — in giving the laborer a clean shirt and good dinner, and in shutting out the fiercer or the subtler marauders from which no path of life is exempt, active in spring and autumn, active in winter and summer, at undermining or battering his frail corporeal tenement.

Peterborough. People must be imposed upon for their good. He who said in his heart that all men are liars was none himself on that occasion. Lies and liars are the things and persons the most necessary in our sublunary condition; and without a tinge of falsehood the colors of the fairest character are faint.

Penn. Hold, hold! or I whip thy horse before me, since I may not ride faster. One would think the cloven hoof surmounted the uncloven.

Peterborough. I will proceed more circumspectly. Grant me this. A man in a wig gains credit, where one with a cropped head would be kicked out of doors. In religion, too, a white hand waves about it more persuasion than a browner;

and a hairy one in church would be looked at as suspiciously as Esau's. My father was fond of repeating two couplets, which he was likewise fond of attributing to a maiden aunt: she, however, although the stoutest of Episcopalians, disclaimed them.

> Little that theologian teaches
> Under whose text hang tattered breeches.
> Devil take him who disbelieves
> Verities shaken from lawn-sleeves.

Penn. There is soundness of observation in the first stave of the canticle: let us hope that so sedate and curious an observer spake the remainder more in levity than in malice. Otherwise it were well if we ascribe it to the sudden influx of melancholic humor, which we may collect from the import of the words preceding.

Peterborough. Even had we no establishments, we should still have sects.

Penn. What then? Whom would they fight for? who would pay them? Although there were no establishments, there might indeed be sects in religion, as there anciently were in philosophy: yet either we must suppose that Christianity is prouder and crueller and more avaricious than Philosophy, or we must admit that establishments, and not Christianity, have, wherever they existed, raised such tumults, seized upon such wealth, and shed (O blessed Redeemer! was not thine enough?) such torrents of human blood. If Philosophy has not done it with her sects, neither would Christianity have done it with hers, without her purple and pretorians. These are as unfriendly to the one as to the other; and, while they exist upon earth, the more civilized parts of it can expect no better state, long together, than external wars, internal discord, and universal oppression. Revolutions may for a while relieve them; chastisement and the fear of it may render the princes more conciliatory and submissive: but the poison will be poured again into the drowsy ear by those upon whose pillow they slumber. Hence even the recluse and quiet reasoner will be tempted to point toward the natives of these wilds; and some one, in the moroseness of sad triumph, will say to the inhabitant of the city, Are not such men more happy, are not they more virtuous, are not they more dignified, and — O slave! so bruised and abject as to be insensible to thy slavery — are

not they more deeply enlightened, more vitally wise, than thou?

Peterborough. There is a strange idea gone abroad for a long time, and moving about much at its ease, by which we are to understand that *minister* means *master*, — the exact opposite of its original and right import. Thus the ministers of the Church call themselves the Church, and the ministers of the State are the State. Now, in my humble opinion, the State is composed of all the *people* in it, and the Church of all the *Christians*. If this opinion is correct, and ever should be acted on consistently, what will become of our princely hierarchy? And may it not happen that some of those who carry white and black rods shall lay them aside, and with equally kind officiousness help the traveller to mount at the inn-door, and snatch his skirt from between him and the saddle-bag?

Penn. Political institutions, or *establishments*, should be founded on Christianity, and not Christianity on them. This perverts the order of things; which order, insomuch as passive example can effect, we would set right. But what is example, what is reason, what is Christianity itself, in opposition to the force of wealth under the shield of government? Every rich family sees or imagines its interest in the present system, which, whatever it may be called, is no better nor other than Popery in any State throughout Europe; and every poor one hopes it, excepting those few who look to one rule of faith, under one immutable and immortal teacher, where they indeed find room enough to place their interests and rest their hopes.

Nothing can exceed the impudence of men pretending to be Christians, professing to follow the ordinances of Christ, reproaching the pope for his perversion of them, and themselves at the same time violating the most positive and unequivocal command of our blessed Lord and Saviour: "Call no man your *father* upon earth: for one is your Father, which is in heaven." Now, though dignities of state were left untouched, dignities, as men vainly call them, in religion are here distinctly and solemnly forbidden. I say nothing of the prevarications and perjuries that must be crossed to reach them. Can the calmest face, can the best-plaited lawn-sleeves, can the highest-drawn pink stockings, can the comeliest thigh-cases the most nicely puckered at the kneeband, or can the most virginal apron, do away with or cover this? In the rit-

ual of the apostles there was no string of prayers ordained, no dressing and undressing in the public place of worship, no pagan ceremonies, no other precedency than eldership. Priests, we have heard, were appointed to put down the Devil. If they have been seventeen centuries about it, and could neither do it while they were holier men and worked miracles, nor afterward when they became less holy but more wise, and had learned all his tricks and devices, it is time methinks they should give in and own themselves worsted. If, on the contrary, they have put him down, or if he has been put down without them, or if we have brought him to decent terms, or if he lieth quiet by his fireside of his own accord, and we no longer feel ourselves in danger from him, we may just as reasonably and constitutionally demand from Parliament the disbanding of them as of any other body of troops appointed for any other service, when that service hath been performed. But if, after so many thousand years, he fighteth only the more desperately for the blows he hath received, I would try other methods of attack and other implements of warfare, or I would keep myself shut up close in my fastnesses at home. Are scouts and watchmen here likewise necessary? Enow of men for the purpose will ever be remaining, whose vanity and ambition, whose love of teaching and of talking, whose impatience to display a fine voice, a fine person, a fine gesture, a fine doctrine, a fine metaphor, will clothe them in the garb of piety, and place them astride the gate of the sheepfold. Furthermore, let us hope that better inducements will exist at all times, and that the necessities of the soul will be supplied in their due season; that every father and mother, every experienced man, every considerate woman, will exercise the duties of private life and social, by inculcating those morals wherefrom arise the listener's content and the teacher's security; and which, if no other benefit accrued from them, would detruncate our rank expenditure on the three most wasteful and unprofitable of consumers: on him who carries the sword in his hand; and on those two wilier ones who carry it in their mouths, flaming and empoisoned.

Peterborough. But Christ himself said, if what I fancy I once heard at a sermon is exact, which indeed it may not be, for I was half-asleep, "I bring not peace, but a sword."

Penn. Christ never said any thing like it; for Christ never

contradicted his own doctrine. We find the words among better; and we find them attributed to him, — falsely, falsely. No construction can ever make Christ a murderer; though his name hath been used among men for hardly any other purpose. Either the words were reversed by accident, which is the more charitable supposition; or were corrupted by design, which I am afraid is the more probable and correct one. Some conciliatory and harmonizing theologians would assure us that they never were changed, interpolated, or transposed; and that they signify the hard service of the first Christians, and the persecutions they must suffer. This is foretold plainly enough in other places: *here* the expression would show the *object* of Christ's mission, and not its accidents; that he came to bring slaughter, and not peace. Therefore, even if we found it in the writings of all his disciples and of all his apostles in the same terms, we should at once reject it; because it never could have been said by the person who proclaimed universal good-will and unqualified forbearance, supposing him sent, as we do, by the God of mercies, and breathing the spirit of truth.

Peterborough. There is one text of Scripture, and only one, upon which all establishments and sects agree, excepting yours: which makes them all think you an unconscionable set of people.

Penn. That text doth not occur to me at the present time.

Peterborough. Priests and rulers preach and proclaim it incessantly; and, what is more remarkable, act as they proclaim and preach.

Penn. Canst thou repeat it?

Peterborough. "Kill and eat."

It appears to me that there was more Christianity before Christ than there has been since.

Penn. Hast thou any objection that there should be more after than there was before?

Peterborough. None at all.

Penn. Let us then begin to speed it, and to recover as much time as we can. It consoleth me to find that thou occasionally dost think on worship.

Peterborough. I have left it off.

Penn. What was thy motive; if, indeed, thou didst not drop away from it through lightness of mind?

Peterborough. I dropped away from it through piety itself.

Penn. I am afraid to question thee further, lest thou say aught irreverent.

Peterborough. Reverence urged me. The clergyman told us repeatedly that we were all children of Satan, and ordered us in the next breath to turn him out of doors. Lear's children were detestable for this very proceeding: yet Lear was neither older nor madder, nor was he worse pelted.

Religion is apt to wince, if you handle her quarters near her stalls and mangers. Here, however, one may treat her as having grown more tractable; and since her price is out of the question, and no dealer is within ear-shot, we may express a wish that those usually about her had consulted their own interests better, and had attempted to show us that she can bring us to happiness somewhat less circuitously, and without relay and baiting.

Penn. The road hath been pointed out unto us by the same Divine hand that made us; and such is, and such was ever, our hanging back, I do not wonder that God repented of creating man.

Peterborough. Nor I, since He must have foreknown the trouble we should give Him, and that we should be even less obedient to His Son than our first progenitor had been to *Him*. But it is surely by some unfair interpretation, that the living God is represented to us as hardening the heart of Pharaoh expressly that he might disobey His commands; which disobedience caused the death of that king, and of thousands with him: of thousands who were innocent even of having their hearts hardened; on the contrary, who were engaged at the very moment in bringing God's tragedy to the close, and performing the duty which He himself inculcates, of obedience to the prince.

Penn. Worm! worm! thou wouldst question the Lord?

Peterborough. Not I, indeed; but I would question those who dress Him in their own dirty suits, to frighten folks out of their senses and their money. And even them I would let pass on, when I had joked or reasoned them into a passion; for I am as much an Episcopalian at heart as any of them, and see the matter in the same light. Nevertheless I can allow my zeal for the Church of England to subside a little, in compliance with the humors of the weak and lukewarm; and

indeed I hoped to fall in with your opinions and feelings, when I showed the folly and culpability of men who would represent our Creator as inconsistent and cruel.

Penn. We appeal to the Gospel, not to the old Jews.

Peterborough. Perhaps there are some reasons why I should hit upon the old Jews first. Now, then, we here have done with them; and I beg you to give me a little light on the sepulchre of our Saviour, as there appears to be some discordance in the history of those who visited it, and of those who were found at it by the visitors, and in the number of times that their master came among them afterward.

Penn. Follow thou the righteousness of Christ, his gentleness, his forbearance; and leave his ascension to the more speculative, and his sepulchre to the more devout.

Peterborough. Would he, with such righteousness, such gentleness, such forbearance, have treated Ananias and Sapphira as Peter his successor did? Certainly the popes descend in a right line from this prince of the apostles; who very properly bears in his statue the head of Jupiter the thunderer. If he really did toward Ananias and Sapphira what we are bound to believe he did, he neglected the example and disobeyed the commands of his master, and he infringed the laws and usurped the magistrature of his country. Would any modern king, Christian or Mahomedan or idolater, would any republic of any age, permit a private man to enforce, under pain or threat of death, so rigid and bitter an equality? Would you yourselves, who come nearest to the discipline of Christ, insist upon it? I do not ask whether you would point out for reprobation, I do not ask whether you would strike with extinction, a virtuous, generous, unsuspicious couple, who had given to the indigent the greater part of their possessions. Extinction for what crime? — the crime of holding back from their enthusiastic prodigality a slender pittance, with an object perhaps as justifiable and as sacred as charity itself. Their motives were unexamined, their cause unheard. We may suppose them desirous of repurchasing some quiet country-house, some shady little meadow, some garden with its trellised alcove or its woodland path at the end of it, the scene of their earliest tenderness and first caresses. There may be things about us so dear to us, that we should almost bear our soundest flesh to be cut away before we could sur-

render them to another; and from a feeling so very different from avarice, that the avaricious man is perhaps the only one who is quite incapable of it. There are localities that have in them somewhat of an identity with ourselves; insomuch that, in almost all ages and countries, the poets have appealed to their consciousness: and poets search out and seize on resemblances of truth, even more striking than truth itself.

Penn. What does that prove?

Peterborough. It proves the affection we may naturally bear to certain parts of property, consistently with the most generous spirit, the most exuberant and profuse liberality. We must believe the sudden and almost simultaneous death of this unfortunate couple to have been designed and exhibited by Saint Peter in order to strike terror into the disobedient, who might withhold from the common stock any particle of their property.

Penn. Be candid, be just, and veracious. Remember, he told Ananias it had been at his option to give in, or decline to give in, the whole; to enter or not to enter into that society of Christians which agreed to hold all property in common. The punishment of perfidy was exemplary, but not severe; it was striking, but not painful. Thou appearest to intimate that the apostle called it down on the offender, who brought it on his own head. The chastisements of the Almighty may (we hope) be averted; never can they be accelerated or aggravated by human prayer. Paul, after his conversion, never was intolerant or inhumane.

Peterborough. As we cannot see clearly, though we may suspect, the aim of such an institution, let us try whether we cannot find out the natural and necessary end of it. Nearly all Christian sects, and mostly the Episcopalian, have greatly corrected the practice of the apostles: which they never would have done if it had been ordained by God. So much my mother, the Church of England, will not permit me to doubt of: and now from the motives we will proceed to the results. You, who calculate better than I do, may inform me how long could have existed, if the laws had allowed it, the order of society laid down by Saint Peter for those who followed the apostles. Since it was necessary that all the new Christians should sell their property, the purchasers would have the whole at nearly their own price. Hence the greatest misfor-

tune that could befall the faithful would be the propagation of the faith itself. If the apostles worked with equal zeal and success, and converted the rich as well as the poor, where could they find purchasers? They sold both lands and houses: where would the people live in winter? For the mountainous parts (and nearly all Judea is of that quality) are cold and stormy. In the imagery of the Psalms, we find flakes of snow and violent winds and tempests. After the sale and alienation of their houses, both sexes must herd together. In fact, they did so; and their guides were, in the nature of things, obliged to make loud and incessant complaints against certain immoralities which they did not or would not believe to be dependent on their own system, and inevitable in it.

But my main and plain question is, How long could the money have lasted? Certainly not for two whole generations: what, then, would have become of the next?

Penn. We want leisure, and pen, ink, and paper, for these calculations. The Lord would have taken care that nothing should be deficient for such as believed in Him.

Peterborough. I am answered!

Penn. Ride on then in quietness and sobriety. Every child, six or seven years old, thinks his father can do every thing and knows every thing: and we smile at his simplicity. Are there no intelligences that smile at ours, who, in the meridian and maturity of the faculties, so act toward others and toward ourselves as if our Father in the heavens knew nothing and could do nothing? The little boy of that age, whom thou tellest he is older than the great and strong coach-horse, will disbelieve thee, forming his idea of age from size and strength: again thou smilest at such simplicity; yet here the reasoning powers are coming into action, although the powers of reflection are yet dormant and inert: here likewise I could point out to thee in riper years a worse and weaker inconsistency of unbelief.

Law should provide that the inhabitants of the land be brought up religiously; but never let her dandle Religion in her lap, play with her at the desk, cater for her, pamper her with sweetmeats, indulge her in childish freaks and acrimonious passions, teach her cant and cozenage, mimic steps and sidelong glances, and take her thus accomplished into partnership.

Peterborough. I never was fond of questioning or debating on matters in which I have no practice or skill: otherwise I would ask how it happens that you, the most remote of all Christians from the papists, employ nevertheless excommunication. If going to places of worship is good and needful, it certainly is most so in those who have done wrong. The pope on the contrary does not wait for an incorrigible fault: the moment an order of his is transgressed, let the offence itself be the lightest possible, he shuts the doors of Saint Peter in the face of the transgressor, and forbids him to say his prayers and seek forgiveness in any church upon earth.*

Penn. We have nothing to do with such a fisherman, or such fish. We never excommunicate, while the moral character of the sinner hath a sound or curable part left, or while a hope survives of reclaiming him. We cannot issue an arbitrary order, nor receive one. Paul recommends to his disciple Titus, that he should admonish a heretic *once or twice;* and, if he cannot convert him, that he should *leave* him: a punishment (if one at all) very different from the pulley and the gridiron. And what was heresy in those early days? Not a diversity of opinion on a metaphysical point, for such questions were started later, but a rash determination to set aside the ordinances of Christ himself, at that time the sole authority and guide. Moderate as this chastisement is —

Peterborough. Chastisement!

Penn. Without talking of chastisement we cannot talk agreeably with any denomination of Christians. Paul, I was about to remark, is severer than his Master, who orders that the admonition shall be repeated *thrice.*

Peterborough. How! alter his Master's message at his humor! and scratch out the best line in it!

Penn. He hath only too much zeal.

Peterborough. All the rogues that ever lived have brought little misery upon the world, in comparison with those who had too much zeal.

Penn. True: but take heed lest thy mouth offend, and thy speech give offence.

Peterborough. I am called an infidel; and an infidel I am: but is my infidelity so mischievous in itself, or in its conse-

* Qui contra mandatum hoc nostrum fecerit, is universæ Dei ecclesiæ toto orbe terrarum expers esto.

quences, as the conduct of that man who exaggerates the words or changes the directions of his Master?

In what and against whom am I an infidel? At worst I do not find reason enough to believe what others do. If I believe I see a tree, it may not be a tree: but how can I help believing that I see a tree? And if I see no tree, and cannot by any stretch of vision see it, will the smoke of faggots mend my eyesight?

Do not groan, William, nor let your arms hang down in that manner; for, if your mare should stumble among these old charred roots, it might do somewhat worse, I apprehend, than blacken your dove-colored thigh-case.

Penn. Wonderful, but saddening to the soul, unless we had better hopes from better justice! Whoever thinks worthily of God is in danger of being styled an atheist, and whoever would frame his will to the rules of the Divine one, a visionary, an enthusiast, or a hypocrite. Fears and formularies, received by men from men, are called religion; belief and trust in Providence, truth, kindness, equity, mere things of this world. Oh were they so, were they so indeed! then the confines of this world would touch and almost be confounded with the other; and our hearts and imaginations might every day take exercise and repose there. Why are so many folks necessary with parliaments and penalties, with castles and battlements and bayonets and bells, to make us of a true religion? Why are we in a state of despondency without plush, and damned without the dyer? We Friends are reprobated: wherefore? because we offer no sureties to God for infants whom we may never see after they grow up, and about whose conduct it is deemed needless to be solicitous, and unbecoming to be inquisitive; because we have no hand laid for a moment on our heads in childhood to make us upright and steady for life; because we do not take a morsel of bread and a sip of wine in the morning, to remind us of eating a supper of which others were in fact the eaters.

Peterborough. This part at least of the vital in religion is, methinks, what the imitators might imitate better with little pains.

Penn. I do not approve of thy scoffing at the *vital in religion.*

Peterborough. Friend Penn! every man hath his favorite

guard and pass. You made several lunges at the midriff; I made but one.

Penn. Thy words were inconsiderate, and might become a stumbling-block of offence.

Peterborough. I now perceive, my worthy friend, no man ever fought for religion: it was for some little idol which his own heart had fashioned, or which, whether bought or given or snatched up and run off with, he carried in secret under his doublet, either to help him in his crimes or to keep him at least from punishment. You need none such: but every kind of love must have its object; self-love, among the rest, an object the most distinct and definite.

Penn. Thou art hard upon me: and yet, who knoweth whether God hath not given thee on this occasion the spirit of truth, to strike me the more forcibly? I have suspected in myself the thing thou sayest: nay, I have found it, and have cast it out. It may have entered again under the haze of zeal, and have stood invisible in the high place, in the rock of Zion, in the shadow of the temple.

Come over unto us! come over unto us! come into our camp! and thou shalt rejoice with exceeding great joy.

Peterborough. I am not so wild: I am on leave of absence.

Penn. Be persuaded at least that with us excommunication is according to the command of Christ, although in churches it be not. Excommunication precluded no man formerly from the enjoyment of legal protection and of civil rights; but only from the communion of believers, from their assemblies, their contrition, and their fasts: a penalty by no means intolerable to people of such a turn.

Peterborough. I could have borne it myself, though none of the meekest. These humble men, however, would not let their superiors sit quiet.

Penn. Thou wrongest them. When they grew rich they grew restless.

Peterborough. I could have cured this disorder in them.

Penn. Even bishops, and those of Rome too, so far from assailing the rulers of the world, requested and implored their protection; so far from excommunicating them, as they did afterward, and ordering their subjects to rebel against them, they came forward as supplicants for gratuities and

favors: and boasted of deserving them, by having prayed in their churches for the safety of the prince and the prosperity of the empire.

Peterborough. Ho! ho! they did, did they? I always had heard and believed that our own holy fathers bore no resemblance whatsoever to the old ones: I see they differ little in essentials.

Penn. Christianity, in my view of her, not only makes us able to bear our sufferings, but in great measure to avoid them; not only to obey, but to select the proper objects of obedience. She enlarges the intellectual and moral world about us; and by this enlargement the horrible signs of thy zodiac, friend Mordaunt, if gape upon us they must, will gape upon us after longer intervals. But I trust that a new order of things hath commenced and will continue. In England you may want perhaps, for some time longer, kings, bishops, chancellors, lords: in America our wishes are humble and tranquil, by not having such objects of excitement and delight before our eyes. We shall be contented with equality of rank and right, with honest, unpresuming, plain-spoken Christianity, and with a paternal distribution of uncostly justice.

Peterborough. Though addicted to no particular system of philosophy or religion or government, I am convinced that if you destroy the institutions and customs of men, however bad a great part of these may be, you also chill the blood of their attachments which are requisite for the prosperity and indeed for the safety of nations. At the same time, I am not sorry to find you setting an example here of sobriety and forbearance. These virtues will gradually allure and conciliate many, by the wealth and respectability attendant on them. If, however, all Englishmen were at once such as the Society of Friends, they would have their throats cut before the next harvest: a consideration which has hindered the greater and better part of Christianity from being yet admitted in any European State.

Penn. My young friend, genius with thee is like the bird of Paradise, all wing: should it wish to alight and settle on any thing, it finds under it no support.

Peterborough. Penn, I was once a great admirer of Rochefoucauld, and fancied his *Maxims* were oracles. It happened that, quoting them one day at dinner, my adversary told me I

had reversed the sentiment: I found I had. Upon this, I began to reverse, for curiosity's sake, almost every third sentence of my shrewd and smart philosopher; and discovered that, like superfine cloth, they look as comely the wrong side outward as the right, wherever I could give as easy and quick a turn as that of the original. This persuaded me that we receive for the wisest things the gracefullest and the boldest, and that what are called speculative truths are in general not only unimportant, but no truths at all. Industry, cleanliness, equanimity, beneficence, are the intelligible parts of your system: these constitute civilization, and will not suffer it, I hope, to slide or bulge or decline. It is quite a new and ingenious thought, to try whether Christianity can stand alone: and the experiment is well worthy of our attention.

Penn. Thou speakest with levity and indifference, young man, upon matters of eternal interest.

Peterborough. I know nothing, I must repeat it, about these affairs; but I have experienced that some of eternal interest, if there be any such in reasoning, ought to be held as lightly as a rapier, or they may be twisted out of our grasp into the air. Having asked the discreet and pious of several persuasions whether in their judgment God alone is uncreated, infinite, and eternal, each, however he might differ from the rest on other topics, replied in the affirmative. What an opinion must I form on the perversion of the human mind, afraid as I find it everywhere of admitting that time and space must also be eternal, infinite, and uncreated! Day and night only mark time out, and are in regard to it what clocks and watches are. God himself, although he may be said to extend through all space, cannot be said to extend any farther: yet what is *through* is *beyond*. Are we not here in want of terms?

Penn. Rather, in want of curbs to check us on a precipice. Those doctors you have cited would have acted more judiciously and honestly in owning that they knew nothing about the business, and that it is a question which our Saviour did not come upon earth to agitate or to solve. We have already more knowledge than we are disposed to bring into use: when we have well practised the whole of it, perhaps He who gave us it may give us more. One would imagine that the wisdom of those who govern might be better for a supply now and then from the wisdom of those who reason in retirement.

Instead of which, politicians and philosophers are the two classes of men the most opposite in the world, standing with their eyes fixed one upon the other, in suspicion, or indignation, or scorn. The most extravagant are the oftenest quoted; but it is merely to exhibit the futility of innovation or reform. I do not assert that there is a single axiom in Plato, which a minister in any country or any age ought to receive and act on: but many of them, taking up his fame when it suits their purpose, announce him as a high authority, holding in derision those who stand nearer, such as Harrington and Milton, superior to him in gravity and in virtue.

Peterborough. I remember one axiom of the divine man, which every minister in my time has both received and acted on.

Penn. Although I perused his dialogues on polity a little while ago, I cannot recollect it.

Peterborough. He forbids the use of falsehood to the community at large, but allows it to the rulers: just as the papal priests do with the wine at the sacrament, giving it one to the other, but withholding it from the people. Plato calls it a medicine, and tells us we must concede it to the physician in order that we may use it as he pleases; but we must let no other man meddle with it. Surely, my friend Penn, you cannot deny that persons in authority, with us, cherish this Platonic sentiment with somewhat more than Platonic affection.

Penn. I grieve at the man's vacuity who imagines that falsehood, of all vices the easiest to take root and the hardest to extirpate, is likely to be long in overrunning the country, when the breath of those who govern us blows it abroad at will in every direction. Beside, did he not see that, sooner or later, the lie must be exposed; and that not only the bad example would ramify in the closest and most sheltered concerns of life, but that the government itself must be rendered unstable, when the governors were found cheats and liars?

Peterborough. He would not permit the soldiers to reside in the city.

Penn. In other words, he would not permit them to care a farthing for the townsmen they are to protect: in that case a slight matter would incline them to the invader.

Peterborough. Not at all: he provides against it by inform-

ing them it is idle and sacrilegious to aspire after the poor corrupt money current upon earth.

Penn. They would buffet him for an impostor, or tie him to his bedpost for a madman.

Peterborough. He has provided against that also. He tells them another story first; he says to them: "You and your arms and your equipments sprang up from the bosom of your Mother Earth. You must protect your Mother Earth, and likewise her weaker children, your little brother fellow-citizens. As for gold, the Almighty mixed a quantity of it in your primary conformation, which adapts and entitles you to command; while in your little brother fellow-citizens he mixed up only brass and iron, rendering them fitter for artisans and husbandmen."

Penn. I remember this foolery.

Peterborough. Now tell me, friend Penn, whether you yourself are not, in some sort, equally liable to be taken for a visionary.

Penn. Thou mayest take me for a visionary, friend Mordaunt, but thou shalt never take me for a liar.

Peterborough. Of that indeed there is no danger. I would have added the chief reason on which you might appear as a visionary to many, or rather indeed to most people.

Penn. Prythee add it: since, should it be wanting, I see not how thou mayest so soon correct me.

Peterborough. You fancy we can live without war.

Penn. That is, I fancy we can live without slaughter. It sounds absurdly, no doubt. A strange fancy, a hot, wild, wrong-headed aspiration in me and my brethren! No wonder thou laughest at so novel, so irregular, so awkward a stretch and strain of my humble and squat imagination.

Peterborough. Do you believe that others would let you remain quiet, and admire, with uplifted and united palms, your industry and your innocence? Or, rather, that to flourish is not to invite the visit and quicken the appetite of spoliation? Do you expect that the bad man will forbear because the good man will?

Penn. I believe that the desire of possession is universal, or nearly; that it may produce good, and that it may produce evil. Property is the bond and seal of civilization. The sight of it, however, will arouse in those who have it not, and in

some also who have it, the lust of violating it. Prisons and chains and halters are coarse reproofs at best. If we would be rather less dignified, and rather more humane, we should be safer and usefuller. Cannot we go among those whom we suspect of rapacity or cruelty, and speak tenderly with 'em, and remonstrate reasonably? Can we not lead them to our garners, our growing corn, our furrows, and say to them: "These very things which you so much covet are your own upon the same conditions as they were ours or our fathers'. They were labored *for* before they were labored *in*. Believe me, friends, there is less *wear and tear* in the body and in the mind to obtain them as we have done than as you would do. Doubtless you love your children: provide then for them, as ye may with certainty, by teaching them how to provide for themselves; how to be out of want and danger, out of grief and sorrow; how to form those marriages which will bring them into peaceful and plentiful houses, where they will be welcome and respected."

Reason preceding a chastisement, forming no portion of it and unconnected with it, has an effect on all; following one, it comes as a scoff, or as a section of the sentence.

Ideas of property cannot be very correct where there is little distribution of it; and those whom we call savages we often may find thieves. But heavier injustice is done every six months in our English court of chancery, the Acropolis of Themis, than by all the savages on our borders in as many years. I have found them universally just, whenever I argued patiently and mildly, and greatly more calm and civil than our silken sergeants. Men are never very unjust until they see and enter and grope their way along the perplexities and subterfuges of law. Feeling at first no reluctance to run into it, they experience at last no compunction to run through it.

In England the statutes are often in opposition to religion, and religion to God's anointed, as you call the thing. Why cannot both together rest upon one foundation? Is Christ unable or unworthy to lead us? — reject him then totally. But if his example and precepts are such as of themselves can make us virtuous and happy, should we not follow them without any deviation; and without stopping at any half-way house to assemble a riotous and roaring party, to elect a toast-master, to booze and confound our intellects, to quarrel and

fight, to slaver and slumber, and, after such heartiness and manliness, to toss about and tumble, and find ourselves at last unfit for the prosecution of our journey? Our master doth not permit us to compromise and quarter with another: he doth not permit us to spend an hour with him and then to leave him. Either our actions must be regulated by him wholly, both individually and socially, both politically and morally, or he turns us out. We must resign the vanities and vices, the prostrations and adorations, of the heathen world altogether, or avoid his presence. We must call no others by his name, until those others shall possess the same authority and power. He did not place himself, great as he was, on the tribunitial chair with Cæsar, nor on the judgment seat with Felix: he governed, but it was in spirit; he commanded, but it was of God. Christianity could never have been brought into contempt or disrepute, unless she had been overlaid with false ornaments and conducted by false guides. Her expounders and high-priests, in all monarchies, are prompt and propense to be keepers of the regalia, and studious how they shall be, externally and intrinsically, as unlike as possible to the disciples and apostles.

Peterborough. I am afraid, my friend William, you will generally find men of genius indifferent to the externals of religion.

Penn. What are its externals? Canst thou point out to me the place where vitality and feeling commence, in this purest and most delicate of existences? By *externals* thou canst mean nothing but *administration.* Men of genius then, I am to suppose, are utterly indifferent to the administration of religion and law, if the law or the religion in themselves be good?

Peterborough. I did not say law.

Penn. I insist that religion is law: not the law of popes and parliaments, but the law of God. I do not contend that it is graven on the heart of man: nevertheless I must ever think that the heart of man is the better and the richer for receiving it. I will not assert to thee that corn was scattered by Providence on each side of us: yet how pleasantly these green waves do rustle in the air, whispering to us of divine bounty, and displaying to us how much better is a state of peace and industry, than of ferocity and idleness. And what

is genius, so elevated in its disdain, so glorious in its indifference? This is a question, one would conceive, to be solved more easily. I will not take it, however, where thou wouldst rather let it lie, from among our dialecticians; although there can be no great genius where there is not profound and continued reasoning. I will not lead thee to Hooker or Taylor, or that loftier man now living, Isaac Barrow, but among those rather who delighted more in the excursions of fancy and imagination, — which the above-mentioned had not to seek, but entertained with equal fondness and better mastery at home. Was Chaucer, then, indifferent? was Spenser? was Milton? Did they not all oppose abuses and corruptions? Did they not all turn the acuteness of their wit on these externals? By the help of God, my own industry shall be employed in brushing off the tender-bellied grubs from the beautiful plant which I hope to leave behind me flourishing in this wilderness. We Friends are reported to believe too little: yet we believe that God can hear our voices five feet eight inches from the pavement, as easily as with the calves of our legs tucked up against our breech, and leaving us but four feet above-ground.

Peterborough. This is only a childish trick: who would object to it, or care about it?

Penn. It is among those postures and pranks which enable the bustling and authoritative of the place to pick our pockets, and master us, and hold us down, and scourge us, at their greater convenience. The plainest and simplest things are the wholesomest; mostly of all in religion. Peace and equity are its only ends: if no system in Europe hath yet produced them, it is time to try another; for without them we are not Christians, and but corporeally men.

Peterborough. Some latitude, some dignity, should be allowed to religion in highly civilized nations.

Penn. What would be thy feeling, if a simple beauty were introduced at court in silks and flounces and rubies, and spoke the first sentence in her own plain homely dialect, the second in the conventional language of the palace? Surely the maiden would lose thereby much of her loveliness in thy sight, even though thy passions had been engaged: how much more then must Christianity lose in the like condition, when the passions are very far indeed from any engagement in her behalf!

Peterborough. I cannot answer that satisfactorily: and can you answer me any more so, when I ask whether you do not wander from your own principles, and from the command of Jesus Christ, in refusing to pay taxes and tithes? Your master says, "Give unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

Penn. He doth; and we obey him.

Peterborough. How! by refusing the surrender of tithes and taxes, you obey the gospel, or the higher powers?

Penn. Certainly; the higher powers are God and his eternal justice. After giving up to God all that belongeth to him, prythee, friend Mordaunt, what remaineth to Cæsar? Verily that broken switch in thy hand, or that foam about thy horse's bridle, would overpay him his right demands. He who delivered the ordinance enabled those to whom he delivered it to understand its import.

Peterborough. It is a pity that every thing in the New Testament is not plain and explicit.

Penn. No pity at all: it is explicit and plain enough for whoever is earnest to emend his life by it. The little that is difficult to comprehend serves to occupy attention and stimulate inquiry. Thou mightest say it would be better still, if every thing it conveyeth were impressed upon the heart without any book whatever. Not so: the human heart and intellect want exercise and excitement; and the eye is the first organ of meditation, although in the end meditation is abstracted from the visual sense, and every other. Many are no less mistaken in an opposite judgment on the New Testament, and imagine there is more philosophy in abstruser volumes. Such volumes being merely didactic should be clearer, more systematic, more explanatory. If the authors could have rendered them so, they would have done it; just as the maker of glass would have made it whiter. Nothing is easier to men of genius, nothing more certainly a proof and part of it, than to compose what raises men's wonder and admiration: nothing more difficult than to show them distinctly the simplest and most obvious truth. They can no better see or comprehend it than they can see or comprehend the air, until thou hast quickened their sight by purifying their affections. During this operation they will call thee pedant or enthusiast, and throw perhaps some heavy book at thy head, bidding thee to

read it again and again, and to be modester and wiser. Little as I shall ever be contented with my modesty or my wisdom, I hope to improve and to increase them daily by a patient and kindly intercourse with my fellow-men, and a humble unquestioning obedience to our Heavenly Father. Peace and quiet are, in this happy climate, the unfailing fruits of concession and forbearance; fruits which I hope may be transplanted and husbanded, with all the attention and solicitude they ought to be, in countries where at present they have been but heard of, and with indistinctness and with incredulity.

Thou thyself art inclined, my friend, to doubt and dispute the verities of Revelation. I shall not argue with thee on the tenets of any particular sect, nor speak in my own person, nor according to my own belief, but generally and loosely, and as an indifferent man might reason when a scheme was laid before him for the improvement and emolument of his kind. Something of fear, thou wilt acknowledge, is requisite for the coercion of the ungenerous and unjust: something of hope, something of promise, something of security, for the beneficent and righteous, for the afflicted and oppressed. Thou thinkest thou art doing no wrong in removing the foundations of hope: to think it is a folly; to do it is a robbery.

Peterborough. In what way a robbery? Come, tell me; for you stopped to expect my question.

Penn. Hope is the best of possessions.

Peterborough. Of possessions truly!

Penn. Ay, that it is. The provident rear it early in their bosoms; and the inprovident, when every thing else is squandered, cling at it to the last.

If we find a few stubborn texts of Holy Scripture that would exclude many good men from their rewards, we may reasonably think them the dreams of hot enthusiasts, exhausted by their aspirations and distempered by their zeal. We should more wisely turn to the words of the teacher than to the glosses of the interpreter, and press toward him through the clouds that surround him, in which alone is darkness and dismay; for his countenance is irradiated, his speech is simple, in his voice is confidence, and in his mien is peace. Why wouldst thou push men away from him, even if thou wert per-

suaded that he has nothing for them? They are better by trying to merit it, and happier by continuing to expect it. Neither of us can say to a certainty that it is unattainable: on the contrary, the means we are assured are not difficult, and the mediator is not repulsive. There may be folly in most religions, and if thou wilt in all; but the greatest of folly is to hinder men from happiness, to render them turbulent, disorderly, lawless, desperate.

Peterborough. Certainly it is wiser, when you have broken their bones, to tell them that they may pick them up again and case them better hereafter.

Penn. Oppression and injustice are not wanted to make the promises of a man's own heart acceptable to him, and to expand his breast with joy and gladness at the responses given to him (as he believes they are) from above. These he may have without purchasing, and without going to seek them at another's door.

If commerce itself is generally bad and iniquitous when it falls into the hands of a company, what is religion? At first a craft, and afterward a cheat.

Woe! woe! to those who make it one; woe! woe! to those who enter into it—

Peterborough. Without a patron in the chancellor, or a friend in the huntsman of the squire.

Penn. Thy light spirits will one day carry thee into the wilderness, and there leave thee sore smitten and without strength. Unworthiness! thou laughest at men's wrongs.

Peterborough. Because men are made now as they were made formerly, and yet bear them. Such being the fact, I think I have esteem enough for them in ranging them with my other instruments, lead and iron.

Penn. Great God! the proud themselves decry and detest the oppressor, while only the powerless pity the oppressed.

Peterborough. Nations are to be commiserated for few other evils than what the elements cast among them; such as famine and pestilence. A quiver of arrows, well directed by half-a-dozen boys, would remove in a single hour the heaviest that philosophers and patriots have tugged against for ages. Injuries grow up quickly and rankly under impunity. I do not deliver such an opinion because I have acted on it; for I may say to you in confidence that I often have forgiven in-

justice done against me, not indeed to bring a Christian spirit on the parade, but for the satisfaction I feel in the consciousness of superiority, and in the intensity of contempt. It was wrong to gratify my humor at the expense of society, as I have frequently; and the only counterbalance is to serve society at my own peril and loss: and this, as you must acknowledge, hath been my conduct in regard to King James. It is just and necessary to shake a salutary fear into the breasts of insolent stupid despots, when they shake an unsalutary one into thousands who, without such nuisances, would be brave and free. Whoever lets a prince escape him, after suffering an act of arbitrary power, neglects his duty to himself and others; and neglects it from the worst motive, — indifference to public security and private honor. Never let me hear that it is no easy matter to accomplish. I have only one reply; and an obvious one is it: that it may be no easy matter to catch or poison a rat at the time of its depredation; but, let traps and arsenic be always in its way, and finally you are certain of success. Here indeed you may more justly censure me as cruel; for these poor creatures do us little harm comparatively, and consume what is as much theirs as ours, and what they are guided by instinct to partake with us. But animals without hearts are not directed by Nature or Providence to consume the hearts of others, and the most generous with the most voracity. These now and then recoil, swell against and overpower them.

Penn. Hold! hold! less animation and heat, I do beseech thee! "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord.

Peterborough. We cannot do better than imitate him on it, when we find him ready to help us.

Penn. By long and patient endurance thou mayest make unrighteous princes ashamed.

Peterborough. You may make a dog ashamed by looking him fixedly in the face! You can only make a prince afraid by it: and if you do, and nothing more, he hangs you. We never play the farce before the tragedy.

Penn. I am slow and reluctant to admit what I am afraid must be admitted; that certain plagues, like certain weeds, ought to be cut down rapidly three or four times in the season: this alone kills them. Happy the land where such cutting down can be avoided!

Peterborough. And where it cannot be, your Friends will supply neither hatchet nor rope. The better your institutions are, and the purer your religion and morality, the less likelihood is there that your numbers will increase. Want indeed may compel a few to emigrate from England: but what gain you by such colonists as those?

Penn. A pledge; a security. Whoever emigrates from want presents a token that he would rather work than steal, rather help his neighbor than beg. In England a family may often be a curse; in America it will always be a blessing. In England a child brings with it poverty in most instances; in America wealth.

Peterborough. In England they are swamps and bushes; in America ploughs and oxen: ay, Penn?

Penn. Without them, and in greater proportion than the luxuries of England can afford, our ploughs would rot, our oxen run wild. Wherever I see a child before me in America, I fancy I see a fresh opening in the wilderness, and in this opening a servant of God appointed to comfort and guide me, ready to sit by me when my eyes grow dim, and able to sustain me when my feet are weary. Look forward, and behold the children of that child. Few generations are requisite to throw upon their hinges the heavily-barred portals of the vast continent behind us. Thy horse appeared to scent by instinct the high-road across it; and thy heart, Mordaunt, panted with prescience to pass the barrier, which the tyrant and his fool would tell thee Nature hath interposed. Who knows but a century or two hence we may look down together on those who are journeying, in this newly-traced road, toward the cities and marts of California, and who are delayed upon it by meeting the Spaniards driven in troops from Mexico?

Peterborough. You began with a dream, you are ending with a vision.

Penn. Every thing good hath been ever called so: my answer is, past events shadow out future ones.

Peterborough. We move in the midst of these shadows, but discern not their forms and tendencies.

Penn. Perfectly we do not discern them: nevertheless, from the invariable practice of hereditary potentates to abuse and arrogate power, and from the spirit of agricultural States in their adolescence, and from the vantage-ground whereon

that spirit stands when it settles but to soar away, he who is not an idiot must be a prophet.

First the brutes possessed the earth; afterward they and men contended for it, and held it equally; by degrees men acquired the ascendency; lastly, as the monsters were thinned and scattered, men contrived to raise up artificial ones, covering them with furs and hair, and admiring their truculent looks and flaring colors. These creatures, like the pig-enactor in the fable, did bravelier than those they represented, and allowed no better than a precarious and merely animal existence to their fanciful dressers and complacent fosterers. It was not the tree of folly that

> Brought death into the world and all our woe;

it was the tree of wisdom. As this apologue is liable to many interpretations, it may admit mine among the rest.

Peterborough. Let me hear it: a fable is sometimes a refreshment.

Penn. Mine is, that neither the ignorance nor the passions of mankind are immediately and of themselves the causes of their corruption and wretchedness, but the uses and ends to which they have been converted by the warier.

Peterborough. I think so, too; and, although our creeds are not quite homogeneous, one thing peculiarly pleases me in your religious doctrines.

Penn. I rejoice to hear it: say which.

Peterborough. You pay nothing for them.

Penn. To suppose that we want hirelings to teach us our duties is to suppose that our fathers and mothers have given bad examples and appointed bad executors. Taking a different view of the subject, holiness, you may tell me, hath little weight with most people. I know it: but every man who wishes to leave his children either rich or respectable will provide that they first acquire from him what shall preserve their riches and promote their respectability; that is, frugal habits and civil demeanor. Quarrels for tithes and appointed prayers imperfectly serve the purpose. They supersede those endeavors which would be made for every man's own interest, in every man's own house; not perhaps by psalms and sermons, but by exhortations and examples.

Peterborough. There is something grand and imposing in our hierarchy.

Penn. Troth is there! and more than enough of both: yet there was nothing grand or imposing in Christ and his successors, who gained more proselytes than your hierarchal folks lose.

Grandeur is what the eye makes it. For my part, I see nothing grand in frocks and flounces; I see nothing grand in a fellow who wears one shirt next his skin and another over his coat. I find in your church

Luxuriam spoliorum et censum in damna furentem,

as the pagan poet hath it; and we brethren are convinced that it not only is no help or assistance to true piety, but that it torpifies and impedes it. I speak of its effect on the whole; not on one individual, one family, or one parish. Moreover we think, and can prove by figures, that its revenues are more than sufficient to maintain an army (since armies you will maintain) of such strength as should repel the most obstinate aggression. This is not always to be expected: suppose then that warfare shall exist among us, even when we grow wiser, one year in three; the other two years' income might be applied to the education of the poor: shortly, it would leave none in that predicament. We demonstrate in our society the practicability of the thing without any such abundant means at our disposal, and suffering under the aggravation of war-taxes as may happen, and church-taxes as must befall us irremissibly.

Peterborough. In this you have done admirably, divinely.

Religions are calculated for climates. Popery is lax enough for the warmest. Its modification in the Church of England, stiff but elastic, serves best for the variable atmosphere it was composed in. Yours is the most judicious where there is a trade in beavers; the thornier and rigider Calvinism takes root and flourishes under the Alps and Ben-Lomond. I could dandle the pretty baby of Catholicism, with its whistle and bells and coral and flounces about it; but in regard to the capricious and ferocious Tiger-God, that looks at it with such growls, I think it prudent to stand on this side of the grating.

Penn. Governors, who are the gainers, will allow any creed, provided the people pay them regularly and ask no questions. Calvinism is the product of cold and gloomy countries; and, such countries being likewise poor, nobody is at the

trouble to extirpate it out of them, if the natives will but abstain from leagues and covenants. Let it however sprout up for a season in any rich soil and sunny exposure, and thou shalt find dragoons turned into the field against it with such hoes and harrows as the like husbandmen use most expertly. Languedoc has witnessed this. The Catholic priest himself is less intolerant than one might imagine; and it is not the reprobate creed that troubleth his slumbers: it is the new-fangled bolt wrapped up in it, made on purpose for the apartment of thy daughter. An accursed creed! it turneth him out of more dormitories than were contained in the palace of Priam, and strippeth from him the supervisorship of more kitchen-stoves than smoked for Elagabalus. With one foot upon thy bed and the other upon thy belly, he fancied thee fairly his; and now he thinks the Devil must be in thee if thou hast turned thy back against him. He curses thee, kicks thee, and leaves thee to that *Evil One's* disposal.

Peterborough. I am not sordid nor avaricious; yet, in my opinion, the worst of the matter is the money we are obliged to contribute, although we have no appetite for the ordinary. Those who receive the best education, and who want no new instruction, pay the most; those who, being seceders, decline the doctrine and follow another, pay for both, and perhaps thrice as much for that which they reject as for that which they cherish. This in another age or two will be incredible, at least in England and in America.

There are two reasons, however, why I never could become a member of your society: first, I never should be quiet or good enough; secondly, supposing me to have acquired all the tranquillity and virtue requisite, my propensity toward the theatre and its fair actresses would seduce me.

Penn. Thy language is light and inconsequent. Thou couldst not indeed be quiet and good enough for any rational and sedate society, and oughtest not even to discourse with any confidence on virtue, unless thou hadst first subdued such an idle fantasy as that of mockery, and such vile affections as those for paint and fiddles, and wind-instruments and female ones.

Peterborough. They who are to live in the world must see what the world is composed of, — its better and its worse.

Penn. No doubt, he who is to live in a street must see

the cleaner parts of the pavement and the dirtier; but must he put his foot into them equally, or, according to thy system, step over the plain flagstone to splash into the filth?

Peterborough. Philosophers tell us our passions and follies should be displayed to us together with their evil consequences, that we may regulate and control them.

Penn. In my opinion, who am no philosopher, we should grow as little familiar even with their faces as may be. We ought to have nothing to do with such as are exhibited on the tragic stage; if they really exist, they are placed by Providence out of our range: they cannot hurt us unless we run after them on purpose. Then do we want strange characters of less dimensions, such as can come under our doorway and affect us at home? We meet them everywhere; nay, we cannot help it.

Peterborough. Elevated sentiment is found in tragedy; elegant reproof in comedy.

Penn. Comedy is the aliment of childish malice; tragedy of malice full-grown. Comedy has made many fools, and tragedy many criminals. Show me one man who hath been the wiser or the better for either, and I will show you twenty who have been made rogues and coxcombs by aping the only models of fashion they can find admittance to, and as many more who have grown indifferent and hard-hearted, and whatever else is reprehensible in higher life.

Who, being thoughtless, ignorant, self-sufficient, would not be moody, vindictive, unforgiving, if great monarchs set the example before him? and who fears those chastisements at the end, which it would be a thousand times more difficult for him to run into than to avoid? There is only one thing in either kind of scenic representation which is sure enough never to hit him; the moral.

If, however, thou visitest the theatre for reflection, thou art the first that ever went there for it, although not the first that found it there. Reflection, from whatever quarry extracted, is the foundation of solid pleasures, which foundation, we think, cannot be laid too early in the season.

Peterborough. Solid pleasures, like other solid things, grow heavy and tiresome: I would rather have three or four lighter, of half the value, readily taken up, and as readily laid down again.

Penn. The time will come, young man, when thou wilt reason better, and wilt detest that wit, the rivet of sad consistency. Thou hast spoken, as thou fanciest, a smart and lively thing; and, because thou hast spoken it, thou wilt tie thy body and soul to it.

Peterborough. Possibly the time may come, but it lies beyond my calculation, when the frame of my mind may be better adapted to those cubic joys you were proposing for me; but I have observed that all who in their youthful days are the well-strapped, even-paced porters of them have been the first broken down by calamity or infirmity.

Penn. The greater sign of infirmity, the greater of calamity, is there apparent, where the intertexture of pleasures and duties seems intractable.

Peterborough. If the theatre were as hostile and rancorous against the church as the church in some countries is against the theatre, we should call it very immoral; not because it had less justice on its side, but because it had more virulence. Splendor and processions and declamation and rodomontade are high delights to the multitude. Accompanied by lofty and generous sentiments, they do good; accompanied by merriment and amusement, they do more good still: for lofty and generous sentiments are so ill-fitted to the heads and hearts of most men, that they fall off in getting through the crowd in the lobby; but the amusement and merriment go to bed with man and wife, and something of them is left for the children the next morning at breakfast. I have no greater objection to parade and stateliness in that theatre where the actors have been educated at the university, than in that where one can more easily be admitted behind the scenes: what I want is a little good-nature and good-manners, and that God should be thought as tolerant as my lord chamberlain.

The worst objection I myself could ever find against the theatre is, that I lose in it my original idea of such men as Cæsar and Coriolanus, and, where the loss affects me more deeply, of Juliet and Desdemona. Alexander was a fool to wish for a second world to conquer: but no man is a fool who wishes for the enjoyment of two; the real and ideal: nor is it any thing short of a misfortune, I had almost said of a calamity, to confound them. This is done by the stage: it is likewise done by engravings in books, which have a great

effect in weakening the imagination, and are serviceable only to those who have none, and who read negligently and idly. I should be sorry if the most ingenious print in the world were to cover the first impression left on my mind of such characters as Don Quixote and Sancho: yet probably a very indifferent one might do it; for we cannot master our fancies, nor give them at will a greater or less tenacity, a greater or less promptitude in coming and recurring.

You Friends are no less adverse to representations by painting than by acting.

Penn. We do not educate our youth to such professions and practices. Thou, I conceive, art unconcerned and disinterested in this matter.

Peterborough. Nearly, but not quite. I am ignorant of the art, and prefer that branch of it which to many seems the lowest; I mean portraiture. I can find flowers in my garden, landscapes in my rides, the works of saints in the Bible, of great statesmen and great captains in the historians, and of those who with equal advantages had been the same in the *Newgate Calendar*. The best representation of them can only give me a high opinion of the painter's abilities, fixed on a point of time. But when I look on a family-picture by Vandyke; when I contemplate the elegant and happy father in the midst of his blooming progeny, and the partner of his fortunes and his joys beside him, — I am affected very differently, and much more. He who there stands meditating for them some delightful scheme of pleasure or aggrandizement has bowed his head to calamity, perhaps even to the block. Those roses gathered from the parterre behind, those taper fingers negligently holding them, that hair the softness of which seems unable to support the riot of its ringlets, are moved away from earth amid the tears and aching hearts of the very boys and girls who again are looking at me with such unconcern.

Faithfullest recorder of domestic bliss, perpetuator of youth and beauty, vanquisher of time, leading in triumph the Hours and Seasons, the painter here bestows on me the richest treasures of his enchanting art.

Penn. Vanity! vanity! vanity! as thou hast proved. The fine arts, as you call them, have always been the attractive clothing of a venal religion. Ours is none such, and needs

no such lures. Come away: let us leave the vain, and look once again at the grasping. Religion ought no more to be forced on us for payment, than soap and candles.

The first property was a portion set apart for the gods; that is for the conjurers or priests. Shortly, those who decided on subjects of litigation took presents for their good offices, and by degrees claimed rewards. Hence originated two classes or professions, which have absorbed in the course of ages more by many times than the fee-simple of the whole cultivated earth. They are contrary to Christianity, and subversive of it.

Peterborough. I know enough of both to see this. Here, indeed, you stand beyond controversy.

Penn. Friend, whenever thou hearest it said, as thou often must do, that there is some excellent sense in this man or the other, thou mayest always find it in strict correspondence with the preconceived opinions of the sage observer: and where the author or speaker is wrong, he is wrong exactly where he would set his reader or hearer right, and cannot. If we are weak in proportion to our failures, the best intellects, as ye would call them, are the feeblest of all: for the most rational advice has the fewest followers, the plainest reasoning the most obstinate opposers. We have no right to be angry or vexed at any such disappointment. When a wise man cannot make an unwise one better, shall he therefore let the unwise one make him worse? Shall the weak, while he holdeth pertinaciously to his ignorance, snatch away temper and discretion from the strong?

Peterborough. Argumentative enough: but the business is to remove those insects, which, deriving their sustenance from the juices of the State, take its color and seem its substance.

Penn. Our society, although it be extinguished, and although its extinction be as early even as thou prognosticatest, will at least leave behind it the remembrance that it marched foremost of the vanguard, and opposed those inveterate, unrelenting pestilences in the spirit of justice and in the gentleness of consistency. That communities, in their most depraved and rotten state, stand more upright without them is plain and evident: in regard to one, from the practice of your judges, who, whenever a case of property is most difficult and

delicate, recommend it to the arbitration of friends ; in regard to the other, from the manifestation of more quietude, regularity, and happiness in those who have seceded from the toilet, the feast, and the theatre of a city-bred, court-aping religion into their own family party, their private, sheltered walks and noiseless, untrampled grass-plots. I do not calculate here on worldly loss and profit. I do not demonstrate to thee, as I might do in figures, that, after government hath fairly done its worst, a fifth of every man's remaining goods and chattels are piled up and swept away ; and we are at last so pressed and elbowed, so jostled and trodden on, between the bar and the pulpit, while we clap our hands to our seals our pockets are slit to the very bottom, with little care or concern for the skin under ; and, if we cry out, there is always a hand in readiness to stop our mouths, and to stifle and strangulate such as would resist. Where the lawyers flourish, there is a certain sign that the laws do not: for this flourishing can only arise from the perplexity or the violation of them. If an English lawyer is in danger of starving in a market-town or village, he invites another, and both thrive. Hence, though litigation is their business, they usually are courteous one to another, whenever and for whatever purposes they meet: on the same principle of abstinence as is displayed by vultures, which, however hungry and strangers, do not attack the stronger the weaker, but, sullenly concentrated, await in calm providence the weltering breeze laden with glad tidings of pestilence or of battle. What is more wonderful and inexplicable to a man who thinks on it, than that, after many hundred years of the same government, — and this government called a good one, a wise one, an example to others, — some new statute should be deemed requisite every week ? When children break their toys and cry for fresh ones, we attend to them only because they are children : when men break those bonds which hold them together, and, as often as the gravest of them assemble, want some of another color and quality, we give them honorable names for it, instead of scourging and sending them supperless to bed. I fear, my friend, that laws are contrived rather to increase the fortunes of the few than to secure those of the many. The makers and menders of them do a great deal of work in a little time ; and have hardly put into their pockets the money for it, when our victuals drop out of some

unsoldered chink into the fire, and the same tinkers must hammer, and the same payers must pay, again.*

Peterborough. English law, like the torpedo, kills only those who have no metal to put between it and them. It does not appear that God will ever let the world rest, without one or more of his curses on it. When the rattle-snakes and alligators are exterminated in this country, barristers and attorneys may shoot up.

Penn. Our Maker's plagues upon wealth and avarice! — but the religion we profess will never allow such a dreadful scourge to infest our people.

Peterborough. Our English Themis, venerable for her paunch, and glorious in the rich array of native carbuncles, makes her scales of gold, her weights of rubies.

Penn. Truly doth she, and rubies concreted from the heart-blood of the people in her cranks and crevices. If, after what goes among the lawyers, the English are to pay a tenth to the clergy, and a tenth to the civil power in taxes, they, on the score of property, derive no advantages whatever from the social state. For, supposing the whole island to be as much over-run by robbers as any part of the globe ever was, you cannot yet suppose that these robbers could take to themselves a fifth of all property, immovable and movable. Districts the most infested by them would suffer in a much less degree than this: and common-sense and common interest would unite the population, however rude and scattered, however timorous and abject, against such despoilers. The most exposed to their outrages would be exposed to less ruinous demands; and these demands themselves would soon cease: whereas there is no appearance that those heavier ones under which our mother country labors will have any other termination than such as our peaceful habits and humane religion teach us to deprecate and avoid.

Tithes, according to the practice of the Anglo-Saxon and British Church, never were intended for the priest alone; but, beside the maintenance of the clergymen, for the repairs of the church, for the relief of the poor, and for the entertain-

* General Bathurst, examined before a committee of the Commons on the country rates, stated that poor persons were recommended by their solicitors to plead guilty to avoid the fees: the fee for an acquittal in the Western Circuit being one pound six shillings and eight-pence.

ment of the pilgrim and stranger. Thus we cannot suppose that more than a third of them went to the parson; particularly as the distribution was left to the bishop and his assistants. The tithes of a whole diocese were collected, and as the duties in each parish were the same, so the stipends of the ministers were equal. Men in those days fled from the sword to the church; in these we flee from the church to the wilderness: a longer flight indeed, but a safer refuge. Value the life of every man, in possession of goods, at ten years' purchase; he pays two years' income to be allowed the other eight: and on what security? How does he know that the *posse curiæ* may not encroach as deeply on the rest? Can any wise man endure this state of things with the power of avoiding it? any brave man with the power of overturning it?

Peterborough. Faith! no. But we always are either staggering drunk with war, or fast asleep with peace.

Penn. Here in Pennsylvania, those who guide us are chosen by us for our guides; those who protect us are chosen by us for our protectors. We do not ask favors from them; we do not solicit that a portion of our own be thrown back to us, like the entrails of a beast to the dogs that have been chasing it; we do not stipulate that one of our sons may have, openly or secretly, a part of what his brothers and cousins, and many houses round, have contributed. Our agents cannot form themselves into gangs against us; cannot board our vessels, burn our plantations of tobacco, enter our houses, break open our cellars, cast out the materials of our beverage, whip us into their worship, or fine and imprison us for neglecting to attend it.

Peterborough. You lay rather too much stress upon what you call liberty of conscience, and are inconsistent in hating King James for having too much enlarged it. In fact, all people in all countries may worship what objects they please, if they will only be contented to keep within doors. But even the quietest love display and dominion in worship. Political freedom is more material.

Penn. Be it as thou sayest. According to the clearest, simplest, best definition, the office and nature of Justice is to give every one his due. Now, under kingly government, a man not only hath not his due, but hath not the means or even the chance of obtaining it. Those who are most inti-

mately acquainted with his abilities and his virtues are without the power of placing them where they shall be serviceable to the community. He withers with his fruit upon his branches: and the sycophant, sunned in idleness and vacuity, points at him as a *lusus naturæ*.

Peterborough. If the world were not composed of opposites, and if the actions of men were not in eternal contravention to their reasonings, I should have imagined that the peaceful manners of your people, and your abstinence from resisting not only against authority but even against wrong, would have rendered you more favorable to monarchy than to republicanism.

Penn. Although we resist not against wrong, we may like right better.

Peterborough. Quiet is the principle of your institution, the rule of your lives and thoughts: now nothing is further from it than the spirit of democracy; as we may clearly see in the democratical portion of our constitution at home. Go, at the time of an election, to some borough unbiassed by aristocratical influence and ministerial seduction: you will not find the wisest or most upright of its burgesses in the chair; but either a stranger from a distance or an intriguer in the town. And not only the rabble are his partisans: the better sort, as they are called, lean toward him, rather than toward one whose shadow chills them, whose genius is a sting and whose grandeur of soul a reproof to them. Newton, Milton, and Shakspeare would never have been proposed or thought of in any borough where they might happen to be born, supposing them likewise to have received the requisites of fortune. Had they offered themselves, they would have been told, "We do not want men of books or genius, but men of business:" as if men of genius are not men of business in the higher sense of the word; of business in which the State and society are implicated for ages.

Common minds revolve these reasonings about them. Let them be contented with the prospect of their future glory; let us be, with the certainty of never being heard of hereafter: which saves us a great deal of concern, and allows us a perfect freedom of action.

Penn. Thou reasonest well, and from observation. Thy arguments are the surest proof I could adduce, that a sounder

morality and a purer religion are necessary to guide the inconsiderateness of those whom thou callest (I wish the word were gentler) the *rabble*, and to mollify the malignity of (here too the expression is susceptible of improvement) the *better sort*.

Institutions cannot make men perfect. Fraud, injury, violence, may be discountenanced and diminished if thou removest those whose authority began upon them, rests upon them, and must go upon them. Keep thy fellow-creatures temperate, keep them sane, strong, tractable, by early and late discipline ; speak mildly to the obedient ; more mildly to the refractory: and on one side of thee thou wilt soon find friendship in the bonds of peace, and violence on the other self-disarmed.

Peterborough. We should imagine, if we did not much reflect on the subject, that equality is a very natural sentiment ; yet there is none to which nearly the universality of mankind is constantly so averse. Bring before you the whole train of your acquaintance of all ages, tempers, and conditions, and you will acknowledge at once the justice of my remark. I have observed among the peers whom I was accustomed to meet at my father's and uncle's, that they invariably bear toward one another a constrained familiarity or a frigid courtesy ; while to their huntsmen and their prickers, to their chaplains and their cooks, or indeed another man's, they display unequivocal signs of ingenuous cordiality. Baronets are prouder than any thing we see on this side of the Dardanelles, excepting the proctors of universities and the vergers of cathedrals ; and their pride is kept in eternal agitation, both from what is above them and from what is below. Gentlemen of any standing are apt to investigate their claims a little too minutely ; and nobility has neither bench nor joint-stool for them in the vestibule. During the whole course of your life, have you ever seen one, among this our King James's breed, that either did not curl himself up and lie snug and warm in the lowest company, or slaver and whimper in fretful quest of the highest ?

Penn. Without any disposition to answer what never engaged a moment of my attention, let me suggest to thee that, whether thy remark be well or ill founded, the desire of equality is not the less nurtured by reason or the less approved

by Christianity. Mankind is certainly quite as averse to patience, to forbearance, to returning good on receiving evil; still I never heard of the preacher who discountenanced the recommendation of them.

Peterborough. I mean only to show you that, founded upon abstract principles, your society cannot last long.

Penn. Not among the meal and tallow that breed the grubs thou hast thrown out before me: I know it. But, friend Mordaunt, there are sieves and ventilators in the world, and there will always be people who know alike how to make and where to exercise them.

Peterborough. Men can only be kept in concord by their vanity; which, weak as you may call it, is the strongest and most sensitive nerve in the human heart. If you will not let them be unjust, nay, if you will not be unjust toward the greater part of them, this greater part itself will scorn you. Nothing would raise such violent and such general discontent, as giving to every man his due.

Penn. Such, alas, is the world! May we not improve it?

Peterborough. May you not turn wolves into fawns, thistles into wheat, granite into peas and clover? Try this first.

Penn. By the help of God I will undertake the other experiment. If I am to raise discontent, be it on this foundation! If men are to scorn me, be it for this offence!

Peterborough. The object of your institution is to establish universal peace on universal equality. I do not assert that equality, inasmuch as relates to rights, is impracticable,—which many have done too rashly,—but I doubt its extent; I doubt its durability. Beside, since violence is the thing most hateful to you, I must remind you again and again that republics are usually more turbulent than monarchies.

Penn. The mother who gives her own milk to her infant hath often more trouble to make him quiet, than a boon-companion hath, twenty years afterward, to make him drunk; and may seem severer to the dissolute. Monarchy lets the wood run wild; lets swamps extend through it, and reptiles infest it: this is her easiness, this is her providence, this is the blessing she imparts. If in a republic thou tracest the mark of the wagon-wheel and of the hatchet, do not suddenly set it down among the certainties that they were brought in for devastation. Look round a little: see whether the plants are

not the larger and the loftier and the healthier for letting in air and light; whether the grass cannot grow under them for pasture, whether the alleys are not useful for the exportation and importation of what is profitable, and whether they do not enable the proprietor to watch that "no thieves break in and steal."

Teach people to rule themselves, and they will neither bear violence nor inflict it.

Something of consistency, one would desire, should appertain to those discreet and regular men who uphold the government of hereditary kings, unanswerable for their misdemeanors, both as the most lawful and the most convenient. If the gardener had pruned thy fruit-trees improperly, wouldst not thou admonish him or dismiss him?

Peterborough. Certainly.

Penn. Thou thinkest it equitable and expedient?

Peterborough. Beyond a doubt.

Penn. If he seized thee by the throat for it, and protested he would hang thee, calling it atrocious, and insisting that only the Devil could have instigated thee?

Peterborough. I would trip up the knave's heels, and cudgel him soundly.

Penn. There are those peradventure who would incline to say that he deserved no better at thy hands. Howbeit, suppose he should struggle and prevail against thee, and asseverate that not only he himself would continue to manage thy fruit-trees as beliked him, but that furthermore his son and grandson should do likewise, whether they had acquired a knowledge of horticulture or not; for that, as his father had been thy father's gardener, it was undeniable that he ought to be thine, and his elder son thy elder son's: waiving which argument, haply he would throw up a worm in thy face, and inform thee triumphantly that, if antecedently no fitness or reason had existed, yet both reason and fitness sprang up full-grown when he overthrew and smote thee.

Peterborough. Famous illustration.

Penn. Sneer not at what prelacy holds the most pertinaciously of her doctrines, and what, if thou wilt not swallow it from the pulpit, thou must gulp from the drum-head. Nay, Mordaunt, with all thy pride, impetuosity, and disdain, thou, even thou, art the liveryman of this gardener: yea, thou who

wert indignant to be designated as his master. Inconsistent creature!

Peterborough. It is something to have an influence on the fortunes of mankind: it is greatly more to have an influence on their intellects. Such is the difference between men of office and men of genius; between computed and uncomputed rank.

Penn. Thou art not among those who place Fortune above Nature, and the weakest work of the weakest mortals above the greatest work of Deity in his omnipotence. It is generous in thee to acknowledge what it would be expected from thee to deny, if thou wert not higher than a garter could lift thee.

Peterborough. I should be as mean as a man of fashion if I disallowed it, and as silly as a president of the council if I attempted to dissemble it. Only the first personage in the kingdom should be unenlightened and void, as only the first page in a book should be a blank one. It is when it is torn out that we come at once to the letters.

Your complimentary terms shall not preclude me from an attack on you, now we are away from your garden and gardener. You also in manners and regimen have your inconsistencies.

Penn. Let us correct them; we can do it, and are ready: what are they?

Peterborough. I am not captious by nature, nor over-nice.

Penn. Thou beginnest well.

Peterborough. Really, I am almost ashamed to take exceptions at mere words.

Penn. Better and better!

Peterborough. I will not spare you then. On my conscience, I do not see why your people, in reality so sincere, should use expressions in which there is no sincerity. *Friend*, on all occasions, is an abuse. A friend is a creature now extinct: we read of its petrified bones in distant regions; and those who would represent its figure in their persons resemble it only in its petrifaction.

Penn. We call every man our friend, because we wish to be every man's. Thou hast not found friendship in certain places, because thou wert looking for something else. Take virtue with thee, and thou wilt either find it or not want it. Here thou art as unfair with us as thou wert on ex-

communication, of which I will now explain to thee our employment.

We admonish our younger brethren to omit no opportunity of pouring their ill actions and ill thoughts into quieter and more capacious minds, wherein the swells of their sorrows and the irregularities of their other affections may subside and sweeten. This practice remains with them through life. I see no similitude in it to that of the papist, when all the confidence a young man places in his father, and a young woman in her mother, is considered by the priest as not among the duties of life, unless both of them come before him and submit the tenderer and purer mind to his hardened and intrusive touch. He tells them such confession, and such only, is necessary to their happiness in a future state. God, he says, accepts it not as a merit but as an atonement: those who have been injured may be passed aside; he himself acts for these without seeing them, without communicating with them, without making them reparation, without rendering them account.

Peterborough. There are creatures brought from other countries, as these priests were, and exhibited in fairs and markets and festivals (and wherever men and money are idly tossed about), as these priests are, which superintend each other's polls with much care and cunning, as these priests do, and pick out from them and put between their grinders the minute generations of incommodious things springing up innumerably from pruriency and scurf. What thinkest thou? Thinkest thou that these animals, the bigger or the smaller, do the same for cleanliness? No; they do it for eating, as these priests do.

Penn. Inconveniences there may be in our manners, but not to us: inconsistencies there may be in our government, but not ours are those. In this country, where we are left to ourselves, we reconcile them gradually or remove them peaceably.

Peterborough. If they were serious, and in your native country, you would find your religious scruples an impediment to every such exertion.

Penn. Thy indifference to modes of worship and to articles of faith is founded on the principle, I suppose, that a virtuous man will be virtuous in any of them.

Peterborough. Unquestionably.

Penn. What maketh him virtuous?

Peterborough. His inclination: the current and quality of his blood.

Penn. Hast thou reflected so little as not to know that inclinations are given by discipline and habit; and that the quality and current of the blood are as much to be modified by indulgence or coercion, as they are by pepper or hemlock? I would never try to arouse thy soul from the only state of languor it is subject to, did not this indifference to externals, as thou callest them, cover in almost every breast (and might hereafter in thine) an equal indifference to what lies deeper. But, the thing being so, rise from thy apathy, from thy lethargic trance, if true courage or even if false be within thee! Away to Piedmont; away to the people of the Valley! Doth the sword charm thee? doth blood thrill thee? or hath it lost its voice with thee when it crieth unto God? Thousands had been cast into infected prisons; yea, seventeen thousands. Winter stepped in between the pestilence and them; and those whom the ice had not fastened to the floor were at last in number three thousand, when it appeared to their prince to be a costly matter, and an offence to the Virgin, to feed any longer these heretics. Scourged from their dungeons, bayoneted from their country, they traverse Geneva; they reach Berne. Not houses nor lands nor brotherly love nor compassion, so sweet a stranger to them, so long unlooked for, could detain them there; nor the only alluring one of interdicted pleasures (for such it had ever been to them), the blessed communion of Christian faith. Their grain was growing yellow on its stalk when they assembled by night in the wood of Nyon. The boldest of human enterprises was undertaken on the sixteenth of the eighth month, in the year of our redemption sixteen hundred and eighty-nine.

I designate the year particularly, although two have not since elapsed, because the existence of these persecuted men appears to be one of those glorious actions which both contemporary and future annalists may overlook. For History is now become as fond as Poetry ever was of the violent and powerful, and much more contemptuous of low condition. She loves better great nations than great actions, great battles

than great examples, and is ready to emblazon no name under which she descries no shoulder-knot. Of these holy men pursued like wolves, but never dropping in their flight the ark of true religion, fewer than nine hundred climb the hostile mountains of Savoy. Prudence and Justice guide them in their path: they pay their cruel enemies for every thing needful, out of a pittance insufficient for perhaps another day. Between Suze and Brianson, at the bridge of Salabertrans, they are opposed by two thousand five hundred regular troops, and by a numerous armed peasantry. The bridge is barricaded: a battle of two hours renders them masters of this position. Weary with their conflict, hungered (for now those among them who had money can procure no subsistence with it, the peasantry being in the field against them), they still pursue their march, and attain the summit of the highest mountain on the road.

Why have they fallen on the earth? and wherefore are they praising God? Because they see again the land that nurtured them in the strength of holiness, the rafters (for some were unconsumed) of the churches wherein their parents were united, and the elder-tree in full flower upon their graves. Orchards and gardens had disappeared: flocks there were none, nor any beast whatever. The villages were to be conquered from the invader: in another day not a trace remained of them, excepting two black lines where the fire had run along. Reduced at last to four hundred combatants, they threw up strong entrenchments, and resisted until winter the repeated assaults of their increasing enemies. Early in the spring an army of twenty-two thousand men attacked them, and was repulsed. Eight days afterward, the entrenchment was cannonaded and bombarded, and there was on every side a pertinacious and most desperate assault. This too failed: but as the ill-constructed parapet was laid in ruins, they escaped down the precipices by night, amid the sentinels of the beleaguerer, and posted themselves at some distance in the *Pré du Tour*, a small plain surrounded by the wildest mountains, where their ancestors like themselves had displayed such courage as never was exhibited in any region of the earth, by any other portion of the human race.

Peterborough. Are you not ashamed of being so eloquent?

Penn. I know nothing of oratory: I carry no piece of tape

to measure periods ; but reflection shows me that the greater part of the most eloquent books that ever were written might with more advantage be cast into the ovens of Paris and London, than placed in the hands of the young and inconsiderate. Philosophy, whatever it may do hereafter, has done little good at present ; and History has reserved all her applauses for the destroyers of mankind. Point out to me one single schoolmaster or professor, in any age, who has not applauded the speech of Alexander to Parmenio : that, if he were Parmenio, he would sheathe the sword. Was the man so besotted as not to see clearly that Parmenio spoke in the interests of humanity and in the opinion of all nations, and that he himself spoke not even in his own interests, and directly against the well-being of the world ?

Peterborough. What an unfortunate man was Ludlow, not to have been present at the battles of these brave fellows ! He left their vicinity just before, and came into England, hoping to end his days among us. I met him in Westminster Abbey the morning of that memorable sitting when Sir Edward Seymour, who enjoyed the General's estate at Maiden Bradley, moved the House of Commons for an address to the king, praying that he should be arrested. Whiggism prevailed : and the soundest and sincerest friend of liberty went again into exile for the constancy of his attachment.

I was struck by the manly, calm, unassuming, military air of a robust and fresh-colored man, about seventy years of age, who stood before me with his eyes fixed downward on one spot. Being neither very shy, nor more disposed to balk my curiosity than my other propensities, I bowed to him respectfully, and expressed my persuasion that whoever was interred there merited the sympathies of the nation.

" Young gentleman," answered he mildly, " you do not know, apparently, whose bones have lain here ? "

" Certainly not, sir," I replied ; " but probably many men's in many ages : for, whatever may be the respect which, in this place above others, is paid to the deceased, it will not ensure to their bones an undisturbed and permanent station."

" If it could," replied he, " surely those of the most prudent, humane, intelligent commander that ever led Englishmen to victory would not have been disinterred."

" The felonious Stuarts and their insatiable jackals," cried I,

"prowled after rotten carcasses, and had more stomach to lap congealed blood than to fight for fresher. And there are sycophants yet among us who would excite our commiseration for their chastisement. The same fellows, next week, will be just as loyal and religious in extolling the powers that be."

He seemed neither to notice my expressions nor to partake in my emotion, but, laying his hand gently on my shoulder, said, gravely and tenderly, "Even generous enthusiasm leaves men sometimes ungenerous. We have removed the evil; let us pardon and forget it. Let us imitate, as far as we can, him whom we ought rather to think on than on the Stuarts. We are treading the ground that covered Blake; the man of men."

Roused to higher enthusiasm by his calmness than I could have been by his eloquence, if he had any, I seized him by the hand, and swore by God the eulogy was merited and true.

Penn. And God will forgive thee; for though thou didst (as many wise men will tell thee) take his name in vain, never was it taken in adjuration less in vain than then. Some admirals have maintained the glory of England; some have increased it: he found it lower than that of Holland, of Spain, or even of France, and raised it by his genius and valor far above them all. The hope is more reasonable that we may never want such men again than that we shall ever see them.

Peterborough. Hold! friend William! With your leave, I will entertain both hopes alike; little as is the probability that, if any admiral shall equal him in the union of nautical skill and moral bravery, the same person will be equally grave, disinterested, dispassionate, humble, and tender-hearted. I agree with you that no fighting man was ever at once so great and so good a man as Blake; and since History does not inform us that there has been, Reason does not encourage us to believe that there will be at any time hereafter: but Hope may whisper when these are silent. In all ages, party and self are the prime movers of human action, and never were they more busy than in the whole of his lifetime. Firm as he was in the principles of republicanism, he belonged to no party, and was as far removed from selfishness as from faction. He declined the honors of the State, he avoided the acclaim of popularity, he won battles against calculation, he took treasures above it, he lived frugally, he died poor.

Ludlow was moved by the earnestness of my language and demeanor, and said, gracefully, "Sir! I perceive you are a military man; so was I, while I had any existence as an Englishman."

"How, sir!" exclaimed I.

"They under these stones," continued he, "inherit their place of rest: I come to seek it; and, if rumors are to be trusted, I may fail to find it. Again I behold my beloved country in the enjoyment of peace and freedom. Much of my property, most of my days, all of my thoughts, designs, and labors have been devoted to the consummation of this one event. How gladly have I bestowed them! how gladly shall I bestow the remainder! To see the country I have served by my life and writings is an ample recompense for any service I could render her, and almost comforts me under the privation of friends, associates, and comrades swept away by the storm that split our island and convulsed all Europe."

An old beadle at this moment twitched me by the skirt of my coat and drew me aside. "Have a care," said he, in a tremulous voice; "that is old Ludlow. The Tories would pink him, and the Whigs poison him."

"Faith! honest friend," said I, "you describe the two parties better than any one in the land." Then, turning to the General, I told him he had a right to reprove my forwardness; and in order that he might know on what person the reproof should fall, I gave him my name. He said many kind things, and added some compliments. I regretted that he was not received in the country with public honors, as having been commander-in-chief, and against a family then excluded by a majority of the nation, and now expelled by the whole. My indignation burst out against that wrangler and robber, Seymour, who a few days afterward drove him from the country, lest his virtues should be acknowledged, his sufferings pitied, his losses compensated, and his estates restored.

Penn. We may discourse on better people and better things.

Peterborough. We will then

> Away to the valleys, the mountains, and moors.

Pardon my bad singing. Even your mare flinched at it.

Our accounts of the Valdenses in England have never been explicit and particular.

Penn. Latterly the government has always been unfriendly to the growth of freedom in foreign countries, and to the purity of religion at home: wherefore, as we yield to the impulse it gives, their success or annihilation would concern fewer now than formerly. In the time of Cromwell, this oppressed people was commiserated and protected.

Peterborough. I remember some verses written on their calamities by his Latin secretary, Mr. Milton, a strenuous advocate of their cause.

Penn. And of every cause in which the glory of God and the dignity of man are implicated. He spake with the enthusiasm of a prophet, he reasoned with the precision of a philosopher, and he lived with the purity of a saint.

Peterborough. I love all great men, and hate all counterfeits of them, particularly such as are struck and milled at a blow in the royal mint. Cromwell does not displease me, though I should have fought against him, unless my uncle, who commanded the artillery under Essex, had led me preferably to that side.

Penn. Thou wouldst have judged ill in fighting against him, for his side was the righteous one, — the side of the sufferer and the oppressed: and thou judgest no less ill in saying he doth not displease thee. He is thought to have been a hypocrite for the sake of power; whereas, in fact, he was sincere until power by degrees made him a hypocrite. How little then of it should be trusted to any man, when the wisest and the bravest and the calmest are thus perverted by it! However, in no instance did he exercise his authority to the detriment of his country, which indeed he elevated as high in glory as the hereditary Charles immersed it in disgrace. So great and so desirable a prince as Cromwell never since the creation had been appointed by the Lord of it, to preserve the liberties and to moderate the passions of a turbulent, a factious, and a sinful people.

Peterborough. When so many high-minded men were against him, and those nearest him the most, I wonder how he could contrive to mount above them as he did.

Penn. Whoever is possessed of such a genius, or any thing like it, and is resolved on deception, may rise to the first

distinction: but neither deception without genius, nor genius without deception, will elevate him to that wide prospect of dominion, at which the tempter in his breast says, "This, O my worshipper, shall be thine!"

Peterborough. In general there is as much difference between a usurper and a hereditary king, as there is between a wild boar and a tame one: but Cromwell had nothing in him ferocious; nor had Charles any thing sordid, if we except the abandonment of his friends when they were distressed, and of his promises when they were inconvenient. I disapprove of the clownishness in some and of the levity in others, with which they treated the criminal on his trial; nor do I less disapprove of the slavish baseness, the corrupt sycophancy, with which in his prosperity the king was served by his equals: for above an English gentleman there neither ought to be, nor is there, in character and dignity, any thing upon earth. The king is the work of our hands, we are not the work of his; we existed before him, and shall exist after him: he may do much with us, without us nothing.

Penn. In this thou art wise; and on this secure part of thy wisdom let thy bravery act and rest.

Peterborough. I know not upon what principle the Chancellor Clarendon called Cromwell a *bold, bad man*, unless it were to persuade us that he had read a play of Shakspeare's; in which we find the same words, rather more happily applied. People are bad and good relatively and comparatively. Oliver would have been but a sorry saint, and no very tractable disciple or apostle; nor do I imagine that you would have admitted him without a scrutiny into the Society of Friends: but he was a good father, a good husband, a good companion, a good soldier, and (taking up now the point on which we are to consider him) he was certainly the best usurper, if you can call him one at all, and perhaps the best prince, that ever lived. Mind, I speak of the functions of a prince, not of the accessaries, not of what belongs to the man or the philosopher. You will understand my reason for expressing a doubt of the Protector being a usurper. If he was one, so is the gentleman I helped to introduce from Holland, who is likewise a great man, and perhaps the next in dignity among our rulers. It is childish to talk of illegality because the army was the instrument. The army must always

be the instrument in fundamental changes; and is never so well employed, not even in repelling an aggression. For we are liable to more mischief in our houses than out; liable to equal violence and greater depredation, and that depredation in costlier things; and the injury is the worse as coming from those about us, and trusted by us implicitly in our concerns.

Among such a people as the Valdenses, there is no danger of such a man as Cromwell obtaining an ascendency. They warmed you; which is more than he ever did, I will answer for him.

Penn. The commands and the practice of our teacher do not permit me to applaud the blood-shedder, although in resistance. We hold it unlawful to kill a fellow creature for any offence whatever.

Peterborough. But if the laws enact it, then surely it is lawful.

Penn. There is a law above the passions, above the mutabilities of man, from which whatever is lawful must emanate. Herein the commands of God are clear and definite.

Peterborough. Some of them; others not, — or rather they run quite contrary. You feel greater horror at murder than any people do, and yet you would punish it less severely.

Penn. I deem that offence the worst which tends farthest to deteriorate our social condition. Were it lawful to punish any one with death, it would be the conqueror holding in subjection the people that has not injured him, and that consents not to his domination. If a traveller, who has been robbed and bound by a thief, can unbind himself and recover his property, ye deem him justified in so doing, although he can do it by no other way than by slaying the thief.

Peterborough. Certainly; and praise his spirit.

Penn. If a prince exacteth from his people any part of their substance without asking their consent, or forces them to labor or fight, ye would deem that what is done by force may be resisted by force.

Peterborough. Princes who levy taxes and troops despotically may justly be killed by those who suffer under them, whether born in that condition or not: but every kind of government has made conquests, and has retained them by treaty; these therefore are inviolable.

Penn. By whom were the treaties made?

Peterborough. By the governors.

Penn. But if the majority of the people, convoked and appealed to, did not consent without force or fear to pass under the new ruler, he who holds them in bondage may, according to thy principles and according to worldly justice, be slain by any of the conquered. And until it is agreed and enforced that no nation in Europe shall take possession of another, or of any part, international law will be no better than quibble and contradiction.

Peterborough. He must be a legitimate fool, and of the purest breed, who believes that the powerful will ever cease to exercise their power for its propagation.

Penn. Ye defend the violence done by system, and punish by the gallows the same violence done by poor wretches incapable of reflection; done perhaps from want of food, perhaps from neglect of education, criminal not in the robber, but in the ministers of the prince. If power is ever righteously to be exercised by one State toward another, it is in taking away the means of injustice and cruelty from the administrators, and in restoring to the people their rights. When they once have them, and find them acknowledged, they will fear to hazard the enjoyment of them, as they must do by assailing or injuring another State. For instance, if the French were free, they would have no false appetite: being slaves, they are restless for something to buoy them up from their degradation. They are yet to be taught that Honor may dwell in houses as well as under tents; and that, if they must boast for ever, they may boast of better things than having *served*.

Peterborough. Well said, my Quixote of orders gray! The next proposal I expect from you is the settlement of differences in the Moon; the second, the abolition of the slave-trade; and the third, of the Inquisition.

Penn. As to the Moon, thou hast more to look for there than I have, and I should gladly see thee righted: but oh that God would grant both those abolitions! I do indeed hold it just and reasonable in any powerful people to insist on them.

Peterborough. Insist! When a nation insists on any thing against another, it declares war.

Penn. There is nothing in this life worth quarrelling for, and there is nothing to be gained by it in another: yet, apparently, in the present state of things we never can be long at peace. Our quarrels are as frequent and as irrational as those of children. Since however the great evil of bloodshed must yet for some time continue, let us hope that, if the victory should be ours, the only punishment we inflict on the governors be the civilization of the governed. Let us hope that we may exact the freedom of the Africans and of the Spaniards, and may empty for ever the holds of the slave-ship and the dungeons of the Inquisition. We have the same right to stipulate the one as the other; and a much greater than to demand the cession of a single village, or the transfer of a single man.

Abolish the slave-trade! Ah, who can ever hope it? Whoever shall effect this will have effected more than the twelve apostles. *They* but threw a stone at a sparrow, and did not bring it to the ground; he will have placed his foot upon a serpent, more venomous than ever was feigned by fear or poetry, and will have crushed it in all its folds from the setting sun to the rising. What in comparison have all the philosophers done, or what have all the religious?— they have raised much dust, and have removed little. He indeed hath conquered his enemy, who binds him by moral obligations; he indeed is great and good, who knows how to make other men so; and he is in a worse condition than a slave, who reduces a higher mind to slavery. Incessant horrors haunt him, and eternal punishments (if there be any such) await him!

Princes of the earth! will ye never hear a truth unless what is preached to you by your fellows at the scaffold? Have ye forgotten so soon your last lesson? Alas! must it be repeated to you?

Peterborough. The old admiral would not perhaps have been so civil as to ask the question of them. He would have preached to them when he had cropped the hair from both ears, and had erected a sounding-board to his liking at Whitehall.

Penn. Fools! it is they who make such men as my father. He had his faults: but he feared God and loved his country. Let us honor him! I must ever do it.

Peterborough. And I, too. I admire and venerate many whom I should be glad to fight against.

Penn. Strange creature! Are we then images of clay, baked by children in the sun, to be broken for their entertainment?

Peterborough. The first of us are hardly worth a serious thought.

Penn. And yet how much happiness might even those who are not the first of us confer!

Peterborough. I should have said, *enjoy.*

Penn. I said it.

In the spirit of religion, which is humanity and nothing else, I may nevertheless demonstrate why these children of the mountains fought courageously. They believed that they were protecting the household and the house itself of God; they believed that their sufferings were trials, and that this life was given them for endurance, in proportion to which should be their happiness in the next. Hope is the mother of Faith.

Peterborough. Who has a twin daughter very like her, named Folly.

Penn. Thy father may perhaps have said before thee, what mine often did, that good parents have sometimes worse children than one might have wished. It would, however, be inconsistent in thee to deny that energy and endurance are useful. Now nothing more certainly than Hope gives both endurance and energy to fighting men. If she can likewise give them to the suffering and imbecile, she must appear to thee still more admirable, as doing what is harder and better. Belief in a future state of happiness, as a recompense for unmerited and unavoidable evil, renders men patient and contented: and this effect neither their activity nor their ingenuity, neither their turbulence nor their eloquence, can bring about. It would be strange if that should be a weakness, which all the wisdom in the world cannot equal in its efficacy.

Peterborough. I am glad to hear you talk in this manner upon energy, since it proves that you yourself are not at heart so indifferent to it as the generality of the sect. Their practices would destroy by degrees the vigor of the human intellect; and the most energetic of our actions would be when we sneeze in the sunshine.

Penn. You, my friend, like the generality of mankind, seem to have formed to yourself no idea of energy but in acts of violence. Now there may be as much of it in saving a man from drowning as in drowning him. If indeed we are prone to evil, — which you agree with us in believing, and on which supposition most sects of philosophy and all religions and all laws are founded, — more energy is requisite in doing well than in doing ill. If the mind is subject to its tempests and tornadoes, more strength and firmness are shown amid them by immovability than by velocity. We yield to wrong and falsehood, — if, indeed, I may employ two terms upon one thing.

Peterborough. How is that?

Penn. Wrong is but falsehood put in practice.

Peterborough. Would it not be better to expose the theoretical falsehood and to repress the practical? Or do you look only to the private harm done to yourselves, careless how far the evil may run on through its impunity.

Penn. Falsehood is for a season: truth is eternal.

Peterborough. William! William! the eternity of truth is not yet begun; and the season of falsehood has existed from the creation of man. I do not believe that this will ever cease, or the other ever commence: if it should, nine-tenths of the world will rise against it and overthrow it. Your wild men here will be the only men neutral, not caring an elk's antler about the matter. Those who could disseminate truth, with a large and copious hand, through all the nations of the world abstain from doing it: for there is no great mind without a share of foresight, and no share of foresight that does not glance down occasionally on the sharer. Hence those men calculate how much good the disseminating of truth will do to themselves, and how much good the garnering and secreting of it. Few of them come to any other conclusion than that it is better to hold it back for the present. They put it off from the work-day to the market-day; they put it off from the market-day to the fair-day: and there they walk among the booths and benches, until they find a commodity to exchange for it, — a sword-knot, a ribbon, a piece of purple or scarlet silk, or something that roughens in the hand, like gold. You, adverse as you are to the profession of war, or even to personal defence, are more enthusiastic about the

Valdenses, and (I would swear for you) would fight better for them, than almost any of our noble generals, who would despise them because they fight without uniforms, and who would hate them because they fight for themselves.

You have related these battles with more spirit and energy than become your stoicism, and you leave me only to regret the want of *names* in the recital of heroism. This is the principal defect in modern historians, the worst of which are the English. They see only kings and ministers, and, when they should be busy in action, they sink to the knees in the heavy sands of disquisition. The courage, the firmness, the philosophy, which would have elevated men to the first station in a republic, are mentioned but in their effects. A victory is the king's or the nation's: the head that planned it, the hand that guided to it, are unseen, unknown. Self-devotion to any great cause is without a record, and abstract principles lie among cold reflections. The immortal authors of antiquity chiselled out the more prominent characters, and traced the less: we have only white and black upon one smooth surface.

Penn. Beware! beware! Do not make me more of a republican than I am. Certainly we find the names of fewer great men in our English histories than in the ancient: yet if our nation had produced fewer, our institutions must have been worse. The assertion and the defence of freedom are never made without danger. Some are now living, and many have died lately, who hazarded their properties and lives for public law; and no few lost them for it. Instead of mentioning them with honor and reverence, we calumniate and revile them. This, indeed, will always be the case under the influence of party: but, taking a wider and fairer view of the subject, we find, as thou leadest me to remark, that English writers are less disposed to celebrate English worthies, than are the writers of any other country those who improved its condition and labored for its glory. There are histories, and not deemed bad ones, wherein are omitted the names even of the great citizens by whom our freedom was founded. If the Greeks and Romans had done so, we should not have been supplied with that renovating spirit which keeps alive in us the generous sentiment these ruder but stronger men implanted.

Why dost thou cut the air with thy wand, spurring at once and coercing thy animal?

Peterborough. I was recollecting with admiration the valor of your Valdenses. Glorious! to make such a resistance against a regular force.

Penn. And is it for this only, or for this principally, that they are admirable? Soldiers could not have acted so; for even the best of them are vicious. The very names of vices were unknown for the most part to these persecuted men; insomuch that in the whole of their annals for many centuries we find no instance of juridical animadversion on a single crime. Thuanus informs us that there was not a lawsuit among them until the sixteenth century; when a peasant, richer than most others, sent his son to study the law at Turin, who on his return brought an action against his neighbor for letting some goats eat his cabbage. Pope Innocent the Third was resolved on exterminating them. The French historian, Girard, saith hereupon that nothing in fact drew down so heavily on them the hatred of His Holiness, as the freedom wherewith they reprehended the vices of ecclesiastics.

Now wilt thou tell me that it is a matter of indifference in religion, whether the professors of it persecute and murder us for the detection of iniquity, or search into it and reprove it? Wilt thou tell me that it is better to keep a strong hand over others than over ourselves? or to examine the secrets of their hearts rather than our own? Lax morals may appear for a time opportune and convenient to thee: but wouldst thou wish thy son or thy daughter, if thou hadst one, to experience the utility of them? or wouldst thou choose a domestic, in town or country, as being the wiser or the honester for thinking like thyself?

Peterborough. It would bring him to the gallows within the year: for such fellows can have no sense of honor to direct them.

Penn. Sense of honor, it appeareth to me, is that exquisite perception whereby a man apprehendeth how he may do the most injury to others for the longest time; how he may be most acceptable to society at the least expense or pains. My own sense of it, on the contrary, I would desire to be such as may direct me how to do to others what shall both content

and improve them, not concealing my own infirmities nor exposing theirs. Among you, a lofty spirit must be ever an inflammable one; and Courage hath not room for Patience at the side of her. Ye pardon every thing done against your God, and nothing done against yourselves: which maketh me sometimes doubt whether those who are called liberal may not be peradventure the most illiberal of mankind.

In this country we must assist one another; and the necessity brings its blessing. Our religion and our polity spring alike from a virgin soil: in neither of them are we tethered to the stump of old superstitions. Haply thou art listening so patiently because thou heedest so little?

Peterborough. No, indeed. Not only do I listen to you with patience and pleasure, but even discuss with you such questions as I should nauseate with others; because your religion does not teach you to seek for occasions of hatred on divergences of opinion. Men no longer in wolf-skin but in velvet or brocade, and slit-sleeved and white-handed, still continue to sacrifice human victims, — not indeed with the knife, because the laws wrest it out of the fist, but with heart and soul, — and burn the offender in the fires of their evil passions. I do believe that many of the early Christians (for I know that some of the living) would listen calmly to the most inconsiderate doubts, and would rather suffer pain from them than inflict it for them. But such a spirit never was universal or prevalent. And why? because, as I have said before, and as priests of all sects have agreed, Christianity has never yet taken root in any country under heaven. It resembles what we often see on our tables at the dessert, — dwarf fruits in ornamental vases.

Penn. Idleness is no sign of dignity with us; ministerial prevarication no passport to princely trust. No man's luxuries are here so mischievous as to wring the mouldy morsel from the famished peasant, and to drill his son against him if he should demand it back. The smoke of our chimneys may rise above our roofs unpaid for; and we may see the face of day and the works of God without the demand of a shilling to the showman.

Peterborough. Dear William, no nation pays for light and air, although hearths in many countries are still taxed.

Penn. When human beings are so degraded by slavery as to pay another for the use of their own fire-places and fuel,

they will in the next generation be coerced to pay even for the common air and light.

Peterborough. Your natural calmness, my worthy friend, softly as you speak, hath surely left you. No nation upon earth ever yet submitted to such branding ignominy, such heart-eating despotism. Abuses, however, and something of usurpation, will ultimately find entrance, or force it, even here. Decorations and distinctions are natural objects of desire throughout the world. Religion herself, so pretty and innocent in her girlish days, becomes as she grows up—

A drab of state, a *cloth o' silver* jade:

and, in the midst of her finery, she tosses down her gin grenadierly; cries, "Come along with me!" and kicks you if you hang back in going whither she would closet you. Who knows but that friend Penn, some time hence, may be found cutting out a pair of lawn-sleeves from the most approved pattern at the milliners in Lambeth, while the wenches are debating round what color is best for his more sanctified order of the garter, and whether a loop and button on the beaver might not in all righteousness be allowed to his house of peers? It is difficult to say what is the worst part of us: the best part is the possession of good easy fortunes, and the facility of mending them, when they want it, out of any man's shop we choose to enter. But the worst of Religion is, in my opinion, her wilfulness in having tragedies acted by her own servants, when there are so many fine pieces performed in other houses, with universal applause.

Penn. Friend Mordaunt, I do not require of thee to speak gravely; thy high spirits and wittiness become thee: and truly I love to see every man as Nature formed him, bating his propensity to selfishness and injustice, by which we are most of us influenced unless we check them. These are the causes why the decorations and distinctions thou mentionest are so generally the objects of desire, that thou deemest them naturally so, and universally. Men see them belonging to others who are without merit, and are angry at it; yet would they themselves snatch them from people who have merit. But suppose that, instead of garters under the knee like hoydens, and buttons big as sun-flowers on the left pap, ye substituted the hearty smile of every house ye entered, a pressure

of the hand for every violence ye had calmed, and the thanks of your own hearts for every wrong ye had redressed, — would the exchange be much against you? These trappings and accoutrements, this holiday bravery of groom-boy harness, can influence our people no more than the feathers and ochre of our brethren in the woods. Where there is cleanliness and decency there is usually content: the same well-regulated mind produces both. Ambitious men I have always found disorderly and sordid.

Rising out of a condition so different from the barbarous one, wherein Feodality set up her lions and leopards and other wild creatures, real or feigned, which ye not unaptly call your supporters, we must undergo some ages of savage life in these forests, we must be hunters and murderers and oppressors, long before we can raise ourselves to the same line with you. And what advantages, I will not ask thee, can others derive from it, but what dost thou thyself? Art thou not indignant and scornful that others are preferred to thee? This indignation and scorn could not arise, were your institutions good and fitting. Wherever institutions are not deplorably imperfect, a wise man will find employment for his wisdom. The best carpenter will have work given him, even in places where little judgment is exercised. Shall, then, he who is most capable of acting or of reasoning be neglected or unemployed?

A house of peers in Pennsylvania! I have no mistresses; nobody has cut another's throat for me; nobody has increased my prerogative by his interpretation of my laws: on what grounds, then, can I erect a house of peers? and on what other canst thou trace the foundation of one anywhere?

Peterborough. It is wiser and pleasanter to look at the consequence than at the origin. Polished manners, and that mutual civility which you inculcate and exact, are acquisitions from aristocracy —

Penn. Made, no doubt, under those who, like lampreys, have always their heads on the ground, wriggling their bodies incessantly: and for what? why, to suck a stone.

Peterborough. Faith! there are many of them who suck better things than that; and whose suckers are of such strength and dimensions they can wrinkle your pockets and bags across the seas. I am no courtier, nor ever shall be.

Soldier I am, and shall be always, and equally in readiness, whether in the field or out. This must depend upon the cabinet, as such things are fitly called.

> In games of politics and games of cricket
> Some must stand out while others keep the wicket.

There is a rhyme for you.

Penn. Truly, I should have suspected it of being one.

Peterborough. Suspect as acutely that I did not take my seat to serve or to sleep on it. If I act and think for myself at present, dependent as I am and in pupilage, there is little danger that a place in the peerage will teach me the trade of a lackey.

Penn. Thou thinkest so; and verily I think so too: but riches make some men vile, as poverty makes others proud. In England, good manners may grow perhaps only in high places; where truly, in the finest seasons, I have met with but scanty crops: the gentry imitate you; the merchants them. Thus far thou art right. But dost thou imagine that good manners may not spring up from under every form of government? The Goths brought them into Europe; the Moors perfected them: yet should we not have had them without the Goths or Moors? Or would we desire the Goths or Moors again with us, because we happened to derive from them a modification of good manners? Hast thou ever witnessed a single uncivil act or unbecoming speech within the fortnight thou hast spent among us?

Peterborough. I must acknowledge I never found anywhere such concession and conciliation. In the French there is a glossiness of character: they are easily broken and easily fused again, and are the best when they are the most superficial. What a scoundrel in scarlet was Richelieu, because he had one tendon more in him than the generality have, and was always springing upon it!

Penn. His intellect (if his writings are any proof) was indeed very limited; and its limits were contracted into a smaller compass by his jealousy and vanity: but his confidence gave him power, and power increased his confidence; so that he overthrew many men stronger than himself. He however had them in a slippery place to trip them up in. A

mere child, with a king in his hand, may break many heads and close many eyes about him.

I find, friend Mordaunt, thou wilt soon be one of us.

Peterborough. How so?

Penn. Thou beginnest to speak plainly, albeit thou, in speaking of the man Richelieu, usest a term eschewed and dropped by us friends.

Peterborough. By another such deduction you may argue that I am growing old.

Penn. Nay, there the deduction is too fine for me: take it up and trace it, I pray thee.

Peterborough. I begin to speak plainly, and must therefore be soon one of you, since you speak so. That I am growing old is as clear, since I have begun to be fond of young girls.

Penn. Out upon thee, filthy man! When wilt thou sober? Didst thou ride up so closely to me to whisper that? Away, away! Thou wilt not desert thy country for the French, I think: but we may discuss the matter of politeness in which they excel, as they teach us. Compared with one of our society, who claim none of it, a Frenchman would appear to thee the more polite, from thy preconceived ideas of politeness; and an Englishman more hearty, from preconception also. For the foundation of civility it is requisite that all malignity be smoothened, and that evil-speakers be inhibited like evil-doers.

Peterborough. You must purify our English blood then. We have within us that acrid salt which effloresces eternally, and which, it appears, we must rub off one against the other. The French, and the continentals in general, indulge in evil-speaking only as the groundwork of witticisms. The Englishman is contented with it crude and massy, and returns day after day to the identical dish hot or cold, seasoned or unseasoned, with an incurious, equable, persevering, straightforward appetite. I have known even our women, and those the mildest and most religious, insinuate such things of their acquaintance as would discredit the whole family, and render it wretched throughout its existence.

Penn. Yet thou couldst listen to these sirens; and not only while they sang, but while they were tearing the flesh from their prey!

Peterborough. We must take the evil with the good: the

region of spices bears the *upas-tree.* Certain they will speak ill of me when I have turned my back, I defer the moment as long as I am able.

What is here? Wheel round the black mare, William, or you will see what you would rather not.

Penn. Where? show me it.

Peterborough. I did not believe that you countenanced any kind of gaming.

Penn. We forbid it rigorously.

Peterborough. What are those men about yonder, with several looking on? They surely are drawing lots.

Penn. Those four men upon the bench under the old acacia?

Peterborough. The same.

Penn. They are deputed to judge a cause. We have no solicitors, as thou knowest: every citizen stateth his own case; four intelligent men are appointed by lot as judges, in presence of the litigants; they draw a second time, and he to whom the lot falls decides the question.

Peterborough. You disclaim all honors and distinctions; yet do not you entitle these men judges?

Penn. While they are: to-morrow one of them may be called the hatter, another the mason, another the skinner.

Peterborough. Ha! no wonder that fellow is upon the bench.

Penn. Thou knowest none more prudent in investigating, more patient in deliberating, or more upright in deciding. Despise him not because his skins are in his shop rather than upon his shoulder, nor because an ox's is not an ermine's.

Peterborough. What salaries have these people? Or rather, what compensation for loss of time?

Penn. Thou speakest too good English. Loss of time! this at least is not the portion of it that is lost. We repay them as is reasonable for the good they do.

Peterborough. That is what I asked: but how?

Penn. By enabling them to do more good.

Peterborough. The honesty and rectitude of your people would induce those of every nation to a commercial intercourse with them, if your agricultural occupations allowed it.

Penn. It is untrue that nations cannot be at once agricultural and commercial. That the most commercial are the most agricultural, the States of Holland and indeed the Nether-

lands at large are evidences; and, in another hemisphere, China. Attica, composed of rocks, was better cultivated than Sparta. Carthage and Alexandria, Bruges and Dantzic, put into motion fifty ploughs with every rudder.

Remove from mankind the disabilities that wrong systems of government have imposed, and their own interests will supply them both with energy and with morality. I speak of men as we find them about us, possessing the advantages of example and experience.

Here we are at home again. Thy valet is running hitherward with his hat off, beating the flies and gnats away. My helper, Abel, standeth expecting me, but knitting hose.

Abel! Abel!

Abel. Friend, what wouldst thou?

Penn. Take my mare and feed her. Hast thou dined?

Abel. Nay.

Penn. Art hungry?

Abel. Yea.

Penn. Greatly?

Abel. In thy house none hungereth painfully: but verily at this hour my appetite waxeth sharp.

Penn. Feed then, first, this poor good creature, the which is accustomed to eat oftener than thou art, and the which haply hath fasted longer.

Abel. Thou sayest well: it shall be done even as thou advisest.

Peterborough. There are only three classes of men that we in general have no patience with, — superiors, inferiors, and equals. You have given me abundant and perpetual proofs that you can bear the two latter; and I am persuaded that you would place any decent one of the former in the same easy posture, if God, decreeing his happiness or amendment, should ever direct him toward you.

XXI. NICOLAS AND MICHEL.

Nicolas. Well, my brother! you have been among the frequenters of court and coffee-house more recently than I have; pray tell me what is the opinion, or rather, what are

the opinions, of people in general on our march against Constantinople.

Michel. Brother, we were not educated on the principle of noticing the ideas of the powerless. Our policy has ever been invariable, whether in the hands of the intelligent or of the ignorant. The men who surrounded Catharine, who conversed with her, who corresponded with her, left behind them the mark of the axe at certain distances in the forest we are penetrating, and we have only to look over the chart and give directions.

Nicolas. Very true. Other States enjoy no such advantages: intrigue runs into intrigue; duplicity doubles upon duplicity; the cable too much twisted cuts itself, and the anchor lies flat along the sand. To undo the labors of a predecessor, and to denounce the fallacy or the folly of his projects, is the chief business of a prime minister in every other cabinet. Have you been able to find out nothing in regard to their sentiments?

Michel. If any thing were in them, I might have found it out. Gravity, honesty, fairness, unreservedness, reciprocity, and a sincere and disinterested love of peace and order, are in the eyes and upon the lips of all diplomatists. The King of England regards you as his brother; the King of France embraces you as his son; the Emperor of Austria rode side by side with your illustrious predecessor, whose views were the same as his; and he never will believe it possible that your Imperial Majesty, equally wise and magnanimous, can change one tittle. There are those who whisper the contrary, but none heeds them.

Nicolas. Palaces should have no whispering galleries, or they should be left to the women and pages. So Francis says he is resolved not to believe what they tell him, and what he sees: well, I am the last man in the world who would shake his belief, seeing it firm and fitting.

Michel. He added, If his majesty the Autocrat of all the Russias had declared war against the Turk to protect the Greek a few years ago, while a million or two were living, such war perhaps might have had its plea and its abettors: but since in the whole of the Morea, in the whole scene of the war, there are not forty thousand adult males surviving, nor the same number of females of an age to reproduce them;

since all the boys and girls in the country do not amount to thirty thousand, — it surely requires a second thought whether war should be lighted up in the centre of Europe for so minute an object. His Majesty the Emperor of Austria is himself of a different opinion: he has received positive information from indisputable authority, from eye-witnesses, that such was the wretchedness of the Greeks, brought on them by their rebellion, many who never had fought came forward in the line of march and threw stones or even berries and grass at the Turks, that they might finish their existence less criminally than by suicide, and less miserably than by famine.

Nicolas. Great God! is this true?

Michel. I asked the same question of the traveller: he saw it.

Nicolas. I am ashamed of my supineness. Merciful Father of mankind, forgive me!

Michel. Many were driven mad by thirst and hunger, many by desperation, many by the sight of the last child carried off by the Arabs; and there was one — he was more frantic than the rest, but he was of briefer agony — who yet remembered the name of every hill and mountain he had seen or heard of, and called on each and on all to cover him: for he had caught his infant's breath as it left the body in his house, and had not dared to go forth and bury it with Christian burial.

Nicolas. If these things were false, they would have been said before. Wisdom and Truth are unwinged deities, and are less to be known by their features than by their tardiness and taciturnity. I might have died, and have never known half the justice of my cause. Policy is a jealous and a selfish thing; and Honor is quite as jealous, quite as selfish. Here find we more than state-papers can enwrap, more than manifestoes dare make manifest. A million hearts shall heave these wrongs to God, a million swords shall avenge them. Are there men upon earth who dare commit them, and none to say, "Ye shall not do it"? What! my brother of Austria talks of moderation and forbearance. Let him open the prisons of Mantua a few moments, not for pardon, not for remission, but only that the captive may see, looking close, whether his finger has inscribed on the slippery green wall the right year of our Lord in the right place, or one upon

another, ten, eleven, twelve. Let him, in his imperial bounty and apostolic piety, add a mouthful of fresh air from the marsh, and a slip of sunshine that the dogs on the outside have done with; let him, freely and boldly: I will not protest against his encouragement of secret sects and novel opinions. He talks then of the centre of Europe, does he? My torch is in the extremity of it: he may decide whether I shall carry it to the centre. Our brother Alexander grew lazy and fond of pleasure: he deferred the declaration of hostilities too long. I know not whether his delay of them cost him his life or not: certain I am our nation would have risen in arms against him, and against me likewise, had our religion been longer oppressed, our honor insulted, our armies defied, and our treaties violated. Let any potentate in Europe give me an example of so just a war. The strongest of our arguments is the declaration of our enemy that he was deceiving us with pacific protestations, and that he never intended to comply with the arbitration he recently had accepted and long solicited. I regret that it is impossible for a king or emperor to obtain the whole truth from any man, excepting some one perhaps in his own family; and this one is generally on the least friendly terms with him. My regret would, in my own particular case, have been the lighter, if you, my dear Michel, could have carried my wishes into execution, and could have conversed at this crisis on terms of equality and intimacy with intelligent and well-informed strangers.

Michel. While I was at Moscow I met an Englishman, who intended to travel through the empire, and to whom, on his presentation to me, I gave all the facilities I could.

Nicolas. Are you sure he is not a spy?

Michel. If he is, I shall have a better opinion of his government than it ever has deserved in the memory of man. It has employed in no department, from the lowest to the highest, a functionary of equal perspicacity. He had left Constantinople about two months, and he confirmed to me the news that the Duke of Wellington has placed himself at the head of the administration.

Nicolas. I know not whether this event is at all unfavorable to me. It must be regarded in two points of view. During the war, while he held the command of the army, he showed the light of his countenance to those officers only

whose families were strong in parliamentary interest: whether he did this according to orders from the ministry, or with private and remoter views, is at present no subject for inquiry. He must now make the fortunes of his military supporters, and not only of those, but of the new generation, their sons and nephews, who were children at the close of hostilities. These must be provided for; and war is the only means: such is the system of government in England. But England, who suffers more by beating than by being beaten, is, relatively to the other States of Europe, less powerful than she ever was; and nothing but invasion or madness could incite her, for the next half century, to take up arms. The slower the nation is, the readier will be the aristocracy, which must now become all-powerful. Popular power and popular feeling are odious to the Duke of Wellington; and he has exercised his usual judgment in seizing the moment when both are at the lowest. The few persons in the House of Commons, on whom the country had any reliance, have abandoned the hopeless cause, and have made their patriotism very palatable. We may safely admit them to kiss our hands, when the pages have removed our hats and gloves from the antechamber. I had persuaded Mr. Canning to join with France in sending troops against Ibrahim. Every thing was ready: the two nations would have quarrelled within six weeks. England, it must be confessed, never, in these last fifty years, had a minister so prudent and wary in continental politics as Wellington. He foresees the consequences of such a step; and, not only from hatred of the Greeks and their adherents, but from sound policy, will keep his troops away. The French are impetuous and thoughtless; they may invade the Morea, not with the design of aiding the insurgents, nor with the hope of holding the country and thus rendering the Seven Isles of no utility to England, but in order to exchange it for Crete or Cyprus. I was unable to avert the war: I was unwilling to defer it; nor indeed could any time be more favorable for my operations, unless it should be two years hence, when the Duke of Wellington may be called to settle things upon a durable basis. The French government and I must let him have a war: the best plan will be to draw lots which shall gratify him. One or other must do it; else things in England cannot go on quietly, and

the aristocracy will be little better than the higher classes of the people.

Michel. The Turks appear to be more angry both with France and England than with us.

Nicolas. A sense of indignity is stronger among the Turks than among any other nation upon earth. From me they expected open war, and have it: from France and England they expected protection, and experience perfidy. To me they would rather open the gates of Constantinople, than to them the harbor of Navarino.

Let me hear the remarks of the traveller.

Michel. Before the troops began to march, he waited on the Governor of Moscow with a plan of operations.

Nicolas. Depend upon it, he is a spy then. How the English are changed! The French Revolution has altered the French but little, the English totally. The Gallic twigs shook and bent and lost some leaves, but rose up again in the same direction, resumed the same form, and displayed the same fruits and foliage. Whatever was light and worthless in France seems to have been blown across the Channel, and to have taken root in England. I do not complain of military government; an excellent thing, temperately used: but I little apprehended that the English would so readily submit to it.

Michel. Something of this occurred to the traveller, who remarked that the condition of England is at present what the condition of France was at the dissolution of the Directory. Stock-jobbers ruled; persons of the highest rank visited and courted them: they were raised to dignities above the defenders of the nation. The only sign of prosperity was the profusion and waste of public money. Where the taxes are enormous, said he, nobody cares who rules, or how he rules. The distress of families, penury, want, are directly and in themselves but minor evils: worse are the prostration of public honor, the prostitution of private dignity, contempt of old usages, indifference to improvement, hopelessness at last and apathy, even in those who would have given their lives to their country.

Nicolas. Spies often talk in this florid way.

Michel. When your Majesty sees the whole plan, you may think differently of the author.

Nicolas. Do you recollect it?

Michel. Yes, together with what he said to me politically.

Nicolas. I will not again interrupt you; let me hear it.

Michel. These were nearly his words: —

Ere you attempt to carry a plan into execution, you must not only look toward the road before you, but sometimes on each side and behind. Russia no doubt is in good intelligence with Sweden and Prussia, whose interest it is at all times to be in harmony with her.

Nicolas. He speaks wisely: if he is not a spy, he ought at least to be a privy councillor.

Michel. The better to ensure the friendship and co-operation of Sweden, I would resign to her, said he, that portion of Finland which was last detached from her, together with the whole of Lapland, on condition that she supply to me her maritime force during eight months, the Emperor paying the seamen and provisioning. The King of Sweden is ambitious of possessing the entire peninsula; and what is proposed to be ceded is worth little to Russia.

I hardly dare mention what he added.

Nicolas. Speak plainly, my dear brother: he appears no fool.

Michel. He observed that the French nation is in an indescribable degree attached to the Polander; and that not only throughout France, but equally throughout Germany, the sentiment is prevalent and universal. He recommended that, until the capture of Constantinople, no direct answer should be given to foreign ministers; that nothing should be said further than His Imperial Majesty, having shown a forbearance from hostilities unexampled in the history of any powerful nation, is resolved to show a disinterestedness yet more remarkable, and to make such cessions of conquest as will not only satisfy but astonish Europe.

Nicolas. What can he mean?

Michel. That your Majesty will grant to Mehemet Ali the possession of Syria, Arabia, Cyprus, Egypt, and Mauritania, the Euphrates being the boundary on the east in its whole extent. I may now revert to Poland.

Nicolas. Now, indeed, you may.

Michel. He recommends that your Majesty should cede to the King of Prussia, to be governed by his second son and

the heirs of that prince, the provinces of Varsavia, Grodno, Minsk, and Volhynia, on condition that Prussia joins to it all her possessions on the right of the Vistula, and whatever she retains of ancient Poland on the left; and furthermore that Austria restores Gallicia. This compact, he says, would be disadvantageous to Prussia, unless you erected in her favor a kingdom of Dalmatia, adding to it Croatia, Bosnia, Servia, and Albania, and bounding it by the river Verdar in Macedonia, and by the ridges of Olympus.

Nicolas. What would Austria say?

Michel. He proposes that the favorite plan of Austria should be executed, though not exactly in her manner. He would allow to the Archdukes of Austria the whole of Italy, which would quietly and gladly submit to them if constitutions were granted. The Duke of Modena is detested for his avarice, his treachery, his cowardice, and his cruelty; the King of Sardinia is unpopular; his heir is distrusted and despised alike by the prince and people, and he would think himself fortunate to possess the island. What the Switzers hold in Lombardy may be recovered by payment of the money for which it was pledged. All that country, all the country from the torrent at Nervi, near Genoa, to the source of the Trebia and to the mouth of the Po, should constitute one kingdom for an archduke: another should possess the kingdom of Adria, from the mouth of the Po to the Gulf of Taranto, bounded by the Apennines on the west. The kingdom of Etruria should extend from the bridge of Nervi to the Tiber, and follow the Teverone to its source. The city of Rome, within the walls, might be the Pope's.

Nicolas. But the kingdom of Naples, must it be ceded to an archduke? Would France and Spain consent to it?

Michel. Sicily is more than enough, he thinks, for kings hardly on a level either in intellect or information with the wretchedest and most sordid on the Atlantic coast of Africa. He supposes that Russia, Prussia, Austria, Sweden, and England, are unanimous. France and Spain have nearer interests, and may be called home if they stir. By these arrangements, the families of the Emperor of Austria and King of France would govern a larger population in Europe than your Majesty, and England a larger in Asia. What right or reason, then, has any one of them to complain of an undue

weight in the balance? Russia would be surrounded by States incapable of molesting her; while Prussia would be well indemnified for a narrow and barren coast, easily to be taken from her in the first war with Russia or with France.

Nicolas. I may abstain from seizing all I could seize; but I do not like to give up any thing I possess.

Michel. An objection foreseen by the traveller, who adduced many proofs of shortsightedness in politicians from what he called this distemper.

Nicolas. Will others do it if I do?

Michel. Again his very words! This reflection, he said, throws a damp on nearly all generosity, and stints the higher growth to the standard of the lower. *Will others do it if I do?* blights more good than takes growth: and, *If I do not, others will*, prompts to more evil than is allowed to lie inert.

Nicolas. Plausible! there is something in him. What were his military views?

Michel. Principally, to follow the march of Cesarini; to secure a strong position or two on the right bank of the Danube; to be perfectly sure that the Governor of Servia is in your interest, and to render him completely so by granting him the government for life; by no means to invade that country, or any part of Bosnia, or more of Bulgaria than the frontiers; to seize or blockade every port and roadstead, and to occupy or observe all the stronger of the positions, from the mouths of the Danube to the canal of Constantinople. For this purpose in particular the Swedish fleet is desirable. The expense, which may appear to be greater than of forces equally numerous that march by land, is much less. The roads of the sea are not to be broken up by the enemy's pioneers; the cattle, safely stored in the small compass of barrels, are not to be driven off; ambuscades there are none here; horses are not left behind for want of provender, for want of shoes, for wounds, or for diseases.* Battering trains do not here consume what would almost be sufficient for the sustenance of the armies; and the broken carriages of abandoned cannon do not impede the passage of the troops. In attempting to penetrate the mountains of Balkan, in which many thousand soldiers must perish, a part only of the provisions can accom-

* This was published seventeen months before the passing of the Balkan, and the loss of 10,000 horses and oxen.

pany the army ; and the enemy will have daily opportunities of attacking it with advantage. He may delay it throughout the months of July and August, when the plains are burned up, and neither provender nor water can be procured sufficiently. Fevers too will be prevalent among you ; and certainly not a third of your forces can be brought, after those months and that march, against Constantinople. Coast the Black Sea with successive armies and incessant debarkations. Water and provisions of every kind may partly be found and partly imported ; places may be taken as there are opportunities, without any great care whether in order or not. Perhaps it might be more advantageous to take Sisepoli before Varna, since it would impede the provisioning both of Varna and of Bourgas. Neither Rudshuk nor Silistria need be besieged : every place lower than Silistria should be occupied by gun-boats.

Nicolas. We must go regularly to work : we must take the strong places along the Danube.

Michel. The stranger thinks differently, for this reason : In the strong places great magazines are formed, and they are well garnished with cannon ; but the Turks have few waggons, few tumbrils, few beasts of burden in them ; and those in the country will be seized by our Cossacks, as well as the grain, the straw, and the hay. So there is no danger of their rising in the rear of you ; and, were it possible, you have always a force equal to theirs, in readiness to occupy the positions.

Nicolas. The distance is greater by the Black Sea.

Michel. Somewhat ; but the march is to be performed in less time. You have always one flank protected ; you have always fresh food ; you have always fresh water ; you have wine, brandy, medicines, iron, wood ; you have, instead of heat and dust and suffocation, temperate and salubrious breezes ; you have frequent and commodious places for halting, and, what always should be well considered, readier and less painful means of carrying off the sick and wounded. You never need fight, unless where your fleet and gun-boats can co-operate. Quantities of projectiles to any amount may attend the army. If such as have lately been invented are employed by your forces, undiminished and healthy as they would be, Constantinople cannot resist forty hours, and must fall before

the end of August. The city will blaze in all quarters, partly from your fire against it, partly from the indignation of the janizaries and their adherents, and partly from the revenge of the Armenians and Greeks. Your Majesty will then enjoy the opportunity of bestowing a forfeited empire on an inveterate enemy. By the cession of all his European dominions to you, any part of them which may be occupied by another must be evacuated and restored. By your concession of the rest, Barbary will be no longer a scourge and disgrace to the maritime powers of Europe. Mehemet may reign in Damascus or Alexandria, possessing a territory larger than France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and the British Isles, united, and capable with proper management of supporting more inhabitants than the whole number of his present subjects.

Nicolas. In good truth, Michel, I do not fear any power in Europe. Austria may molest her: I can ruin her. One blow, one treacherous act, and I cast a firebrand into Italy, and another into Hungary, which the world upon it could not extinguish. France here would not oppose me. Who would, then? The season is hot, the wood dry; a spark is enough: I would rather not blow it, lest the blaze extend too far, and the wind carry it back again toward me. There is not a government in Europe, among the greater, which a touch on the exterior might not overturn. Some are laden so heavily with debt, they cannot keep afloat; others swell with gross affronts; and others agonize with broken promises. Then, between ourselves, the rulers are fools and scoundrels, and I begin to suspect such characters are going out of repute.

Did the traveller say any thing of his own country?

Michel. England, he said, is strong in self-defence; but, added he, if her minister had influence enough to bring about a war, the people would refuse to pay the taxes. You and she never need come in contact: you may injure each other's prosperity, you cannot shake each other's power. Let France play with the Greeks until she fall asleep upon them; it is the business of England, who ought to have retained her conquest, to beware that France does not again take Egypt. Let England watch her; do you rather encourage and flatter than perplex her.

Such was the opinion of the imaginary spy.

Nicolas. Send him to me; I will give him an audience and

a star, admit him as a privy councillor, and appoint him to a post on the Caspian.

Michel. I offered him my recommendations: he declined them gravely and respectfully, giving me his reason.

Nicolas. What was it?

Michel. He said that, having lately been conversant with Sophocles and Plato, he entertained the best-founded hopes, in case of a maritime war, he should be nominated, on some vacancy, as worthy of bearing his Britannic Majesty's commission of purser to a fire-ship.

XXII. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND SIR ROBERT INGLIS.

Duke. Good morning, Sir Robert Inglis, I am glad to see you.

Inglis. Your Grace is extremely obliging in fixing so early an hour for the audience I requested.

Duke. We cannot meet too early for business, long or short.

Inglis. The present is most important to the Administration of which your Grace is the main support.

Duke. If you think so, we will despatch it at once. I presume you mean the matter of Lord Ellenborough.

Inglis. Exactly, my lord duke.

Duke. Your objections, I think, rest on something which wounded your feelings on the side of religion?

Inglis. Not mine only, may it please your Grace.

Duke. It neither pleases nor displeases me, Sir Robert Inglis. I am an impartial man; and this is a matter that lies among the bishops.

Inglis. I fear they will not stir in the business.

Duke. The wiser men they.

Inglis. But surely it is most offensive to pay twenty thousand men, and two millions of money, for a pair of sandal-wood gates, which are not of sandal-wood, in order to fix them again to a temple which does not exist: a temple which, while

it did exist, was dedicated to the most immoral and impure of worship; which afterward was converted to a mosque, and is now the receptacle of all the filth in the city that is ever removed at all.

Duke. You say the gates are not of sandal-wood; yet Lord Ellenborough is accused by the Radicals of setting up sandal-wood gates. This is frivolous.

Inglis. He made a proclamation in the style of Bonaparte.

Duke. Not he, indeed; he is no more like Bonaparte than you are. Another frivolous objection. I do assure you, Sir Robert Inglis, he always thought Bonaparte a miserably poor creature in comparison with himself; for, even in his best days, or (to use the word well for once) his *palmy* days, Bonaparte had notoriously little hair, and wore it quite flat. Then, after he made a peace, which to many, who pull back the past to overlay the present, seems as glorious as that which Lord Ellenborough has just concluded, what did Bonaparte? Mind! I am speaking now his lordship's sentiments; for I never speak in disparagement of any person I have been in the habit of meeting in society; but what, in his lordship's opinion, did he, which could excite his envy or imitation? Instead of turning his sword into a pruning-hook, which would have been ostentation and folly in one who never left behind him any thing to prune, and scarcely a pruner, he neglected the only use to which Lord Ellenborough might reasonably have expected him to apply it: he overlooked the obvious utility of its conversion into curling-irons. The cannon his lordship has taken from the enemy, no doubt, will be so employed; at least, they may contribute to it, as far as they go. I do not expect it will be thought advisable, in the present state of her Majesty, to discharge them in the park. Really, I see no reason why, after their remounting, they should not enter on another career of conquest. And where better than against the artillery on the crested heights of Almack's? Do not look so grave, my good Sir Robert Inglis. We are both of us on half-pay in the same department, and our laurels grow rigidly cold upon us.

Inglis. I protest, my lord duke, I do not comprehend your Grace.

Duke. Then we will converse no longer on a subject of such intricacy, in which only one of us has had any practice.

Inglis. He was desirous of ingratiating himself with the Hindoos.

Duke. So he should be. A third frivolous objection.

Inglis. But at the danger of alienating the Mahometans.

Duke. They hate us as you hate the devil; therefore they are not to be alienated. A fourth frivolous objection.

Inglis. My lord duke, I pretend to no knowledge of the parties in India, or their inclinations.

Duke. Then why talk about them?

Inglis. My zeal for the religion of my country.

Duke. What have they to do with the religion of our country, or we with theirs?

Inglis. We, as Englishmen and Christians, have very much to do with theirs.

Duke. Are they, then, Christians and Englishmen? We may worry those who are near us for believing this and disbelieving that; but, until there are none to worry at home, let the people of India fight and work for us, and live contentedly. You live contentedly. But you are too grave and of too high standing to be bottle-holder to conflicting religions. I am sure, Sir Robert Inglis, I would wish fair play and no favor.

Inglis. I trust, my lord duke, I never wish any thing unfair.

Duke. And if I have any reputation in the world, it is for loving all that is most fair.

Inglis. Such is your Grace's character.

Duke. Well, then, let Somnauth and Juggernauth share and share alike.

Inglis. In the bottomless pit?

Duke. Wherever is most convenient to the parties. Juggernauth, I must confess to you, has been taken most into consideration by us, being an old ally, in a manner; and our Government has always paid six thousand a year toward his maintenance.

Inglis. I deplore it.

Duke. Every man is at liberty to deplore what he likes; but really I do not see why you should hit upon this in particular. Not a bishop or archbishop rose from his seat in Parliament to denounce or censure or discommend it; therefore I am bound in conscience as a member of the Church of

England, in duty as a peer, and in honor as a gentleman, to believe it all right.

Inglis. Surely not, my lord duke. I yield to no man in veneration for the Church as by law established, or for those descendants of the Apostles, nevertheless.

Duke. Better that I should be wrong in my theology than they; but I cannot well be wrong when I agree with lords so learned, particularly now you remind me of their unbroken descent from the Apostles. They are the fairest and most impartial men in the world; they let all religions thrive that do not come too near their own. They never cry "stand back" on slight occasions; and I firmly believe you could never engage more than a couple of them to lend a hand at the car of Juggernauth, even in cool weather. Some of them, whose skirts the reformers have been clipping, would be readier than the rest; but they must have a very high minister in view before they would let you buckle on the harness.

Inglis. I respect their motives. In like manner they abstained from voting on the question of the slave-trade. It behooves them to avoid all discussion and disquisition on the policy of ministers.

Duke. So it does you and me. I lean to neither of the contending gods in particular: they are both well enough in their way; if they are quiet with us, let them do as they like with their own people, who certainly would not have worshipped them so long if they had misbehaved. Do not encourage men, ignorant men particularly, to throw off any restraint you find upon them: it is no easy matter to put another in the place, well-looking as it may be, and clever as you may think yourself in cutting it out and fitting it to the wearer.

Inglis. These wretched men have souls, my lord duke, to be saved from the flames of hell.

Duke. I hope so; but I am no fireman. I know what good, meanwhile, may be done with them in the hands of the priests, if you let the priests have their own way; but if you stop their feeds, what work can you expect out of them?

Inglis. So long as they have their way, Christianity will never be established in Hindostan.

Duke. Bad news, indeed! Upon my life, I am sorry to hear it; especially when other most religious men have taken

the trouble to assure me that it would prevail against the devil and all his works. We must not be hasty, Sir Robert Inglis. There are some things at which we may make a dash; others require wary circumspection and slow approaches. I would curtail the foraging ground of an enemy, never of an ally. We must wink upon some little excesses of theirs, while we keep our own men strictly to duty. Beside, we are hard driven, and cannot give up patronage.

Inglis. If your Grace's conscience is quite satisfied that the service of Government requires a certain relaxation in what we consider vital essentials, we must submit.

Duke. Our consciences may not be quite so easy as one could wish, nor are our places; but we must take into consideration the necessity of collecting the revenue in Hindostan; and the priests in all countries can make it difficult or easy. Lord Ellenborough is affable, and I trust he will hang a religion in each ear, so that neither shall hang higher than the other.

Inglis. We are taught and commanded to judge not hastily. Now, I would not judge hastily my Lord Ellenborough; but certainly it does bear hard on tender consciences to believe he entertains that lively faith which —

Duke. Pooh, pooh! If he has any faith at all, I will answer for him it is as lively as a turtle; which, you know, is proverbial: no advertisement calls the thing otherwise. You may call Ellenborough a silly fellow, but never a dull one, unless when wit and humor are required; and business wants none of their flashes to show its path.

Inglis. Belief in his Creator —

Duke. He believes in all of these, better than they believe in him, from those who created him Secretary of State to those who created him Governor-General.

Inglis. I meant to signify his religion.

Duke. He might ask you what that signifies.

Inglis. We require from all the servants of her Majesty, from all who are in authority under her, as our Church service most beautifully expresses it —

Duke. Well, well! what would you have? I will speak from my own knowledge of him: I know he believes in a deity; I heard him use the very name in swearing at his groom; and, on the same occasion, he cried aloud, "The

devil take the fellow!" Can you doubt, after this, that his religion is secure on both flanks?

Inglis. God has, from the beginning, set his face against idolatry.

Duke. I don't wonder. I am persuaded you are correct in your statement, Sir Robert Inglis.

Inglis. He reproved it, in his wrath, as one among the most crying sins of the Jews.

Duke. They have a good many of that description; but they must have been fine soldiers formerly. Do you think, Sir Robert Inglis, they are likely, at last, to get into the Houses of Parliament?

Inglis. God forbid!

Duke. For my own part, I have no voice on the occasion. Other rich folks, quite as crying and craving and importunate, — lawyers more especially, — crowd both yours and ours. But I think a sprinkling of Jews might help you prodigiously just at present; for, by what I hear about them, there are nowhere such stiff sticklers against idolatry, at the present day, as those gentlemen! We both are connected, to a certain extent, with the University of Oxford. Now, people do tell me that many of those who voted for us, as well as many of those who did not, are inclined to a spice of it.

Inglis. They deny the charge.

Duke. Of course they do; so do the people of Hindostan, even those among them who possess no pluralities, no preferment. They all tell you there is something at the bottom of it which you do not see, because you are blind and stupid and unbelieving. They all, both here and there, tell you that, to learn things rightly, you must become a child once more. Now, against the child's doctrine I have nothing to say, but I have a serious objection, in my own person, to certain parts of the discipline.

Inglis. Your Grace is grave, apparently, which could not surely be the case if such abomination were about to be tolerated in our principal seats of learning.

Duke. In truth, I was not thinking about the seats of learning; nor, indeed, do I see any danger in pious men erecting the Cross to elevate their devotion. I fear more the fagot than the solid timber; and, when I know they came out of the same wood, I am suspicious they may be travelling

the same road. But, until an evil intention is manifest, I would let people have their own way, both in Oxfordshire and Hindostan. In regard to giving them money, I leave that matter entirely to the discretion of their votaries.

Inglis. I grieve for this lukewarmness in your Grace.

Duke. It is high time for me to be lukewarm, and hardly that.

Inglis. I did not enter upon politics, or question an officer — a high, a very high functionary of her Majesty — in regard to the expediency of favoring one religion of the Hindoos against the other, and that professed by the more warlike and powerful.

Duke. Did not you? Then what can you question?

Inglis. I question, and more than question, the correctness of his views in winking at impurity; for the worship of the Lingam is most impure.

Duke. We do wink at such things, Sir Robert; we do not openly countenance them. I am no worshipper of the Lingam. I speak as an unprejudiced man; and, depend upon it, if Lord Ellenborough had any tendency to that worship, the priests would make him undergo a rigorous examination, and probably would reject him after all. Nothing in his past life lays him open to such an imputation.

Inglis. God forbid I should imply such an obscenity!

Duke. Do not embarrass by this implication, or any other, the march of a ministry which not only has pointed stakes at every ten yards, but a toll-bar at every twenty. I tell you from my own knowledge, that Ellenborough is only a coxcomb. Respect him, for he is the greatest in the world: and the head of every profession should be respected. What would you have? Whom would you have? You are an aristocrat; you have your title, and, no doubt, your landed estate. Would you send to govern India, as was done formerly, such men as Clive and Hastings? They could conquer and govern empires. What then? Could they keep Ministers and the friends of Ministers in their places? No such thing. Therefore, my good worthy Sir Robert Inglis, do not let us talk any more nonsense together. Our time is valuable; we have not too much left.

Inglis. Whatever, by God's providence, we may still look forward to, let us devote to his service, repressing to the ut-

most of our power all attempts to aid or comfort a false and most impure religion.

Duke. A bargain! we will; that is, you and I. Let us enter into a compact, this very hour, never to worship the Lingam in word or deed. We will neither bow down to it nor worship it, nor do any thing in word or deed which may point to such a conclusion. I promise, furthermore, to use all my interest with her Majesty's Ministers, that they will immediately send a despatch to Lord Ellenborough, ordering him not to set up the gates again in a temple which has ceased to exist for many centuries; but that, as the gates have been carried about a thousand miles, and as we have lost about as many men (to say nothing of field-pieces) in conveying them back, his Excellency do issue another proclamation, empowering six of the Generals and six of the Supreme Council, to leave India forthwith, bearing with them, to show the devotion both of Mahometans and Hindoos to her Majesty, a toothpick-case and twelve tooth-picks, made therefrom, for the use of her Majesty and her successors. Do you ride, Sir Robert Inglis?

Inglis. I have no horses in town.

Duke. My horse is waiting for me in the court-yard, and I think it proper to set my servants an example of punctuality. Perhaps I may have the pleasure of meeting you in the park.

Inglis. I have occupied too much of your Grace's time?

Duke. Very little.

Inglis. I would only beg of your Grace that you prevail on Ministers to hesitate before —

Duke. I never tell any man to hesitate. Right or wrong, to hesitate is imbecility. How the deuce can a man fall while he is going on? If Peel stops suddenly, the Whigs will run in and cut his brush off.

Inglis. God forbid!

Duke. They don't mind what God forbids, not they. A man is never quagmired till he stops; and the rider who looks back has never a firm seat. We must cast our eyes not at all behind, nor too much before, but steadily just where we are. Politicians are neither lovers nor penitents. I see, Sir Robert Inglis, you are in haste. I will lay before Peel, and the rest of them, all your suggestions. In the mean time, be a little patient; Juggernauth is not coming down St. James's Street.

XXIII. BISHOP SHIPLEY AND BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Shipley. There are very few men, even in the bushes and the wildernesses, who delight in the commission of cruelty; but nearly all, throughout the earth, are censurable for the admission. When we see a blow struck, we go on and think no more about it; yet every blow aimed at the most distant of our fellow-creatures is sure to come back, some time or other, to our families and descendants. He who lights a fire in one quarter is ignorant to what other the winds may carry it, and whether what is kindled in the wood may not break out again in the corn-field.

Franklin. If we could restrain but one generation from deeds of violence, the foundation for a new and a more graceful edifice of society would not only have been laid, but would have been consolidated.

Shipley. We already are horrified at the bare mention of religious wars; we should then be horrified at the mention of political. Why should they who, when they are affronted or offended, abstain from inflicting blows — some from a sense of decorousness and others from a sense of religion — be forward to instigate the infliction of ten thousand, all irremediable, all murderous? Every chief magistrate should be arbitrator and umpire in all differences between any two, forbidding war. Much would be added to the dignity of the most powerful king by rendering him an efficient member of such a grand Amphictyonic council. Unhappily they are persuaded in childhood that a reign is made glorious by a successful war. What school-master ever taught a boy to question it? or, indeed, any point of political morality, or any incredible thing in history? Cæsar and Alexander are uniformly clement; Themistocles died by a draught of bull's blood; Portia, by swallowing red-hot pieces of charcoal.

Franklin. Certainly no woman or man could perform either of these feats. In my opinion it lies beyond a doubt that Portia suffocated herself by the fumes of charcoal; and that the Athenian, whose stomach must have been formed on the

model of other stomachs, and must therefore have rejected a much less quantity of blood than would have poisoned him, died by some chemical preparation, of which a bull's blood might, or might not, have been part. School-masters who thus betray their trust ought to be scourged by their scholars, like him of their profession who underwent the just indignation of the Roman Consul. You shut up those who are infected with the plague: why do you lay no coercion on those who are incurably possessed by the legion-devil of carnage? When a creature is of intellect so perverted that he can discern no difference between a review and a battle, between the animating bugle and the dying groan, it were expedient to remove him, as quietly as may be, from his devastation of God's earth and his usurpation of God's authority. Compassion points out the cell for him at the bottom of the hospital, and listens to hear the key turned in the ward: until then, the house is insecure.

Shipley. God grant our rulers wisdom, and our brethren peace!

Franklin. Here are but indifferent specimens and tokens. Those fellows throw stones pretty well; if they practise much longer, they will hit us. Let me entreat you, my lord, to leave me here. So long as the good people were contented with hooting and shouting at us, no great harm was either done or apprehended; but, now they are beginning to throw stones, perhaps they may prove themselves more dexterous in action than their rulers have done latterly in council.

Shipley. Take care, Doctor Franklin! *That* was very near being the philosopher's stone.

Franklin. Let me pick it up, then, and send it to London by the diligence. But I am afraid your ministers, and the nation at large, are as little in the way of wealth as of wisdom, in the experiment they are making.

Shipley. While I was attending to you, William had started. Look! he has reached them: they are listening to him. Believe me, he has all the courage of an Englishman and of a Christian; and, if the stoutest of them force him to throw off his new black coat, the blusterer would soon think it better to have listened to less polemical doctrine.

Franklin. Meantime a few of the town-boys are come nearer, and begin to grow troublesome. I am sorry to requite your hospitality with such hard fare.

Shipley. True, these young bakers make their bread very gritty, but we must partake of it together so long as you are with us.

Franklin. Be pleased, my lord, to give us grace; our repast is over: this is my boat.

Shipley. We will accompany you as far as to the ship. Thank God! we are now upon the water, and all safe. Give me your hand, my good Doctor Franklin! and although you have failed in the object of your mission, yet the intention will authorize me to say, in the holy words of our Divine Redeemer, "Blessed are the peacemakers!"

Franklin. My dear lord! if God ever blessed a man at the intercession of another, I may reasonably and confidently hope in such a benediction. Never did one arise from a warmer, a tenderer, or a purer heart.

Shipley. Infatuation! that England should sacrifice to her king so many thousands of her bravest men, and ruin so many thousands of her most industrious, in a vain attempt to destroy the very principles on which her strength and her glory are founded! The weakest prince that ever sat upon a throne, and the most needy and sordid parliament that ever pandered to distempered power, are thrusting our blindfold nation from the pinnacle of prosperity.

Franklin. I believe *your* king (from this moment it is permitted me to call him *ours* no longer) to be as honest and as wise a man as any of those about him; but unhappily he can see no difference between a review and a battle. Such are the optics of most kings and rulers. His parliament, in both houses, acts upon calculation. There is hardly a family in either that does not anticipate the clear profit of several thousands a year, to itself and its connections. Appointments to regiments and frigates raise the price of papers; and forfeited estates fly confusedly about and darken the air from the Thames to the Atlantic.

Shipley. It is lamentable to think that war, bringing with it every species of human misery, should become a commercial speculation. Bad enough when it arises from revenge, — another word for honor.

Franklin. A strange one, indeed! but not more strange than fifty others that come under the same title. Wherever there is nothing of religion, nothing of reason, nothing of

truth, we come at once to honor; and here we draw the sword, dispense with what little of civilization we ever pretended to, and murder or get murdered as may happen. But these ceremonials both begin and end with an appeal to God, who, before we appealed to him, plainly told us we should do no such thing, and that he would punish us most severely if we did. And yet, my lord, even the gentlemen upon your bench turn a deaf ear to him on these occasions; nay, they go further: they pray to him for success in that which he has forbidden so strictly, and, when they have broken his commandment, thank him. Upon seeing these mockeries and impieties age after age repeated, I have asked myself whether the depositaries and expounders of religion have really any whatever of their own; or rather, like the lawyers, whether they do not defend professionally a cause that otherwise does not interest them in the least. Surely, if these holy men really believed in a just, retributive God, they would never dare to utter the word *war*, without horror and deprecation.

Shipley. Let us attribute to infirmity what we must else attribute to wickedness.

Franklin. Willingly would I; but children are whipped severely for inobservance of things less evident, for disobedience of commands less audible and less awful. I am loath to attribute cruelty to your order: men so entirely at their ease have seldom any. Certain I am that several of the bishops would not have patted Cain upon the back while he was about to kill Abel; and my wonder is that the very same holy men encourage their brothers in England to kill their brothers in America; not one, not two nor three, but thousands, many thousands.

Shipley. I am grieved at the blindness with which God has afflicted us for our sins. These unhappy men are little aware what combustibles they are storing under the Church, and how soon they may explode. Even the wisest do not reflect on the most important and the most certain of things, which is that every act of inhumanity and injustice goes far beyond what is apparent at the time of its commission; that these, and all other things, have their consequences; and that the consequences are infinite and eternal. If this one truth alone could be deeply impressed upon the hearts of men, it would regenerate the whole human race.

Franklin. In regard to politics, I am not quite certain

whether a politician may not be too far-sighted; but I am quite certain that, if it be a fault, it is one into which few have fallen. The policy of the Romans in the time of the republic seems to have been prospective. Some of the Dutch also, and of the Venetians, used the telescope. But in monarchies the prince, not the people, is consulted by the minister of the day; and what pleases the weakest supersedes what is approved by the wisest.

Shipley. We have had great statesmen, — Burleigh, Cromwell, Marlborough, Somers; and, whatever may have been in the eyes of a moralist the vices of Walpole, none ever understood more perfectly, or pursued more steadily, the direct and palpable interests of the country. Since his administration, our affairs have never been managed by men of business; and it was more than could have been expected that, in our war against the French in Canada, the appointment fell on an able commander.

Franklin. Such an anomaly is unlikely to recur. You have in the English Parliament (I speak of both houses) only two great men; only two considerate and clear-sighted politicians, — Chatham and Burke. Three or four can say clever things; several have sonorous voices; many vibrate sharp comminations from the embrasures of portentously slit sleeves; and there are those to be found who deliver their oracles out of wigs as worshipful as the curls of Jupiter, however they may be grumbled at by the flour-mills they have laid under such heavy contribution: yet nearly all of all parties want alike the sagacity to discover that in striking America you shake Europe; that kings will come out of the war either to be victims or to be despots; and that within a quarter of a century they will be hunted down like vermin by the most servile nations, or slain in their palaces by their own courtiers. In a peace of twenty years you might have paid off the greater part of your national debt, indeed as much of it as it would be expedient to discharge, and you would have left your old enemy France laboring and writhing under the intolerable and increasing weight of hers. This is the only way in which you can ever quite subdue her; and in this you subdue her without a blow, without a menace, and without a wrong. As matters now stand, you are calling her from attending to the corruptions of her court, and inviting her from bankruptcy to glory.

Shipley. I see not how bankruptcy can be averted by the expenditure of war.

Franklin. It cannot. But war and glory are the same thing to France, and she sings as shrilly and as gayly after a beating as before. With a subsidy to a less amount than she has lately been accustomed to squander in six weeks, and with no more troops than would garrison a single fortress, she will enable us to set you at defiance, and to do you a heavier injury in two campaigns than she has been able to do in two centuries, although your king was in her pay against you. She will instantly be our ally, and soon our scholar. Afterward she will sell her crown-jewels and her church-jewels, which cover the whole kingdom, and will derive unnatural strength from her vices and her profligacy. You ought to have conciliated us as your ally, and to have had no other, excepting Holland and Denmark. England could never have, unless by her own folly, more than one enemy. Only one is near enough to strike her; and that one is down. All her wars for six hundred years have not done this; and the first trumpet will untrance her. You leave your house open to incendiaries while you are running after a refractory child. Had you laid down the rod, the child would have come back. And because he runs away from the rod, you take up the poker. Seriously, what means do you possess of enforcing your unjust claims and insolent authority? Never since the Norman Conquest had you an army so utterly inefficient, or generals so notoriously unskilful: no, not even in the reign of that venal traitor, that French stipendiary, the second Charles. Those were yet living who had fought bravely for his father, and those also who had vanquished him; and Victory still hovered over the mast that had borne the banners of our Commonwealth: *ours*, *ours*, my lord! the word is the right word here.

Shipley. I am depressed in spirit, and can sympathize but little in your exultation. All the crimes of Nero and Caligula are less afflicting to humanity, and consequently we may suppose will bring down on the offenders a less severe retribution, than an unnecessary and unjust war. And yet the authors and abettors of this most grievous among our earthly calamities, the enactors and applauders (on how vast a theatre!) of the first and greatest crime committed upon earth, are quiet,

complacent creatures, jovial at dinner, hearty at breakfast, and refreshed with sleep! Nay, the prime movers in it are called most religious and most gracious; and the hand that signs in cold blood the death-warrant of nations is kissed by the kind-hearted, and confers distinction upon the brave! The prolongation of a life that shortens so many others is prayed for by the conscientious and the pious! Learning is inquisitive in the research of phrases to celebrate him who has conferred such blessings, and the eagle of genius holds the thunderbolt by his throne! Philosophy, O my friend, has hitherto done little for the social State; and Religion has nearly all her work to do! She too hath but recently washed her hands from blood, and stands neutrally by, yes worse than neutrally, while others shed it. I am convinced that no day of my life will be so censured by my own clergy as this, the day on which the last hopes of peace have abandoned us, and the only true minister of it is pelted from our shores. Farewell, until better times! May the next generation be wiser! And wiser it surely will be, for the lessons of Calamity are far more impressive than those which repudiated Wisdom would have taught.

Franklin. Folly hath often the same results as Wisdom: but Wisdom would not engage in her school-room so expensive an assistant as Calamity. There are, however, some noisy and unruly children whom she alone has the method of rendering tame and tractable: perhaps it may be by setting them to their tasks both sore and supperless. The ship is getting under weigh. Adieu once more, my most revered and noble friend! Before me in imagination do I see America, beautiful as Leda in her infant smiles, when her father Jove first raised her from the earth; and behind me I leave England, hollow, unsubstantial, and broken, as the shell she burst from.

Shipley. Oh, worst of miseries, when it is impiety to pray that our country may be successful! Farewell! may every good attend you; with as little of evil to endure or to inflict, as national sins can expect from the Almighty!

XXIV. WINDHAM AND SHERIDAN.

Windham. It is seldom, Mr. Sheridan, that we have met anywhere out of the House of Commons these last two years; and I rejoice in the opportunity of expressing my admiration of your generous conduct, on an occasion in which the country at large, and I particularly as minister, was deeply interested.

Sheridan. I am happy, sir, to be countenanced by your favorable opinion on any; but I presume you now refer to my speech on the mutiny at the Nore.

Windham. Indeed I do; you stood nobly forth from your party. Never was behavior more ignominious than the behavior of the Whigs has been, systematically, since the commencement of the war. Whatever they could do or suggest to the detriment of their country, or to the advancement of France, they seized on with avidity. But you manfully came forward and apart from those traitors, declaring that insubordination should be reduced, and that rebellion should be crushed. I heartily wish, and confidently hope, that you will display the same energy and decision in the great measure of the Union now projected with Ireland.

Sheridan. I have heard nothing about it, as likely to be carried speedily into execution. But the vast number of indigent and worthless people who have lately been made Irish peers might excite a suspicion that something of moment was in agitation. Many must be bought over again. Such men, for instance, as Hely Hutchinson, Lord Clonmel, Lord Clare, and other exhalations of the bog and dunghill, who have always in readiness for the service of any Administration a menace, a defiance, and a pistol: such men will never be contented with the few thousand of income they have in various ways obtained; their demands will rise with their services, and unless the demands are satisfied the petitioners will turn into patriots. In such a course is usually the beginning or the termination of public men: seldom both. The Irish have begun to learn arithmetic in the English school. Fortunes in this country have risen so high and so suddenly

on the base of politics, as to have attracted the gaze and to have excited the aspiration of Ireland. She sees how the Grenvilles and Temples have always speculated on this grand Exchange. They have bought in and sold out with singular discretion. Hence a family of small pretensions to antiquity, far from affluent until recently, has been somewhat enriched at every generation. Lord Grenville, who receives forty thousand a year from his tellership of the Exchequer, which in time of peace brought him scarcely a tenth, was strenuous for war; while Pitt hung back, in suspense for a moment whether he should comply with the king's wishes or retire from office. The Duke of Portland, as you know, stipulated for a renewal of the lease of Marybone Park, before he would join the ministry with his adherents. The value of this lease is calculated at two hundred thousand. The Irish peers may fairly demand something handsome for the surrender of their power and patronage; I should have added their *dignities*, had I not been aware that either to laugh or to excite laughter is, at times, unseasonable.

Windham. The terms are not exactly known at present; and indeed the business is so complicated, that doubts are beginning to arise whether the scheme will be practicable in the present year.

Sheridan. Much depends on the amount of secret-service money the parliament will consent to vote.

This union might be the greatest blessing that ever was conferred on Ireland. But when I consider how unjustly, how harshly, how treacherously, she has been treated by all administrations, my suspicions rise far above my hopes. It is rumored that the conditions (which however there will be time enough to reconsider and to modify) are less favorable than were granted to Scotland; and that what is, and always has been in every country under heaven, the main object is not to be conceded: I mean the religion of the majority. On the abolition of episcopacy in Scotland, its revenues were applied to the religious and moral education of the people who renounced the old religion, rejected the formulary of the English, and chose another. Surely then in common justice, to say nothing of policy, nothing of conciliation, those from whom churches and church-lands were taken away, having at least as fair a claim to such things as those who never were

in possession of them, should receive the plunder back. In doing this to the full extent, you would still do less for Ireland than was done for Scotland.

Windham. We have always been tender in touching vested rights.

Sheridan. To my apprehension you were not very tender in your touch on the vestment of the Irish Catholic Church. The vestment had, indeed, too many folds and flounces about it, and, instead of covering the brawny shoulders of twenty or thirty fathers, might have been conveniently cut up for the shirts and shifts of as many hundred children. But you never drew out scissors or measure for that purpose: you only stripped the vesture off one fat fellow to clap it on another fatter.

Windham. True enough. The Bishop of Derry's landed property extends, I hear, over a hundred and fifty thousand acres; and cottagers pay thirty shillings a year for half acres, not the best, of this very land. Suppose that at the termination of the war, after hard cruises, hard battles, and harder blockades, all our admirals return home; many with amputated limbs, many with incurable wounds, many (indeed most) with broken or impaired constitutions: raise the number of them to half a hundred, and the consolidated pay of these half hundred great and glorious defenders of their country will be less than the pay of one churchman.

Sheridan. And it is painful to think of how much shorter date.

Windham. Have they no reason to complain of such inequality? Have they no right to check and correct it?

All of what are called church-lands belong to the State, as the Church itself does; and bishoprics have, since the Reformation, not only been curtailed but abolished. If Parliament can take away a whole bishopric, it surely can take away a moiety, especially that moiety which bishops care least about, the temporalities. Grievous responsibility would be thus removed from them. No longer a necessity to rise early and to sit down late, for the purpose of supplying the indigent and afflicted; no longer a solicitude in seeking out the faithful, merciful, discreet, and active almoner; no longer the worldly care of laying aside the larger part of their revenues, in just and exact proportions, for families more or less

numerous, for curates more or less laborious, "for sick widows and young children."

Sheridan. In other parts of Europe to which the Reformation has extended, not only the religion but also its emoluments have been revised and corrected. Government in England should exercise this authority where required. Where there are no, or only few, communicants of the Anglican Church in Ireland, it is expedient for them to remove to places where there are many. At all events I would maintain no church establishment for a less number than a hundred adults.

Windham. There are gentlemen in the House of Commons who insist that where a single man, woman, or child exists in any parish, that parish should enjoy its parson, if Protestant.

Sheridan. But there are many parishes in which there is not a single Protestant, — man, woman, or child; however, as there is a steeple, and not only a steeple but a pulpit, no doubt there should also be a minister of religion for their benefit. If towns which contain several thousand inhabitants have no representative at all, there would be no worse hardship in fewer than one hundred having no established pastor. But this hardship might not befall them, for they might elect one; and they might themselves pay him proportionally to the service he renders; or they might remove into a more convenient and less contracted fellowship. The most pious and serious of the English people are taught the doctrines of the English Church by unendowed ministers. The followers of Wesley do not hanker after gowns and surplices; at least such gowns and surplices as mount the pulpit. Well-educated young men of his persuasion are always in readiness to accept the cure of souls. It is only the earnest and patient who are likely to file the old rust and new paint off the crucifix. The Wesleyans may be too impetuous, heady, and frothy; but a gutter that runs with rapidity is less unwholesome than a stagnant ditch. I feel that I lie open to a charge of partiality in this recommendation of the Methodists; but I do assure you I am not about to join them, and I venture to hope that your smile is not a smile of incredulity.

Windham. Be perfectly at ease. But, seriously, in turning out this acid on such putridity, there would be a violent fermentation: there would be animosities and conflicts. However, what harm if there should be? Turn out the weasel

against the rat, and, at least while they are fighting, neither of them can corrode the rafters or infest the larder. Your countrymen are a joyous and light-hearted people, and run with alacrity to festivals and fairs. They would not so readily fall in with Calvinism; they are more disposed to fighting, frolic, and pardon.

Sheridan. Frolic and pardon they would never find among the Calvinists, who however, in strict justice, would amply make out the difference with fighting.

Windham. We will revert to the right which all governments possess, of curtailing or abolishing the hire of their servants: I admit it. The question at last resolves itself into mere expediency. If our government, after a war, reduces the pay of its soldiers and abolishes altogether the pay of its sailors, it may consistently, justly, and legally do the same in regard to the Church Militant. Whether the pay arises from a turf or from a counter, no matter.

Sheridan. Apply the principle more especially to Ireland. A nation has been misruled for above six centuries by its conqueror. The conqueror has derived the most powerful and efficient aid from it against all his enemies, and wishes to derive more. To accomplish which, a sudden thought strikes him, which never entered his head until now; that, by rendering it more flourishing, he renders it more effectual in his defence. Another sudden thought strikes him. He remembers that, a century ago, he made a compact of Union with another out-lying country, and that both grew richer and happier instantaneously. The out-lying country had fought, and would fight again, for the establishment and maintenance of its religion. The conqueror cares little about the matter as far as God and conscience are concerned, but very much about the interests of some riotous idlers and rich absentees.

Ireland would be contented with a less measure of justice than was meted out to Scotland: and you may gain tenfold as much by it. Scotland has no important bays and harbors: Ireland has more than any country of the same extent.

Windham. More than Norway?

Sheridan. Those of Norway are unimportant, although capacious. Surrounded by barren rocks, affording no anchorage, there is neither traffic nor population. Ireland has better and more than all France. What wars would not

England engage in to wrest them from an enemy? What a bustle in the last century about Dunkirk! and, in the century before, about such a pitiful hole as Calais! A single act of beneficence, of justice, of policy — of policy the most advantageous to ourselves — would render these noble bays and harbors ours for ever, guarded at no expense to us by as brave and loyal a nation as any upon earth. Can stubbornness and stupidity be imagined grosser, than in refusing to curtail the superfluity of about eight hundred inefficient drones, detested in general by the majority of their neighbors, when it would conciliate eight millions, and save the perpetual expenditure of a standing army to control them!

Windham. His Majesty is averse to concession.

Sheridan. His Majesty was averse to concession to America; and into what disasters and disgraces, unexperienced, unapprehended, unheard of among us until his Majesty's reign, did this pig-headedness of his Majesty thrust us down!

Windham. By what I hear, there is also another thing which may disincline the Irish from the Union. Not only will the property of the Irish Catholic Church be withholden from its first destination, — from which destination, I acknowledge, it was forcibly and violently torn away, — but a certain part of our own national debt will be saddled on that people.

Sheridan. What! when we lie on the debtor's side, and they on the creditor's? If Ireland were paid for her soldiers, in the same proportion as we pay for the Hanoverians and Hessians and other Germans, what a balance would she strike against us!

By reducing the English Church in Ireland to the same condition of wealth as the reformed churches of Germany; by selling all church-lands there, and by devoting to the religious and moral education of the people the whole proceeds, in just proportion to the Papal and Protestant communicants, — you would conciliate all farsighted, all humane, all equitable men throughout the island. The lands held under the Crown might also be added.

Windham. Now indeed you are a visionary, Mr. Sheridan! You could sooner uproot the whole island from the Atlantic, than tear from his Majesty an acre of the worst land in it.

Sheridan. I do believe in my conscience he would rather

lose the affection of half his subjects than the carcass of one fat sheep. I am informed that all his possessions in Ireland never yielded him five thousand a year. Give him ten, and he will chuckle at over-reaching you; and not you only, but his own heirs for ever, — as he chuckled when he cheated his eldest son of what he pocketed in twenty years from Cornwall, Lancashire, and Wales. The crown lands in Ireland, unprofitable at present, are large enough to support half a million subjects reduced to poverty and starvation by his oppressive policy and unjust wars.

Windham. You have been suggesting two impracticabilities, however desirable.

Sheridan. Ministers then have been suggesting another, the Union. They may bring about an Act of Parliament called an Act of Union; but they will be necessitated to piece out their parchment with cartridge paper.

Windham. We can have fighting enough on easier terms elsewhere. If the framers of the Union are equitable and indulgent, Ireland in half a century from its commencement may contribute ten millions a year to the national revenue. If they are unjust, not only will she contribute less than half that amount, but she will oblige the Government to keep up a standing army to coerce her. Instead of furnishing us with a third of our forces, she will paralyze a third of them and keep them sedentary.

Sheridan. Beside, she will become a temptation to France and even to inferior Powers to provoke us with aggression and insult, showing them that one hand is tied up behind us. What a farce in the meanwhile is the diversionary talk about the abolition of the slave-trade! What insanity to think of throwing down fifteen or twenty millions to compass an impracticability, to consolidate a dream! Half the money laid out upon Ireland, not in an unmanageable mass all at once, but million by million, year after year, would within ten years render that country prosperous and contented: not, however, if you resolve to proscribe her religion, to strip its ministers to the skin, and to parade before them and their communicants, on their own ground, your greasy pastors, — mere boils and blotches covered with the vestments purloined from their church.

Windham. Indeed it would be well, and certainly is expe-

dient, to conciliate so brave a people. When we are richer, we may encourage their agriculture and their fisheries.

Sheridan. They want no other encouragement from you than equity and security. Let the people be contented, and tranquillity is necessarily the result. Let tranquillity be established, and speculators will cover land and sea with English capital.

Windham. As politicians we may rejoice in a religion which, were the natives in easy circumstances, would be favorable to the fisheries.

Sheridan. At the present time there are millions of Roman Catholics in the country who never tasted fish.

Windham. It must be acknowledged that little has been hitherto effected for the comforts of the people. The first man that ever made a movement to assist them was Lord Bacon. He would have given to them the same advantages of every kind as we ourselves enjoy. Humanity was never very urgent with him; but his consummate wisdom prompted to this counsel. I am afraid we must wait until we have men equally wise among us before the counsel is taken.

Sheridan. What hope then? No nation in Europe has treated the conquered so iniquitously as the English have treated the Irish. We must go back to Sparta and the Helots for a parallel. But Sparta did not send out missionaries to establish her pure faith in other lands: Sparta did not piously curse her poorer citizens if they happened to enjoy one day in seven. We, having such advantages over her, may feel somewhat too confident of God's countenance and blessing, and we may at last encroach and push his patience until he loudly cries out and curses us.

Windham. I indulge in few golden dreams about the green island; but certainly no country is capable of such improvement so easily effected.

Sheridan. Henry IV. expressed a wish and indulged a hope to see the day when every householder in France should have a pullet for dinner once a week: I only wish that every poor Irishman could add a duck annually to his household. Pig and duck (as Lord Castlereagh would express it, if he knew any thing or cared any thing about the matter) play into one another's hands very nicely. Even this addition to the comforts of an Irish family is little to be expected from the framers of the Union.

XXV. LOUIS XVIII. AND TALLEYRAND.

Louis. M. Talleyrand, in common with all my family, all France, all Europe, I entertain the highest opinion of your abilities and integrity. You have convinced me that your heart, throughout the storms of the Revolution, leaned constantly toward royalty; and that you permitted and even encouraged the caresses of the usurper, merely that you might strangle the more certainly and the more easily his new-born empire. After this, it is impossible to withhold my confidence from you.

Talleyrand. Conscious of the ridicule his arrogance and presumption would incur, the usurper attempted to silence and stifle it with other and far different emotions. Half his cruelties were perpetrated that his vanity might not be wounded; for scorn is superseded by horror. Whenever he committed an action or uttered a sentiment which would render him an object of derision, he instantly gave vent to another which paralyzed by its enormous wickedness. He would extirpate a nation to extinguish a smile. No man alive could deceive your Majesty: the extremely few who would wish to do it lie under that vigilant and piercing eye which discerned in perspective from the gardens of Hartwell those of the Tuileries and Versailles. As joy arises from calamity, so spring arises from the bosom of winter purely to receive your Majesty, inviting the august descendant of their glorious founder to adorn and animate them again with his beneficent and gracious presence. The waters murmur, in voices half-suppressed, the reverential hymn of peace restored; the woods bow their heads —

Louis. Talking of woods, I am apprehensive all the game has been wofully killed up in my forests.

Talleyrand. A single year will replenish them.

Louis. Meanwhile! M. Talleyrand, meanwhile!

Talleyrand. Honest and active and watchful gamekeepers in sufficient number must be sought; and immediately.

Louis. Alas! if the children of my nobility had been educated like the children of the English, I might have promoted some hundreds of them in this department. But their talents

lie totally within the binding of their breviaries. Those of them who shoot can shoot only with pistols; which accomplishment they acquired in England, that they might challenge any of the islanders who should happen to look with surprise or displeasure in their faces, expecting to be noticed by them in Paris for the little hospitalities the proud young gentlemen, and their prouder fathers, were permitted to offer them in London and at their country seats. What we call *reconnaissance*, they call *gratitude*, treating a recollector like a debtor. This is a want of courtesy, a defect in civilization, which it behooves us to supply. Our memories are as tenacious as theirs, and rather more eclectic.

Since my return to my kingdom I have undergone great indignities from this unreflecting people. One Canova, a sculptor at Rome, visited Paris in the name of the Pope, and in quality of his envoy, and insisted on the cession of those statues and pictures which were brought into France by the French armies. He began to remove them out of the Gallery; I told him I would never give my consent: he replied, he thought it sufficient that he had Wellington's. Therefore, the next time Wellington presented himself at the Tuileries, I turned my back upon him before the whole court. Let the English and their allies be aware that I owe my restoration not to them, but partly to God and partly to Saint Louis. They and their armies are only brute instruments in the hands of my progenitor and intercessor.

Talleyrand. Fortunate, that the conqueror of France bears no resemblance to the conqueror of Spain. Peterborough (I shudder at the idea) would have ordered a file of soldiers to seat your Majesty in your travelling carriage, and would have reinstalled you at Hartwell. The English people are so barbarous, that he would have done it not only with impunity but with applause.

Louis. But the sovereign of his country — would the sovereign suffer it?

Talleyrand. Alas! sire! Confronted with such men, what are sovereigns, when the people are the judges? Wellington can drill armies: Peterborough could marshal nations.

Louis. Thank God! we have no longer any such pests on earth. The most consummate general of our days (such is Wellington) sees nothing one single inch beyond the field of

battle; and he is so observant of discipline, that, if I ordered him to be flogged in the presence of the allied armies, he would not utter a complaint nor shrug a shoulder: he would only write a dispatch.

Talleyrand. But his soldiers would execute the Duke of Brunswick's manifesto, and Paris would sink into her catacombs. No man so little beloved was ever so well obeyed; and there is not a man in England, of either party, citizen or soldier, who would not rather die than see him disgraced. His firmness, his moderation, his probity, place him more opposite to Napoleon than he stood in the field of Waterloo. These are his lofty lines of Torres Vedras, which no enemy dares assail throughout their whole extent.

Louis. M. Talleyrand! is it quite right to extol an enemy and an Englishman in this manner?

Talleyrand. Pardon! sire! I stand corrected. Forgive me a momentary fit of enthusiasm, in favor of those qualities by which, although an Englishman's, I am placed again in your Majesty's service.

Louis. We will now, then, go seriously to business. Wellington and the allied armies have interrupted and occupied us. I will instantly write, with my own hand, to the Marquis of Buckingham, desiring him to send me five hundred pheasant-eggs. I am restored to my throne, M. Talleyrand, but in what a condition! Not a pheasant on the table! I must throw myself on the mercy of foreigners, even for a pheasant! When I have written my letter, I shall be ready to converse with you on the business on which I desired your presence.

[*Writes.*] Here; read it. Give me your opinion: is not the note a model?

Talleyrand. If the charms of language could be copied, it would be. But what is intended for delight may terminate in despair: and there are words which, unapproachable by distance and sublimity, may wither the laurels on the most exalted of literary brows.

Louis. There is grace in that expression of yours, M. Talleyrand! there is really no inconsiderable grace in it. Seal my letter: direct it to the Marquis of Buckingham at Stowe. Wait, open it again: no, no: write another in your own name; instruct him how sure you are it will be agreeable to me, if he sends at the same time fifty or a hundred brace of

the birds as well as the eggs. At present I am desolate. My heart is torn, M. Talleyrand! it is almost plucked out of my bosom. I have no other care, no other thought, day or night, but the happiness of my people. The allies, who have most shamefully overlooked the destitution of my kitchen, seem resolved to turn a deaf ear to its cries evermore; nay, even to render them shriller and shriller. The allies, I suspect, are resolved to execute the design of the mischievous Pitt.

Talleyrand. May it please your Majesty to inform me *which* of them; for he formed a thousand, all mischievous, but greatly more mischievous to England than to France. Resolved to seize the sword, in his drunkenness he seized it by the edge and struck at us with the hilt, until he broke it off, and until he himself was exhausted by loss of breath and of blood. We owe alike to him the energy of our armies, the bloody scaffolds of Public Safety, the Reign of Terror, the empire of usurpation; and finally, as the calm is successor to the tempest, and sweet fruit to bitter kernel, the blessing of your Majesty's restoration. Excepting in this one event, he was mischievous to our country; but in all events, and in all undertakings, he was pernicious to his own. No man ever brought into the world such enduring evil; few men such extensive.

Louis. His king ordered it. George III. loved battles and blood.

Talleyrand. But he was prudent in his appetite for them.

Louis. He talked of peppering his people as I would talk of peppering a capon.

Talleyrand. Having split it. His subjects cut up by his subjects were only capers to his leg of mutton. From none of his palaces and parks was there any view so rural, so composing to his spirits, as the shambles. When these were not fresh, the gibbet would do.

I wish better luck to the pheasant-eggs than befell Mr. Pitt's designs. Not one brought forth any thing.

Louis. No: but he declared in the face of his Parliament, and of Europe, that he would insist on indemnity for the past and security for the future. These were his words. Now, all the money and other wealth the French armies levied in Spain, Portugal, Italy, and everywhere else, would scarcely be sufficient for this indemnity.

Talleyrand. England shall never receive from us a tithe of that amount.

Louis. A tithe of it! She may demand a quarter or a third, and leave us wondering at her moderation and forbearance.

Talleyrand. The matter must be arranged immediately, before she has time for calculation or reflection. A new peace maddens England to the same paroxysm as a new war maddens France. She hath sent over hither for minister — or rather her prime minister himself is come to transact all the business — the most ignorant and most short-sighted man to be found in any station of any public office throughout the whole of Europe. He must be treated as her arbiter: we must talk to him of restoring her, of regenerating her, of preserving her, of guiding her, which (we must protest with our hands within our frills) he alone is capable of doing. We must enlarge on his generosity (and generous he indeed is), and there is nothing he will not concede.

Louis. But if they do not come over in a week, we shall lose the season. I ought to be eating a pheasant-poult by the middle of July. Oh! but you were talking to me about the other matter, and perhaps the weightier of the two: ay, certainly. If this indemnity is paid to England, what becomes of our civil list, the dignity of my family and household?

Talleyrand. I do assure your Majesty, England shall never receive — did I say a tithe? — I say she shall never receive a fiftieth of what she expended in the war against us. It would be out of all reason and out of all custom in her to expect it. Indeed, it would place her in almost as good a condition as ourselves. Even if she were beaten, she could hardly hope *that:* she never in the last three centuries has demanded it when she was victorious. Of all the sufferers by the war, we shall be the least.

Louis. The English are calculators and traders.

Talleyrand. Wild speculators, gamblers in trade, who hazard more ventures than their books can register. It will take England some years to cast up the amount of her losses.

Louis. But she, in common with her allies, will insist on our ceding those provinces which my predecessor, Louis XIV., annexed to his kingdom. Be quite certain that nothing short

of Alsace, Lorraine, and Franc Comté, will satisfy the German princes. They must restore the German language in those provinces: for languages are the only true boundaries of nations, and there will always be dissension where there is difference of tongue. We must likewise be prepared to surrender the remainder of the Netherlands; not indeed to England, who refused them in the reign of Elizabeth: she wants only Dunkirk, and Dunkirk she will have.

Talleyrand. This seems reasonable: for which reason it must never be. Diplomacy, when she yields to such simple arguments as plain reason urges against her, loses her office, her efficacy, and her name.

Louis. I would not surrender our conquests in Germany, if I could help it.

Talleyrand. Nothing more easy. The Emperor Alexander may be persuaded that Germany united and entire, as she would then become, must be a dangerous rival to Russia.

Louis. It appears to me that Poland will be more so, with her free institutions.

Talleyrand. There is only one statesman in the whole number of those assembled at Paris, who believes that her institutions will continue free; and he would rather they did not: but he stipulates for it, to gratify and mystify the people of England.

Louis. I see this clearly. I have a great mind to send Blacas over to Stowe. I can trust to him to look to the crates and coops, and to see that the pheasants have enough of air and water, and that the governor of Calais finds a commodious place for them to roost in, forbidding the drums to beat and disturb them, evening or morning. The next night, according to my calculation, they repose at Montreuil. I must look at them before they are let loose. I cannot well imagine why the public men employed by England are usually, indeed constantly, so inferior in abilities to those of France, Prussia, Austria, and Russia. What say you, M. Talleyrand? — I do not mean about the pheasants; I mean about the envoys.

Talleyrand. It can only be that I have considered the subject more frequently and attentively than suited the avocations of your Majesty, that the reason comes out before me clearly and distinctly. The prime ministers, in all these coun-

tries, are independent and uncontrolled in the choice of agents. A prime minister in France may perhaps be willing to promote the interests of his own family; and hence he may appoint from it one unworthy of the place. In regard to other families, he cares little or nothing about them, knowing that his power lies in the palace and not in the club-room. Whereas, in England, he must conciliate the great families, the hereditary dependents of his faction, Whig or Tory. Hence even the highest commands have been conferred on such ignorant and worthless men as the Duke of York and the Earl of Chatham, although the minister was fully aware that the honor of his nation was tarnished, and that its safety was in jeopardy, by such appointments. Meanwhile he kept his seat, however, and fed from it his tame creatures in the cub.

Louis. Do you apprehend any danger (talking of cubs) that my pheasants will be bruised against the wooden bars, or suffer by seasickness? I would not command my bishops to offer up public prayers against such contingencies: for people must never have positive evidence that the prayers of the Church can possibly be ineffectual; and we cannot pray for pheasants as we pray for fine weather, by the barometer. We must drop it. Now go on with the others, if you have done with England.

Talleyrand. A succession of intelligent men rule Prussia, Russia, and Austria; because these three are economical, and must get their bread by creeping, day after day, through the hedges next to them, and by filching a sheaf or two, early and late, from cottager or small farmer; that is to say, from free States and petty princes. Prussia, like a mongrel, would fly at the legs of Austria and Russia, catching them with the sack upon their shoulders, unless they untied it and tossed a morsel to her. These great Powers take especial care to impose a protective duty on intellect; to let none enter the country, and none leave it, without a passport. Their diplomatists are as clever and conciliatory as those of England are ignorant and repulsive, who, while they offer an uncounted sum of secret-service money with the left hand, give a sounding slap on the face with the right.

Louis. We, by adopting a contrary policy, gain more information, raise more respect, inspire more awe, and exercise

more authority. The weightiest of our disbursements are smiles and flatteries, with a ribbon and a cross at the end of them.

But between the Duke of York and the Earl of Chatham, I must confess, I find very little difference.

Talleyrand. Some, however. The one was only drunk all the evening and all the night; the other was only asleep all the day. The accumulated fogs of Walcheren seem to concentrate in his brain, puffing out at intervals just sufficient to affect with typhus and blindness four thousand soldiers. A cake of powder rusted their musket-pans, which they were too weak to open and wipe. Turning round upon their scanty and mouldy straw, they beheld their bayonets piled together against the green dripping wall of the chamber, which neither bayonet nor soldier was ever to leave again.

Louis. We suffer by the presence of the allied armies in our capital; but we shall soon be avenged, for the English minister in another fortnight will return and remain at home.

Talleyrand. England was once so infatuated as to give up Malta to us, although fifty Gibraltars would be of inferior value to her. Napoleon laughed at her: she was angry; she began to suspect she had been duped and befooled, and she broke her faith.

Louis. For the first time, M. Talleyrand, and with a man who never had any.

Talleyrand. We shall now induce her to evacuate Sicily, in violation of her promises to the people of that island. Faith, having lost her virginity, braves public opinion and never blushes more.

Louis. Sicily is the key to India; Egypt is the lock.

Talleyrand. What, if I induce the minister to restore to us Pondicherry?

Louis. M. Talleyrand! you have done great things, and without boasting. Whenever you do boast, let it be that you will perform only the thing which is possible. The English know well enough what it is to allow us a near standing-place anywhere. If they permit a Frenchman to plant one foot in India, it will upset all Asia before the other touches the ground. It behooves them to prohibit a single one of us from ever landing on those shores. Improbable as it is that a man uniting to the same degree, as Hyder-Ali did, political

and military genius will appear in the world again for centuries, most of the princes are politic, some are brave, and perhaps no few are credulous. While England is confiding in our loyalty, we might expatiate on her perfidy, and our tears fall copiously on the broken sceptre in the dust of Delhi. Ignorant and stupid as the King's ministers may be, the East India Company is well informed on its interests, and alert in maintaining them. I wonder that a republic so wealthy and so wise should be supported on the bosom of royalty. Believe me, her merchants will take alarm, and arouse the nation.

Talleyrand. We must do all we have to do, while the nation is feasting and unsober. It will awaken with sore eyes and stiff limbs.

Louis. Profuse as the English are, they will never cut the bottom of their purses.

Talleyrand. They have already done it. Whenever I look toward the shores of England, I fancy I descry the Danaids there, toiling at the replenishment of their perforated vases, and all the Nereids leering and laughing at them in the mischievous fulness of their hearts.

Louis. Certainly she can do me little harm at present, and for several years to come; but we must always have an eye upon her, and be ready to assert our superiority.

Talleyrand. We feel it. In fifty years, by abstaining from war, we may discharge our debt and replenish our arsenals. England will never shake off the heavy old man from her shoulders. Overladen and morose, she will be palsied in the hand she unremittingly holds up against Ireland. Proud and perverse, she runs into domestic warfare as blindly as France runs into foreign; and she refuses to her subject what she surrenders to her enemy.

Louis. Her whole policy tends to my security.

Talleyrand. We must now consider how your Majesty may enjoy it at home, all the remainder of your reign.

Louis. Indeed you must, M. Talleyrand! Between you and me be it spoken, I trust but little my loyal people; their loyalty being so ebullient that it often overflows the vessel which should contain it, and is a perquisite of scouts and scullions. I do not wish to offend you.

Talleyrand. Really, I can see no other sure method of

containing and controlling them than by bastions and redoubts, the whole circuit of the city.

Louis. M. Talleyrand! I will not doubt your sincerity: I am confident you have reserved the whole of it for my service; and there are large arrears. But, M. Talleyrand, such an attempt would be resisted by any people which had ever heard of liberty, and much more by a people which had ever dreamed of enjoying it.

Talleyrand. Forts are built in all directions above Genoa.

Louis. Yes, by her conqueror; not by her king.

Talleyrand. Your Majesty comes with both titles, and rules, like your great progenitor,

"Et par droit de conquête et par droit de naissance."

Louis. True, my arms have subdued the rebellious; but not without great firmness and great valor on my part, and some assistance (however tardy) on the part of my allies. Conquerors must conciliate; fatherly kings must offer digestible spoon-meat to their ill-conditioned children. There would be sad screaming and kicking were I to swaddle mine in stone-work. No, M. Talleyrand; if ever Paris is surrounded by fortifications to coerce the populace, it must be the work of some democrat, some aspirant to supreme power, who resolves to maintain it, exercising a domination too hazardous for legitimacy. I will only scrape from the Chambers the effervescence of superficial letters and of corrosive law.

Talleyrand. Sire! under all their governments, the good people of Paris have submitted to the *octroi.* Now, all complaints, physical or political, arise from the stomach. Were it decorous in a subject to ask a question (however humbly) of his king, I would beg permission to inquire of your Majesty, in your wisdom, whether a bar across the shoulders is less endurable than a bar across the palate? Sire! the French can bear any thing now they have the honor of bowing before your Majesty.

Louis. The compliment is in a slight degree (a *very* slight degree) ambiguous, and (accept in good part my criticism, M. Talleyrand) not turned with your usual grace.

Announce it as my will and pleasure that the Duc de Blacas do superintend the debarkation of the pheasants; and I pray God, M. de Talleyrand, to have you in his holy keeping.

XXVI. ROMILLY AND WILBERFORCE.

Romilly. Indeed, sir, I cannot but suspect that the agitation of this question on the abolition of the slave-trade is countenanced by Mr. Pitt chiefly to divert the attention of the people from crying grievances nearer home. Our paupers are increasing daily both in number and in wretchedness; our workhouses, our hospitals, and our jails are crowded and overflowing; our manufactories are almost as stifling as slave-ships, and more immoral; apprentices, milliners, dressmakers, work throughout the greater part of the night, and, at last disabled by toil, take the sorrowful refuge of the street. After so many have coldly repeated that vice leads to misery, is there no generous man who will proclaim aloud that misery leads to vice? We all see it every day; we warn the wretched too late: we are afraid of warning the affluent too soon; we are prodigal of reproaches that make the crushed heart bleed afresh: we think it indecorous to approach the obdurate one, and unsafe to touch it — barbarous and dastardly as we are!

Wilberforce. Postponing all these considerations, not immediately applicable to the subject on which, Mr. Romilly, I have taken the liberty to knock at your door, I must assure you that my friend Mr. Pitt is not only the most unbending and unchanging, but also the most sincere, man living.

Romilly. It is happy when we can think so of any, especially of one in power.

Wilberforce. Do you doubt it?

Romilly. I never oppose, without reluctance, opinion to sentiment; or, when I can help it, a bad opinion to a good one.

Wilberforce. Oh! if you knew him as I do!

Romilly. The thing is impossible.

Wilberforce. Why so? I should be proud to introduce you.

Romilly. The pride would rest entirely apart from me. It may be that coarse metals are less flexible than finer; certain it is that they do not well cohere.

Wilberforce. But on this occasion you invariably vote together.

Romilly. In the House of Commons.

Wilberforce. It is there we must draw up our forces.

Romilly. Do you never doubt however slightly, and only on one occasion, the fidelity of your leader?

Wilberforce. Leader! Mr. Romilly! leader! Humble as I am, the humblest indeed of that august assembly, on this question, — on this alone perhaps, yes, certainly on this alone, — I am acknowledged, universally acknowledged, I know too well how unworthily, yet I do know, and God has given me strength and grace to declare it before men, that I, the weakest of his creatures, *there* am leader. It is I, a band of withy, who bind giants; it is I who keep together on this ground the two rival parties; it is I, a potter's vessel, who hold out across the Atlantic the cup of freedom and of fellowship.

Romilly. Certainly you have seconded with admirable zeal the indefatigable Clarkson. Those who run with spirit and celerity have no breath for words: the whole is expended in action.

Wilberforce. Just so with me. However, I can spare a speech of a few hours every session, in expounding the vexations and evils of slavery, and in showing how opposite it is to Christianity.

Romilly. I am almost a believer in that doctrine.

Wilberforce. Almost?

Romilly. I should be entirely, if many of the most orthodox men in both Houses, including a great part of the bishops, had been assenters.

Wilberforce. Are they not?

Romilly. Apparently, no. Otherwise they would never be absent when the question is discussed, nor would they abstain from a petition to the Crown that a practice so dangerous to salvation, so certain to bring down a curse on the country, be with all expedient speed abolished.

Wilberforce. It is unnecessary for me to defend the conduct of my Right Reverend friends; men of such piety as no other country hath exhibited: but permit me to remark, Mr. Romilly, that you yourself betray a lukewarmness in the cause, when you talk of expedient speed. Expedient, indeed! Gracious Jesu! Ought such a crime to be tolerated for one hour? Are there no lightnings in heaven —

Romilly. Probably there are: there were last summer. But I would rather see them purifying the air than scorching the earth before me. My good Mr. Wilberforce! abstain, I beseech you, from a species of eloquence in which Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Pitt excel you, especially when it is late in the evening; at that season such men are usually the most pious. The lightnings of heaven fall as frequently on granaries as on slave-ships. It is better at all times to abstain from expostulating with God; and more especially on the righteousness of his judgments and the delay of his vengeance.

Wilberforce. Mr. Romilly! Mr. Romilly! the royal psalmist —

Romilly. Was too often like other royal personages, and, with much power of doing evil, was desirous of much more. Whenever we are conscious of such propensities, it would be wiser and more religious to implore of God to pardon than to promote them.

Wilberforce. We must bow to authority in all things.

Romilly. So we hear: but we may be so much in the habit of bowing as at last to be unable to stand upright. Before we begin at all, it is useful to inquire what is authority. We are accustomed to mistake place and power for it. Now the Devil, on this earth at least, possesses as much power as the Deity, and more place. Unless he did, we tell a manifest lie in every prayer and supplication. For we declare that we are, and always have been, miserable sinners, and that there is no truth in us.

Wilberforce. Ah, my dear sir! You are no theologian, I see. Some of us, by the blessing of God, are under grace; and, once under grace, we are safe. But it is not on this business I visit you. Here we may differ; but on the Abolition we think alike.

Romilly. I am not quite sure of that.

Wilberforce. Indeed! Then, pray, my dear sir, correct your judgment!

Romilly. I have been doing it, to the best of my ability, all my life.

Wilberforce. If you had only clung to the Cross, you would have been sure and steadfast from your very childhood.

Romilly. Alas! I see but one cross remaining on earth, and it is that of the unrepentant thief. What thousands of

the most venomous wasps and hornets swarm about it, and fight for its putrescencies! The Blessed one was pulled down long ago, indeed soon after its erection, in the scuffle of those who would sell the splinters. Great fortunes are daily made by it, and it maintains as many clerks and treasurers as the South Sea. The money-changers in the Temple of old did at least give change: ours bag the money and say, *Call to-morrow.*

Wilberforce. Unholy as the gains may be, we must not meddle with vested rights and ancient institutions.

Romilly. Then, worthy Mr. Wilberforce, let slavery continue; for certainly no institution is more ancient. In this, also, am I to correct my judgment?

Wilberforce. The fact is too true. You were erroneous there only where you differed from me on that subject, which I had examined attentively and minutely.

Romilly. Namely, the Abolition.

Wilberforce. Exactly so.

Romilly. The clearers of ground in the forests of America clear first the places round about the homestead. On this principle, I would begin to emancipate and enlighten the suffering laborers in my own vicinity. Look at the draught-horses now passing under the window. The first quarter of their lives was given to their growth: plentiful food came before painful service. They are ignorant of our vices, insensible of our affections: ease is all in all to them; and while they want it most, and while it is most profitable or promissory to the master, they enjoy it.

Wilberforce. We then put blinkers before their eyes, that nothing may make them swerve on the road. Here is another act of humanity.

Romilly. If you attempt to put blinkers before the intellectual eye, you only increase its obliquity. Give as much clear-sightedness as possible, give reasonable leisure, or you never will conciliate affection to your institutions. Inflict on men the labor and privations of brutes, and you impress on them the brutal character; render them rationally happy, and they are already on the highway to heaven. No man rationally happy will barter the possession he enjoys for the most brilliant theory; but the unhappy will dream of daggers until he clutches them. If your friend, Mr. Pitt, wishes to retard the

revolutionary movement, he will not attempt to put the fetter on the white man while you are taking it off the black; he will not bring forward a flogged soldiery to confront an enthusiastical one; he will not display to the vigorous sons of starving yeomen the sight of twenty farm-houses rising up from the ruins of one *château*. Peace is easier to retain than to recall.

Wilberforce. Well, Mr. Romilly, we are departing a little from the object of my visit: and, if we continue to digress, I am afraid you may not be so entirely at leisure to hear me repeat the speech I have prepared on the Abolition. Your room appears to be well adapted to my voice.

Romilly. Already I have had the benefit of your observations the three last sessions.

Wilberforce. You will hear me again, I confidently hope, with the same pleasure in a very crowded House.

Romilly. You represent a Riding in the county of York.

Wilberforce. I have that honor.

Romilly. To represent a county is not in itself an honor; but it offers opportunities of earning many. Inform your constituents that the slavery in the West Indies is less cruel and pernicious than the slavery in their own parishes; that the condition of the Black is better on the whole than the condition of the pauper in England, and that his children are incomparably more comfortable and happy.

Wilberforce. Lord of mercy! do I hear this from a philanthropist?

Romilly. I venture to assert you do, however deficient I may be in the means of showing it. You might, in any session of Parliament, obtain a majority of votes in favor of a Bill to diminish the hours of a child's labor in factories. Every country gentleman, every peer, would vote that none under his eighth year should be incarcerated in these pesthouses.

Wilberforce. O Sir! is such a word applicable?

Romilly. Precisely; although a pesthouse is usually the appellation of that building which excludes the malady and receives the endangered. From eight years to twelve, I would prohibit a longer daily work than of six hours, with two hours between each three for food and exercise. After the twelfth year, the sexes should not be confounded.

Wilberforce. The first regulation would create much discontent among our wealthiest supporters; and even the parents would object to them.

Romilly. Two signal and sorrowful truths! There are also two additional. They who feel the least for others feel the most for themselves; and the parents who waste away their own strength in gin-shops are ready to waste their children's in factories. If our inconsiderate war and our prodigal expenditure permitted the exercise of policy, we should bethink ourselves that manly hearts and sound bodies are the support of States, not creaking looms nor over-pressed cotton-bags in human shape. We have no right to break down the sinews of the rising generation; we have no right to devote the children of the poor either to Belial or to Moloch. I do care about the Blacks; I do care greatly and anxiously about them: but I would rather that slavery should exist for seven centuries longer in the West Indies, than for seven years longer in Lancashire and Yorkshire. If there be any sincerity in the heart of Mr. Pitt, why does he not order his dependants in both Houses (and nearly all are his dependants in both alike) to vote for your motion?

Wilberforce. He wishes us well: but he is aware that a compensation must be made to the masters of the slaves; and he has not money for it.

Romilly. Whose fault is that? He always has found money enough for extending the miseries of other nations and the corruption of his own. By his extravagance and the excess of taxation, he is leading to that catastrophe which he avowed it was his object to prevent.

Wilberforce. God forbid!

Romilly. God has forbidden; but he does not mind that.

Wilberforce. You force me to say, Mr. Romilly, what I hope you will not think a personality. The French Revolution was brought about in great measure by the gentlemen of your profession.

Romilly. The people were rendered so extremely poor by the imposts, that there were few litigations in the courts of law. Hence the lawyers, who starved others until now, began to be starved in turn, and incited the people to revolution, that there might be crime and change of property. England has now taken the sins of the world upon her, and pays for all.

Wilberforce. Awful expression! Let us return to the Blacks. It is calculated that twenty millions are requisite to indemnify the slave-holders.

Romilly. Do you wonder, then, that he is evasive?

Wilberforce. I should wonder if a man of his integrity were so upon any occasion. But he has frankly told me that he does not see clearly at what time the measure may be expedient.

Romilly. Every thing can be calculated, except the hour for the abolition of injustice. It is not always in our power to retrace our steps when we have committed it. Nay, sometimes is it requisite not only to go on with it, but even to add fresh. We waged a most unnecessary, a most impolitic, a most unjust war against France. Nothing else could have united her people; nothing else could have endangered or have interrupted our commerce. Having taken the American islands from our enemy, we should have exported from them the younger slaves into our own, taking care that the number of females be proportional to the number of males. We should have granted our protection to Brazil and Cuba, on condition that the traffic in African slaves immediately cease, and that every one belonging to Spaniard or Portuguese, who had served fourteen years, should be free. Unhappily we ourselves can do little more at present for our own, without a grievous injustice to a large body of our fellow-subjects. We can, however, place adequate power in the hands of the civil and military governors, authorizing them to grant any slave his freedom who shall be proved to have been cruelly treated by his master. What a curse is it upon us, that at present we neither can make peace nor abolish slavery! We can decree, and we ought instantly, that the importation and sale of slaves do cease at this very hour throughout the world. We can decree, and we ought instantly, that husband and wife be united, and separated no more. We can decree, and ought instantly, that children from seven to ten years of age be instructed one hour daily. But, as things are now constituted, I think I have no right to deprive a proprietor of his property, unless he has forfeited it by a violation of law. To repay me for my protection, and for granting him a monopoly during the war, I would stipulate with him that whoever had served him fourteen years should be emancipated. He should also be obliged to maintain as many females as

males, or nearly, and to set apart a plot of ground for every emancipated slave, enough for his support, on lease for life, at such a rent as those deputed by the governor may think reasonable. The proposition of granting twenty, or ten, or five millions to carry into execution the abolition of slavery, by way of indemnity to the slave-holders, is absurd. Abolish all duties of importation and exportation; that will be sufficient. The abolition of the slave-trade is greatly more important than the abolition of slavery in our islands. The traffic can be terminated at once; the servitude but gradually. It is in politics as in diet. They who have committed excesses cannot become quite temperate at the first perception of their perilous situation. The consequences of a sudden change might be fatal.

Wilberforce. Religion teaches us that we should consent to no truce with sin.

Romilly. We should enter into no engagements with her: but the union is easier than the divorce. There are materials which, being warped, are not to be set right again by a stroke of the hammer, but by temperance and time. Our system of slavery is in this condition. We have done wrong with impunity; we cannot with impunity do right. We wound the State in stripping the individual.

Wilberforce. I would not strip him; I would grant him a fair and full indemnity.

Romilly. What! when all your property is mortgaged? When you are without a hope of redeeming it, and can hardly find wherewithal to pay the interest? If ever you attempt the undertaking, it can be only at the risk of peace.

Wilberforce. I am sorry to find you so despondent.

Romilly. I am more despondent than I have yet appeared to be.

Wilberforce. With what reason?

Romilly. Hostilities having ceased, the people will be clamorous for the removal of many taxes; and some of the most productive will be remitted the first. In my opinion, unwise as was the war, and entered into for the gratification of an old madman who never knew the difference between a battle and a review, and who chuckled at the idea of his subjects being *peppered* when they were *shot;* a war conducted by grasping men, outrageous at the extortion of their compliance, and at

the alternative that either their places or their principles must be surrendered, — we nevertheless ought to discharge the debt we contracted, and not to leave the burden for our children. If our affairs are as ill conducted in peace as they are in war, it is greatly to be feared that we may injure the colonist more than we benefit the slave. We may even carry our imprudence so far as to restore to our enemies the lands we have conquered from them, cultivated by Blacks.

Wilberforce. Impossible! Mr. Pitt has declared that peace is never to be signed without indemnity for the past, and security for the future. These are his very words.

Romilly. Not as a politician, but as an arithmetician, he knew when he uttered these words that they never could be accomplished. War is alike the parent and the child of evil. It would surpass your ingenuity, or Mr. Pitt's, to discover any whatsoever which does not arise from war, or follow war, or romp and revel in the midst of war. It begins in pride and malice, it continues in cruelty and rapine, it terminates in poverty and oppression. Our bishops, who pray for success in it, are much bolder men than our soldiers, who engage in it bayonet to bayonet. For the soldier fights only against man, and under the command of man: the bishop fights against the command of God, and against God himself. Every hand lifted up in prayer for homicide strikes him in the face.

Wilberforce. Mr. Romilly! I entertain a due respect for you, as being eminent in your profession, a member of Parliament, a virtuous and (I hope) a religious man: you would however rise higher in my estimation if you reverenced your superiors.

Romilly. It must be a man immeasurably above me, both in virtue and intellect, whom, knowing my own deficiency, I could reverence. Seldom is it that I quote a verse or a sentiment, but there is in a poet not very original a thought so original, that nobody seems ever to have applied it to himself or others: —

"Below the good how far! how far above the great!"

Wilberforce. There is only one half of it I would hear willingly. When men begin to think themselves above the great, social order is wofully deranged. I deplore the ab-

sence of that self-abasement on which is laid the foundation of all Christian virtues.

Romilly. Unless we respect ourselves, our respect for superiors is prone to servility. No man can be thrown by another from such a height as he can throw himself from. I never have observed that a tendency toward the powerful was a sufficient check to spiritual pride; and extremely few have I known, or heard of, who, tossing up their nostrils into the air and giving tongue that they have hit upon the trail to heaven, could distinguish humility from baseness. Mostly they dirty those they fawn on, and get kicked before they get fed.

Wilberforce. Christianity makes allowances for human infirmity.

Romilly. Christianity, as now practised by the highest of its professors, makes more infirmities than allowances. Can we believe in *their* belief who wallow in wealth and war; in theirs who vote subsidies for slaughter; who speed the slave-ship with their prayers; who bind and lacerate and stifle the helpless wretches they call men and brethren?

Wilberforce. Parliamentary steps must be taken before you can expect to mitigate the curses of war and slavery.

Romilly. By whom first should the steps be taken? Persuade the bishops, if you can, to raise their voices for the double abolition. Let them at least unite and join you in that which, apparently, you have most at heart. In order to effect it gradually, I am ready to subscribe my name to any society, of which the main object shall be the conversion of our spiritual lords to Christianity. The waters of Jordan, which were formerly used for bleaching, serve at present no other purpose than the setting of scarlet and purple.

Wilberforce. There is danger in touching the altar. We may overturn the table and bruise the chalice in attempting any restoration of the structure.

Romilly. Christianity is a plant which grows well from seed, but ill from cuttings: they who have grafted it on a wilding have sometimes succeeded; never they who (as we have) inoculated it on one cracked in the stem and oozing over with foul luxuriance. I do not deny that families and small communities have profited by secession from more corrupt religions; but as soon as ever cities and provinces have embraced the purer creed, ambitious men have always been

ready to materialize the word of God, and to raise houses and estates upon it.

Wilberforce. The prosperity of the laborers in Christ's vineyard has excited the envy of the ill-disposed.

Romilly. What prosperity? Success in improving it?

Wilberforce. No, indeed; but their honest earnings.

Romilly. Did the Master pay such earnings to those whose work was harder? Or did he command, or will, that such should be paid on any future day?

Wilberforce. I am sorry, Mr. Romilly, that you question and quibble (pardon me the expression) just like those unhappy men, miscalled philosophers, who have brought down the vengeance of Heaven on France, — Voltaire at the head of them.

Romilly. No, indeed; I never have sunned myself on the trim and short grass bordered by the papered pinks and powdered ranunculuses of Voltaire. His pertness is amusing; but I thought it pleasanter to bathe in the deep wisdom of wit running up to its banks through the romantic scenery of Cervantes.

Wilberforce. Little better than infidelity.

Romilly. But not, as infidelity generally is, sterile and flimsy. Christians themselves are all infidels in the sight of some other Christians; and they who come nearest to them are the most obnoxious. Strange interpretation of "Love your neighbor"! If there are grades of belief, there must also be grades of unbelief. The worst of unbelief is that which regrets the goodness of our Heavenly Father, and from which there springs in us a desire of breaking what we cannot bend, and of twisting wire after wire and tying knot after knot in his scourge. Christianity, as I understand it, lies not in belief but in action. That servant is a good servant who obeys the just orders of his master; not he who repeats his words, measures his stature, or traces his pedigree! On all occasions it is well to be a little more than tolerant, especially when a wiser and better man than ourselves thinks differently from us. Religious minds will find an additional reason for their humility, when they observe such excellent men as Borromeo and Fénelon adhering to the religion they were born in, amidst the discussions and commotions of every land around.

Wilberforce. My opinion is that religion should be mixed up in all our institutions, and that it not only should be a part, but the main part, of the State.

Romilly. I am unwilling to obtrude my sentiments on this question, and even to answer any. For I always have observed that the most religious men become the most impatient in the course of discussion, calling their opponents weak, wavering sceptics, or obstinate, reckless unbelievers. But since the Constitution of our country is involved in it, together with its present defects and future meliorations, I must declare to you my conviction that even the best government and the best religion should be kept apart in their ministries.

In building a house, brick and lime are ingredients. Let the brick be imbedded in the lime reduced to mortar; but if you mix it in the composition of the brick, it swells and cracks and falls to pieces in the kiln.

Wilberforce. That is no argument.

*Romilly.** Arguments cease to be arguments the moment they come home. But this, I acknowledge, is only an illustration. To detain you no longer, Mr. Wilberforce, I give you my promise I will attend at the debate, and vote with you. Neither of us can live long enough to see the Africans secure from bondage, or from the violence of tribe against tribe, and from the myriads of other calamities that precede it. Europe is semi-barbarous at the present hour; and, even among the more civilized, one State is as suspicious of another as one Black is of another in the belligerents of Senegal and Gambia. For many years to come, no nation will unite with us in any work or project for the furtherance of our mutual well-being: little then can we expect that Honor, now totally lost sight of on the Continent, will be recognized in a character so novel as the Knight-errant of Humanity.

One more remark at parting; the only one by which in this

* Parliament has been proved in our times, and indeed in most others, a slippery foundation for names, although a commodious one for fortunes. But Romilly went into public life with temperate and healthy aspirations. Providence, having blessed him with domestic peace, withheld him from political animosities. He knew that the sweetest fruits grow nearest the ground, and he waited for the higher to fall into his bosom, without an effort or a wish to seize on them. No man whosoever, in our Parliamentary history, has united in more perfect accordance and constancy pure virtue and lofty wisdom.

business I can hope to serve you materially. Permit me to advise you, Mr. Wilberforce, to display as small a portion of historical research as you possibly can, consistently with your eloquence and enthusiasm.

Wilberforce. Why so, Mr. Romilly?

Romilly. Because it may counteract your benevolent intentions.

Wilberforce. Nothing shall counteract them.

Romilly. Are you aware to which of our sovereigns we must attribute the deadly curse of African slavery, inasmuch as our country is concerned in it?

Wilberforce. Certainly to none of our justly revered kings can so horrible a crime be imputed, although the royal power, according to the limitations of our Constitution, may have been insufficient to repress it effectively.

Romilly. Queen Elizabeth equipped two vessels for her own sole profit; in which two vessels, escorted by the fleet under the command of Hawkins, were the first unhappy Blacks inveigled from their shores by Englishmen, and doomed to end their lives in servitude. Elizabeth was avaricious and cruel; but a small segment of her heart had a brief sunshine on it, darting obliquely. We are under a king notoriously more avaricious; one who passes without a shudder the gibbets his sign-manual has garnished; one who sees on the field of the most disastrous battles — battles in which he ordered his people to fight his people — nothing else to be regretted than the loss of horses and saddles, of haversacks and jackets. If this insensate and insatiable man even hears that Queen Elizabeth was a slave-dealer, he will assert the inalienable rights of the Crown, and swamp your motion.

XXVII. OLIVER CROMWELL AND SIR OLIVER CROMWELL.

Sir Oliver. How many saints and Zions dost carry under thy cloak, lad? Ay, what dost groan at? What art about to be delivered of? Troth, it must be a vast and oddly-shapen piece of roguery which findeth no issue at such capacious quarters. I never thought to see thy face again. Prythee

what, in God's name, hath brought thee to Ramsey, fair Master Oliver?

Oliver. In His name verily I come, and upon His errand; and the love and duty I bear unto my godfather and uncle have added wings, in a sort, unto my zeal.

Sir Oliver. Take 'em off thy zeal and dust thy conscience with 'em. I have heard an account of a saint, one Phil Neri, who in the midst of his devotions was lifted up several yards from the ground. Now I do suspect, Nol, thou wilt finish by being a saint of his order; and nobody will promise or wish thee the luck to come down on thy feet again, as he did. So! because a rabble of fanatics at Huntingdon have equipped thee as their representative in Parliament, thou art free of all men's houses, forsooth! I would have thee to understand, sirrah, that thou art fitter for the house they have chaired thee unto than for mine. Yet I do not question but thou wilt be as troublesome and unruly there as here. Did I not turn thee out of Hinchinbrook when thou wert scarcely half the rogue thou art latterly grown up to? And yet wert thou immeasurably too big a one for it to hold.

Oliver. It repenteth me, O mine uncle! that in my boyhood and youth the Lord had not touched me.

Sir Oliver. Touch thee! thou wast too dirty a dog by half.

Oliver. Yea, sorely doth it vex and harrow me that I was then of ill conditions, and that my name — even your godson's — stank in your nostrils.

Sir Oliver. Ha! polecat! it was not thy name, although bad enough, that stank first; in my house, at least.* But perhaps there are worse maggots in stancher mummeries.

Oliver. Whereas in the bowels of your charity you then vouchsafed me forgiveness, so the more confidently may I crave it now in this my urgency.

Sir Oliver. More confidently! What! hast got more confidence? Where didst find it? I never thought the wide circle of the world had within it another jot for thee. Well, Nol, I see no reason why thou shouldst stand before me with thy hat off, in the courtyard and in the sun, counting the stones in the pavement. Thou hast some knavery in thy head, I warrant thee. Come, put on thy beaver.

* See Forster's "Life of Cromwell."

Oliver. Uncle Sir Oliver! I know my duty too well to stand covered in the presence of so worshipful a kinsman, who, moreover, hath answered at baptism for my good behavior.

Sir Oliver. God forgive me for playing the fool before him so presumptuously and unprofitably! Nobody shall ever take me in again to do such an absurd and wicked thing. But thou hast some left-handed business in the neighborhood, no doubt, or thou wouldst never more have come under my archway.

Oliver. These are hard times for them that seek peace. We are clay in the hand of the potter.

Sir Oliver. I wish your potters sought nothing costlier, and dug in their own grounds for it. Most of us, as thou sayest, have been upon the wheel of these artificers; and little was left but rags when we got off. Sanctified folks are the cleverest skinners in all Christendom, and their Jordan tans and constringes us to the avoirdupois of mummies.

Oliver. The Lord hath chosen his own vessels.

Sir Oliver. I wish heartily He would pack them off, and send them anywhere on ass-back or cart (cart preferably), to rid our country of 'em. But now again to the point: for if we fall among the potsherds we shall hobble on but lamely. Since thou art raised unto a high command in the army, and hast a dragoon to hold yonder thy solid and stately piece of horse-flesh, I cannot but take it into my fancy that thou hast some commission of array or disarray to execute hereabout.

Oliver. With a sad sinking of spirit, to the pitch well-nigh of swounding, and with a sight of bitter tears, which will not be put back nor stayed in anywise, as you bear testimony unto me, Uncle Oliver.

Sir Oliver. No tears, Master Nol, I beseech thee! Wet days, among those of thy kidney, portend the letting of blood. What dost whimper at?

Oliver. That I, that I, of all men living, should be put upon this work!

Sir Oliver. What work, prythee?

Oliver. I am sent hither by them who (the Lord in his loving-kindness having pity and mercy upon these poor realms) do, under his right hand, administer unto our necessities, and righteously command us, *by the aforesaid as aforesaid* (thus

runs the commission), hither am I deputed (woe is me!) to levy certain fines in this county, or shire, on such as the Parliament in its wisdom doth style malignants.

Sir Oliver. If there is any thing left about the house, never be over-nice: dismiss thy modesty and lay hands upon it. In this county or shire, we let go the civet-bag to save the weazon.

Oliver. O mine uncle and godfather! be witness for me.

Sir Oliver. Witness for thee! not I, indeed. But I would rather be witness than surety, lad, where thou art docketed.

Oliver. From the most despised doth the Lord ever choose his servants.

Sir Oliver. Then, faith! thou art his first butler.

Oliver. Serving him with humility, I may peradventure be found worthy of advancement.

Sir Oliver. Ha! now if any devil speaks from within thee, it is thy own: he does not sniffle; to my ears he speaks plain English. Worthy or unworthy of advancement, thou wilt attain it. Come in; at least for an hour's rest. Formerly thou knewest the means of setting the heaviest heart afloat, let it be sticking in what mud-bank it might; and my wet-dock at Ramsey is pretty near as commodious as that over yonder at Hinchinbrook was erewhile. Times are changed, and places too: yet the cellar holds good.

Oliver. Many and great thanks! But there are certain men on the other side of the gate, who might take it ill if I turn away and neglect them.

Sir Oliver. Let them enter also, or eat their victuals where they are.

Oliver. They have proud stomachs: they are recusants.

Sir Oliver. Recusants of what? — of beef and ale? We have claret, I trust, for the squeamish, if they are above the condition of tradespeople. But of course you leave no person of higher quality in the outer court?

Oliver. Vain are they and worldly, although such wickedness is the most abominable in their cases. Idle folks are fond of sitting in the sun: I would not forbid them this indulgence.

Sir Oliver. But who are they?

Oliver. The Lord knows. May be priests, deacons, and such like.

Sir Oliver. Then, sir, they are gentlemen. And the commission you bear from the parliamentary thieves, to sack and pillage my mansion-house, is far less vexatious and insulting to me than your behavior in keeping them so long at my stable-door. With your permission, or without it, I shall take the liberty to invite them to partake of my poor hospitality.

Oliver. But, Uncle Sir Oliver! there are rules and ordinances whereby it must be manifested that they lie under displeasure — not mine — not mine — but my milk must not flow for them.

Sir Oliver. You may enter the house or remain where you are, at your option; I make my visit to these gentlemen immediately, for I am tired of standing. If ever thou reachest my age,* Oliver (but God will not surely let this be), thou wilt know that the legs become at last of doubtful fidelity in the service of the body.

Oliver. Uncle Sir Oliver! now that, as it seemeth, you have been taking a survey of the court-yard and its contents, am I indiscreet in asking your worship whether I acted not prudently in keeping the *men-at-belly* under the custody of the *men-at-arms?* This pestilence, like unto one I remember to have read about in some poetry of Master Chapman's,† began with the dogs and the mules, and afterwards crope up into the breasts of men.

Sir Oliver. I call such treatment barbarous; their troopers will not let the gentlemen come with me into the house, but insist on sitting down to dinner with them. And yet, having brought them out of their colleges, these brutal half-soldiers must know that they are Fellows.

Oliver. Yea, of a truth are they, and fellows well met. Out of their superfluities they give nothing to the Lord or his saints; no, not even stirrup or girth, wherewith we may

* Sir Oliver, who died in 1655, aged ninety-three, might, by possibility, have seen all the men of great genius, excepting Chaucer and Roger Bacon, whom England has produced from its first discovery down to our own times, — Francis Bacon, Shakspeare, Milton, Newton, and the prodigious shoal that attended these leviathans through the intellectual deep. Newton was but in his thirteenth year at Sir Oliver's death. Raleigh, Spenser, Hooker, Eliot, Selden, Taylor, Hobbes, Sidney, Shaftsbury, and Locke were existing in his lifetime; and several more, who may be compared with the smaller of these.

† Chapman's "Homer," first Book.

mount our horses and go forth against those who thirst for our blood. Their eyes are fat, and they raise not up their voices to cry for our deliverance.

Sir Oliver. Art mad? What stirrups and girths are hung up in college halls and libraries? For what are these gentlemen brought hither?

Oliver. They have elected me, with somewhat short of unanimity, not indeed to be one of themselves, — for of that distinction I acknowledge and deplore my unworthiness, — nor indeed to be a poor scholar, to which unless it be a very poor one I have almost as small pretension, but simply to undertake a while the heavier office of burser for them; to cast up their accounts; to overlook the scouring of their plate; and to lay a list thereof, with a few specimens, before those who fight the fight of the Lord, that his saints, seeing the abasement of the proud and the chastisement of worldly-mindedness, may rejoice.

Sir Oliver. I am grown accustomed to such saints and such rejoicings. But little could I have thought, threescore years ago, that the hearty and jovial people of England would ever join in so filching and stabbing a jocularity. Even the petticoated torch-bearers from rotten Rome, who lighted the fagots in Smithfield some years before, if more blustering and cocksy, were less bitter and vulturine. They were all intolerant, but they were not all hypocritical; they had not always "*The Lord*" in their mouth.

Oliver. According to their own notions, they might have had, at an outlay of a farthing.

Sir Oliver. Art facetious, Nol? for it is as hard to find that out as any thing else in thee; only it makes thee look, at times, a little the grimmer and sourer.

But, regarding these gentlemen from Cambridge. Not being such as, by their habits and professions, could have opposed you in the field, I hold it unmilitary and unmanly to put them under any restraint, and to lead them away from their peaceful and useful occupations.

Oliver. I always bow submissively before the judgment of mine elders; and the more reverentially when I know them to be endowed with greater wisdom, and guided by surer experience than myself. Alas! those collegians not only are strong men, as you may readily see if you measure them round

the waistband, but boisterous and pertinacious challengers. When we, who live in the fear of God, exhorted them earnestly unto peace and brotherly love, they held us in derision. Thus far, indeed, it might be an advantage to us, teaching us forbearance and self-seeking; but we cannot countenance the evil spirit moving them thereunto. Their occupations, as you remark most wisely, might have been useful and peaceful, and had formerly been so. Why, then, did they gird the sword of strife about their loins against the children of Israel? By their own declaration, not only are they our enemies, but enemies the most spiteful and untractable. When I came quietly, lawfully, and in the name of the Lord for their plate, what did they? Instead of surrendering it like honest and conscientious men, they attacked me and my people on horseback, with syllogisms and enthymemes, and the Lord knows with what other such gimcracks; such venomous and rankling old weapons as those who have the fear of God before their eyes are fain to lay aside. Learning should not make folks mockers — should not make folks malignants — should not harden their hearts. We came with bowels for them.

Sir Oliver. That ye did! and bowels which would have stowed within them all the plate on board of a galloon. If tankards and wassail-bowls had stuck between your teeth, you would not have felt them.

Oliver. We did feel them; some at least: perhaps we missed too many.

Sir Oliver. How can these learned societies raise the money you exact from them, beside plate? Dost think they can create and coin it?

Oliver. In Cambridge, Uncle Sir Oliver, and more especially in that college named in honor (as they profanely call it) of the Blessed Trinity, there are great conjurors or chemists. Now the said conjurors or chemists not only do possess the faculty of making the precious metals out of old books and parchments, but out of the skulls of young lordlings and gentlefolks, which verily promise less. And this they bring about by certain gold wires fastened at the top of certain caps. Of said metals, thus devilishly converted, do they make a vain and sumptuous use; so that, finally, they are afraid of cutting their lips with glass. But, indeed, it is high time to call them.

Sir Oliver. Well! — at last thou hast some mercy.

Oliver (*aloud*). Cuffsatan Ramsbottom! Sadsoul Kite-claw! advance! Let every gown, together with the belly that is therein, mount up behind you and your comrades in good fellowship. And forasmuch as you at the country-places look to bit and bridle, it seemeth fair and equitable that ye should leave unto them, in full propriety, the mancipular office of discharging the account. If there be any spare beds at the inns, allow the doctors and dons to occupy the same, — they being used to lie softly; and be not urgent that more than three lie in each, — they being mostly corpulent. Let pass quietly and unreproved any light bubble of pride or impetuosity, seeing that they have not always been accustomed to the service of guards and ushers. The Lord be with ye! — Slow trot! And now, Uncle Sir Oliver, I can resist no longer your loving-kindness. I kiss you, my godfather, in heart's and soul's duty; and most humbly and gratefully do I accept of your invitation to dine and lodge with you, albeit the least worthy of your family and kinsfolk. After the refreshment of needful food, more needful prayer, and that sleep which descendeth on the innocent like the dew of Hermon, to-morrow at daybreak I proceed on my journey Londonward.

Sir Oliver (*aloud*). Ho, there! (*To a servant.*) Let dinner be prepared in the great dining-room; let every servant be in waiting, each in full livery; let every delicacy the house affords be placed upon the table in due courses; arrange all the plate upon the sideboard: a gentleman by descent — a stranger — has claimed my hospitality. (*Servant goes.*)

Sir! you are now master. Grant me dispensation, I entreat you, from a further attendance on you.

XXVIII. ADMIRAL BLAKE AND HUMPHREY BLAKE.

Blake. Humphrey! it hath pleased God, upon this day, to vouchsafe unto the English arms a signal victory. Brother! it grieves my heart that neither of us can rejoice in it as we should do. Evening is closing on the waters: our crews are

returning thanks and offering up prayers to the Almighty. Alas! alas! that we, who ought to be the most grateful for his protection, and for the spirit he hath breathed into our people, should be the only men in this vast armament whom he hath sorely chastened! — that we of all others should be ashamed to approach the throne of grace among our countrymen and comrades! There are those who accuse you, and they are brave and honest men — there are those, O Humphrey! Humphrey! — was the sound ever heard in our father's house? — who accuse you, brother! brother! — how can I ever find utterance for the word? — yea, of cowardice.

Stand off! I want no help: let me be.

Humphrey. To-day, for the first time in my life, I was in the midst of many ships of superior force firing upon mine, at once and incessantly.

Blake. The very position where most intrepidity was required. Were none with you? — were none in the same danger? Shame, shame! You owed many an example, and you defrauded them of it. They could not gain promotion, the poor seamen! they could not hope for glory in the wide world: example they might have hoped for. You would not have robbed them of their prize-money —

Humphrey. Brother! was ever act of dishonesty imputed to a Blake?

Blake. — Until now. You have robbed them even of the chance they had of winning it; you have robbed them of the pride, the just and chastened pride, awaiting them at home; you have robbed their children of their richest inheritance, a father's good repute.

Humphrey. Despite of calumniators, there are worthy men ready to speak in my favor, at least in extenuation —

Blake. I will hear them, as becomes me, although I myself am cognizant of your default; for during the conflict how anxiously, as often as I could, did I look toward your frigate! Especial care could not be fairly taken that aid at the trying moment should be at hand: other vessels were no less exposed than yours; and it was my duty to avoid all partiality in giving my support.

Humphrey. Grievous as my short-coming may be, surely I am not precluded from what benefit the testimony of my friends may afford me.

Blake. Friends! — ah, thou hast many, Humphrey! and many hast thou well deserved. In youth, in boyhood, in childhood, thy honied temper brought ever warm friends about thee. Easiness of disposition conciliates bad and good alike; it draws affections to it, and relaxes enmities: but that same easiness renders us, too often, negligent of our graver duties. God knows, I may without the same excuse (if it is any) be impeached of negligence in many of mine; but never where the honor or safety of my country was concerned. Wherefore the Almighty's hand, in this last battle, as in others no less prosperous, hath conducted and sustained me.

Humphrey! did thy heart wax faint within thee through want of confidence in our sole Deliverer?

Humphrey. Truly I have no such plea.

Blake. It were none; it were an aggravation.

Humphrey. I confess I am quite unable to offer any adequate defence for my backwardness, my misconduct. Oh! could the hour return, the battle rage again! How many things are worse than death! — how few things better! I am twelve years younger than you are, brother, and want your experience.

Blake. Is that your only want? Deplorable is it to know, as now I know, that you will never have it, and that you will have a country which you can never serve.

Humphrey. Deplorable it is, indeed. God help me!

Blake. Worse evil soon may follow, — worse to me, remembering thy childhood. Merciful Father! after all the blood that hath been shed this day, must I devote a brother's?

Humphrey. O Robert! — always compassionate, always kind and generous! — do not inflict on yourself so lasting a calamity, so unavailing a regret!

Listen! — not to me — but listen. I hear under your bow the sound of oars. I hear them drawn into boats: verily do I believe that several of the captains are come to intercede for me, as they said they would do.

Blake. Intercession is vain. Honorable men shall judge you. A man to be honorable must be strictly just, at the least. Will brave men spare you? It lies with them. Whatever be their sentence, my duty is (God give me strength!) to execute it.

Gentlemen! who sent for you? [*Officers come aboard.*

Senior Officer. General! we, the captains of your fleet, come before you upon the most painful of duties.

Blake (*to himself*). I said so: his doom is sealed. (*To Senior Officer.*) Speak, sir! speak out, I say. A man who hath fought so bravely as you have fought to-day ought never to hesitate and falter.

Senior Officer. General! we grieve to say that Captain Humphrey Blake, commanding a frigate in the service of the Commonwealth, is accused of remissness in his duty.

Blake. I know it. Where is the accuser? What! no answer from any of you? Then I am he. Captain Humphrey Blake is here impleaded of neglecting to perform his uttermost in the seizure or destruction of the enemy's galloons. Is the crime — write it, write it down! — no need to speak it here — capital? Negligence? no worse? But worse can there be?

Senior Officer. We would humbly represent —

Blake. Representations, if made at all, must be made elsewhere. He goes forthwith to England. Return each of you to his vessel. Delinquency, grave delinquency, there hath been, of what nature and to what extent you must decide. Take him away. (*Alone.*) Just God! am I the guilty man, that I should drink to the very dregs such a cup of bitterness?

Forgive, forgive, O Lord! the sinful cry of thy servant! Thy will be done! Thou hast shown thy power this day, O Lord! now show, and make me worthy of, thy mercy! *

* Various and arduous as were Blake's duties, such on all occasions were his circumspection and discretion, that no fault could be detected or invented in him. His victories were won against all calculation but his own. Recollecting, however late, his services; recollecting that in private life, in political, in military, his purity was ever the same, — England will place Robert Blake the foremost and the highest of her defenders. He was the archetype of her Nelsons, Collingwoods, and Pellews. Of all the men that ever bore a sword, none was worthier of that awful trust.

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